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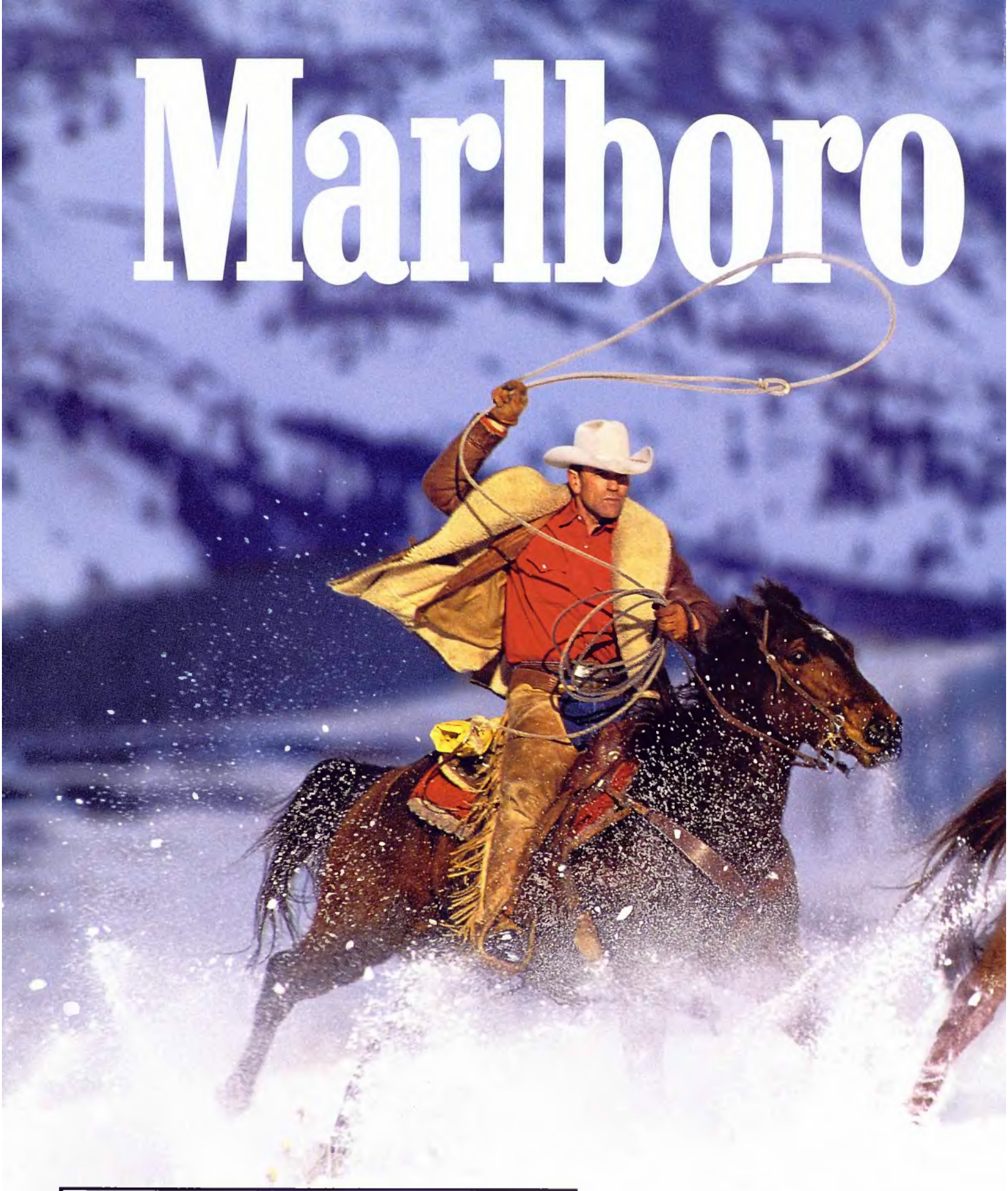

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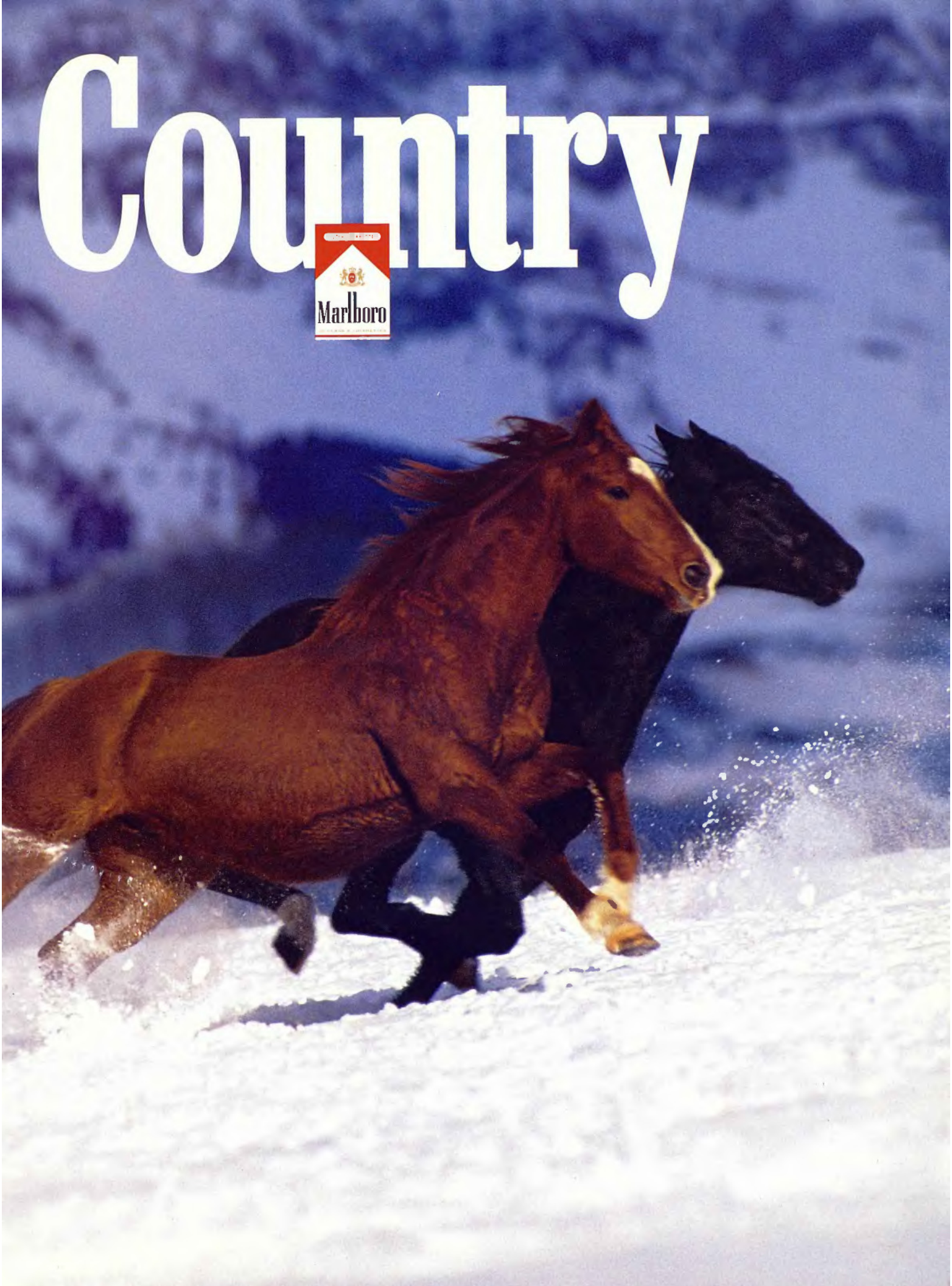
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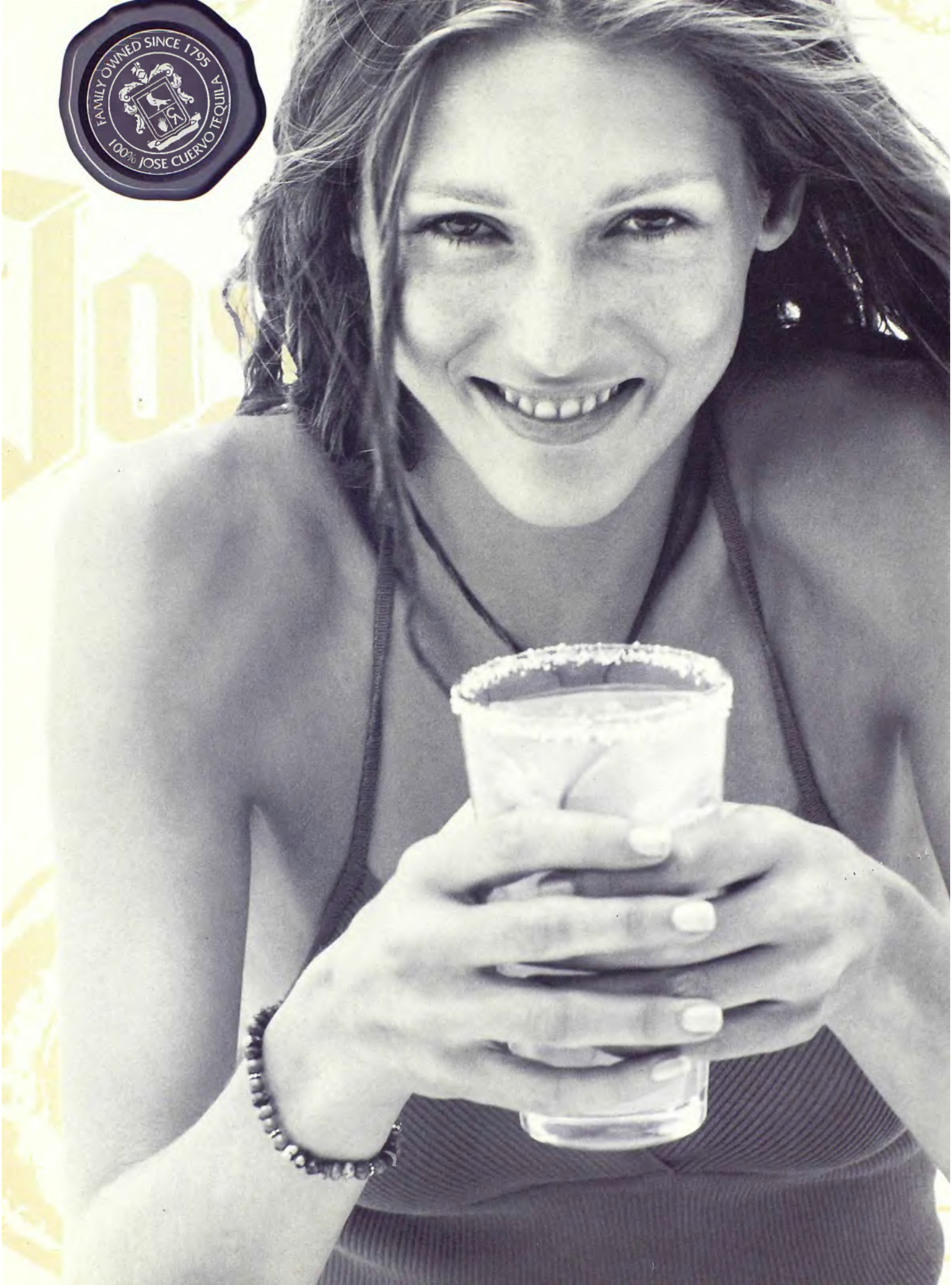
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Playbill

ON THE 12TH DAY of Christmas, 37 editors, 11 art directors, 6 researchers, 6 proofreaders, 3 lawyers and 11 production managers polished off the December issue of PLAYBOY and sent it to the printers. Then they toasted one another with a few rounds of vodka and cough syrup and, exhausted, gathered about the Christmas tree to celebrate. Ours is a large, collaborative effort. On these two pages alone, you'll find an additional 29 faces of cartoonists, photographers, artists and writers. Standing astride all of it is the man we call Santa and you call Hef. Together this small army has assembled one of the best issues of the best general-interest magazine for men. We're not a humor magazine masquerading as a lad book, nor a sports mag that occasionally turns into a bikini catalog. We have everything you need, and plenty more of what you want.

Drew Barrymore is incredible. With her easy charm and lambent sexuality, she made Adam Sandler seem plausible as a romantic lead. Even more improbable, she made Letterman seem shy when she made TV history by flashing her breasts. She's a natural at winning over men. She bounced back from a booze-and-drugs thing with a string of hits (*Scream*, *The Wedding Singer*) that began with *Boys on the Side*—and we're not even going to talk about her baring of the Barrymore dynastic legacy in a PLAYBOY pictorial. Now she's producing and starring in *Charlie's Angels*. Her conversational *Playboy Interview* with **Michael Fleming** is like an intimate walk with a new girl. She talks about scrubbing toilets and rehab and makes it seem pleasant. She pounds a few beers, which is a plus. Then she drops a bomb: She knows a guy with one testicle named Tom and, yeah, they're in love. Damn!

Semper Fidel. In a time of public revelation and all-access passes, Cuba remains a mystery. What we've got are fractured impressions—the prerevolution playground in *Godfather II* and the anti-Castro diatribes from the Elián González mess. To throw open our neighbor's door we offer *Cuba Fever*, a series of **LeRoy Neiman** paintings with an on-the-scene report from **Achy Obejas,** a staff writer for the *Chicago Tribune*. Her book about the Jewish community in Cuba, *Days of Awe*, comes out this spring.

Good times are gone again. Back in 1992 Bill Clinton swore he could feel our pain, which, thanks to an unprecedented eight-year economic miracle, is considerably less ouchy today. On top of it all, the man provided us with plenty of diversions. Nannygate, Filegate, Zippergate. Cigars, blue dresses, ties. *Slick Willie—A Fond Farewell* by **Jamie Malanowski** is a humorous tribute to the Clinton era. Call it the Beltway unbuckled. Taking the cartoon exploits of commanders in chief even further, **Robert Smigel** and **Adam McKay** of *Saturday Night Live* give us an excerpt from their forthcoming *X-Presidents* (Villard). The comic book foursome of Ford, Carter, Reagan and Bush use their superpowers in X-Men fashion, only with less hype and with tidier (and more august) rhetoric. The send-up of reputations continues with our annual tiptoe through the tabloids. Go Britney Spears–fishing and sing along with **Robert S. Wieder** in one of our more delightful traditions, *Celebrity Christmas Carols*. The artwork is by **Joe Fournier.**

Richard Lewis and telephone intercourse. It's the perfect combination. With *Phone Sex*, an excerpt from his memoir, *The Other Great Depression* (to be published in January by Public Affairs), Lewis takes his neurotic comedy to its libidinous extreme. **Janet Woolley** did the wild and crazy illustration. Look for Lewis on tour and in CD stores—*Live From Hell* (Live Archives). Another old friend, **Paul Krassner,** stopped by for the holidays, raving about the Un-Cabaret Sex Show at Los Angeles' Luna Park. Run by comedian Beth Lapides, the annual Sex Show features some very funny women swapping stories. The conundrum posed by Margaret Cho: While your boyfriend is screwing you in the butt, is it OK to flip through a

NEIMAN

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FOURNIER

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BEAUDET-FRANCES, EDGREN AND SUSKI

TOMKIW

magazine? (We say read all you want.)

You'll find more chestnuts and chin nuts in Krassner's account, *Saturday Night Lewd* (illustrated by **Brian Rea**). In addition to this gift, Krassner arrived with, as he puts it, "more plugs than a gay bathhouse." *Psychedelic Trips for the Soul*, his sequel to *Pot Stories for the Soul*, is out this month. There, it's done—and with far less pain than the other sort of plugs. On the other side of the locker room from Cho and Lapides, **Jonathan Reynolds** weighs in with *The Scrotum Monologues*. It's a written riposte to *The Vagina Monologues*, a performance art piece about our favorite marshy scrubland.

Our other piece of fiction this month also concerns a special bit of physical geography. *The Sexual Life of Savages*, written by the inestimable **Paul Theroux** and illustrated by **Dave McKean**, is a short story that involves some tall tales. When grizzled vets sit at a bar and describe South Pacific poontang, they truly speak their minds. It's plainspoken women who confound us. How many women say they love sex and yet never seem to want to prove it? **Jane Ransom** knows why that is, and her 3-F solution has to do with confidence. Turn to Ransom's *Single Life* column and discover the land of women who never say no. Really.

Watching *Scary Movie* and analyzing its success reminded us of two things, and they were both attached to the charming **Carmen Electra.** Our cover girl has a talent for singing, dancing and attracting a hell of a lot of attention. She's riding high in her personal life and career. To prove it, she posed for a naked and euphoric pictorial shot by Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag.** In other words, Dennis who?

Going electric was a natural for **Jakob Dylan,** son of a certain freewheeling troubadour. But it wasn't easy. Just ask Julian Lennon. Remarkably, though, Dylan is thriving with a sound and a new record that is as much a tip of the hat to the Band as to the old man. In a provocative *20 Questions* by **Kristine McKenna,** Dylan talks about life as a second-generation rock star: the gigs at county fairs and his growing collection of belt buckles. And, of course, he talks about his idol Bob (as in Denver). Looking for the ballot of a thin man? Turn to *Playboy's Jazz and Rock Poll* and rock the vote. In *The Year in Music*, **Dave Hoekstra** of the *Chicago Sun-Times* takes the rhymes of Eminem, the evolution of the blues and the future of boy bands and brings it all back home. Hoekstra's interpretative riff has a good ring to it.

Remember last March? Remember your dismay at the results of the office pool? Well, there's no need to go insane in four months when you can just as easily go nuts now. **Gary Cole,** our hierarch of the hardwood (and full-time photo chief), is back. Together with **David Kaplan,** Cole prepared *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*, our annual full-court press. Their number one pick will have you swearing a Blue Devil streak. Also on the sporty side, we have a layout featuring the NFL's best running backs. In *Woolly Mammoths*, they trade their jerseys for sweaters with pop. The fashion is by **Martha Baker; William Coupon** shot the photographs.

Many are called hot but few are chosen. We're talking, of course, about *Sex Stars 2000*, our foray into the steamy tar pits of Hollywood. This year Angelina Jolie, Halle Berry and mighty Chyna earn the hottest marks from our panel of judges: **Chet Suski, Patty Beaudet-Francès** and **Gretchen Edgren.** And yet, and yet. No one can top the antics of our own Little Annie Fanny. She's back and she's beautiful—the perfect surprise gift. *The Grouch Who Stole Annie's Christmas* was drawn by **Ray Lago** and **Don Wimmer.**

We're here to help. All those people we mentioned? Escapists, every one. Thanks to the Internet, getting lost was never so easy. You can while away the hours if you just follow the simple steps for assembling the perfect surfing equipment in *Nothing But Net* by **Beth Tomkiw.** If you're in denial about winter and dream of balmy weather, turn to our *Women Down Under* pictorial. It will satisfy your Olympic jones. Then there's our Playmate, **Cara Michelle.** She's from Hawaii, but she has us singing Italian. Here's to Cara mia!

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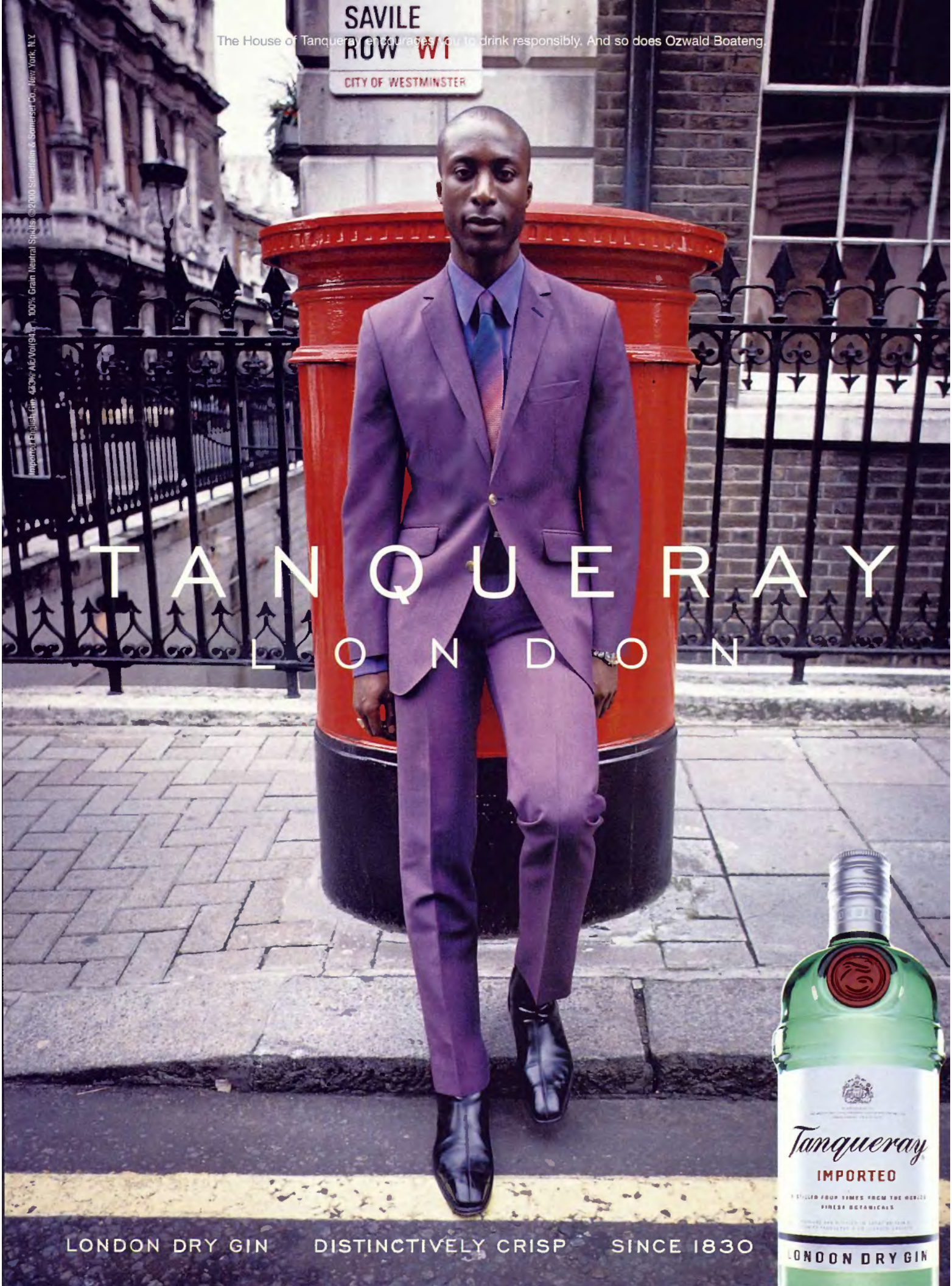
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TURN UP THE VOLTAGE—Electra is back with all-new amazing nudes, a treat to tickle Santa's fancy. Jealous, Dennis? You should be. She is one beautiful—and one talented—woman. She helped propel Scary Movie into blockbusterland. Arny Freytag shot our special holiday cover. Give Carmen credit: She definitely has a leg up on the Rabbit.

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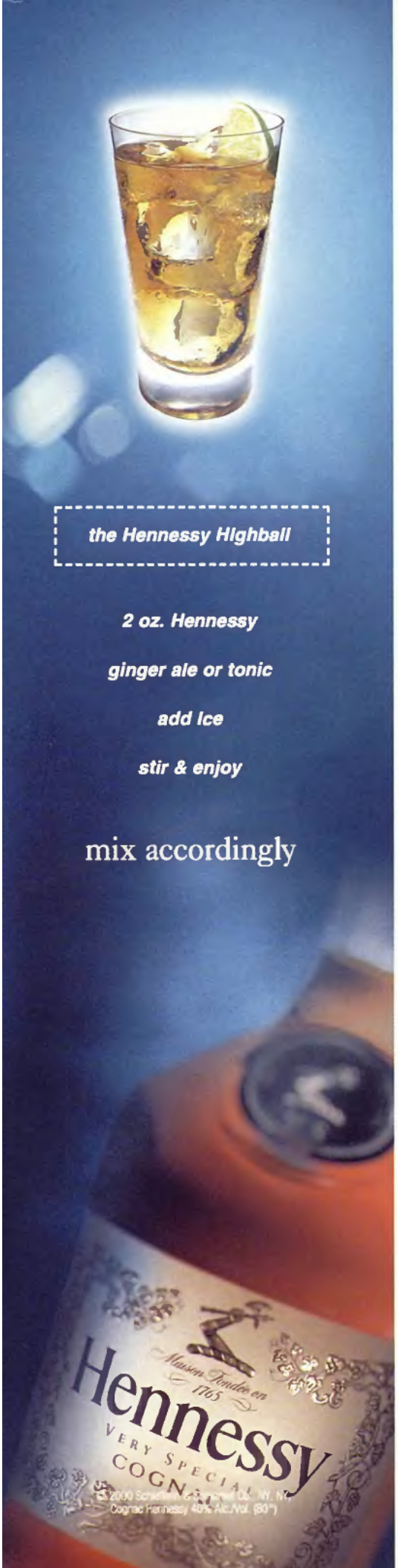

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HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

PAINT JOB
An invitation to Hef's Midsummer Night's Dream Party means seeing a favorite Playmate or celebrity in sexy lingerie, but the latest fashion is paint. Yes, these beauties are wearing nothing but paint.

CONVENTION FEVER
Can a political flap stop us from having a party? No way. Hef and Christie welcomed guests including Arianna Huffington (right), and CBS' Bryant Gumbel, Hillary Quinlan, Christie's husband, Bill Marovitz, Angela Casarotto and Bill Maher (below, from left) to a Democratic Convention bash at the Mansion. Isn't freedom of expression great?

ZEBRAHEAD ROCKS
Columbia Records and Playboy teamed up to promote Zebrahead's most recent album, *Playmate of the Year*. Look for two versions of the video: PG for MTV and grown-up for Playboy TV.

***SEX AND THE CITY* AND ALL THAT JAZZ**
Lights, camera, action: Hef, Sandy, Mandy and Jessica hang out with Kim Cattrall (left) in Los Angeles' Sunset Room in an episode of HBO's *Sex and the City*. Above: Host Drew Carey and Gina Gershon—showing off her Bunny pin—jazz it up with young musicians at the annual Mansion fund-raiser for the Henry Mancini Institute.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM *Party*

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Hef's annual Midsummer Night's Dream Party was a night of revelry in pj's, lingerie and less at the Playboy Mansion. (1) After two episodes of *Sex and the City* at the Mansion and other LA hot spots, stars Cynthia Nixon and Sarah Jessica Parker partied with Jessica Paisley, Mandy Bentley, Sandy Bentley and the Man. (2) Fabio gets ahold of the fab Dahm triplets. (3) Fred Durst with Apollonia and Verne Troyer. (4) Leo and Seth Green keep it on the down low. (5) Barbara Moore lives up to her name. (6) Elizabeth Arnold and swinger Jon Favreau. (7) Hef and two sex kittens, painted by artist Tyson Fountaine. (8) Kevin Eubanks and Byron Allen have plenty to smile about. (9) Jodi Ann Paterson and Nicole Marie Lenz. (10) Clyde Sherman with Shanna Moakler and Oscar De La Hoya. (11) Playmates Jennifer Rovero, Deanna Brooks and Shannon Stewart go live with Hef on playboy.com. (12) TV studs Vincent Young and David Boreanaz. (13) Megan Ward and Kristin Minter say nightie-night. (14) The host with Jamie Foxx.

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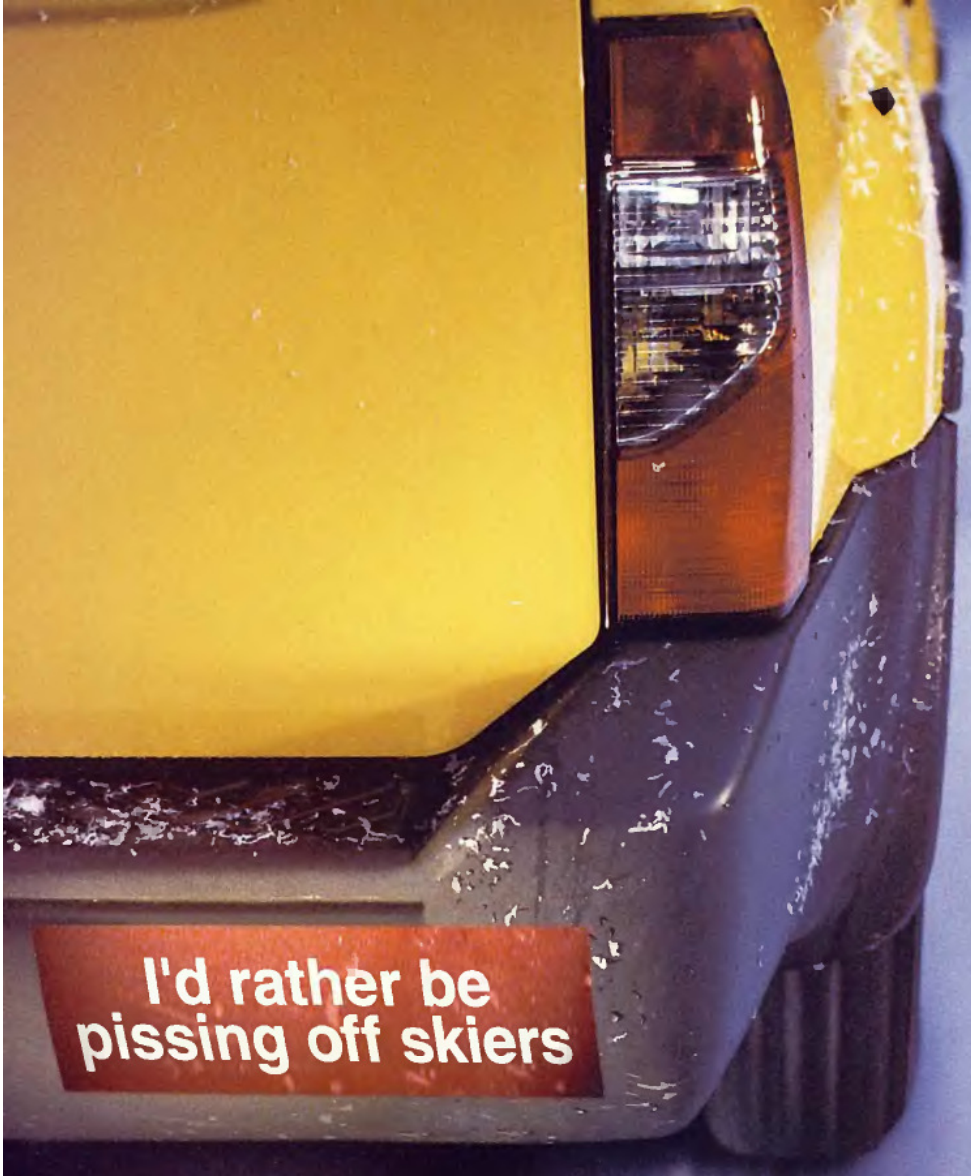

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MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
CONTINUED

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(1) Kari Bernhardt, Bjorn Borg, Jimmy Connors and his wife, Patti McGuire, score in their jammies. (2) Traci Bingham locks lips with Jon Lovitz. (3) *Baywatch* babe Brande Roderick surprised Hef by flying in from Hawaii for the party. (4) *Sex and the City* hedonist Kim Cattrall meets her match. (5) Andy Dick and Luke Wilson dig the ladies. (6) Deanna Brooks gets painted. (7) Ingo Rademacher and model Roxanne Dawn cuddle up. (8) Clyde Sherman and Suprina Zahraei get cheeky. (9) Revelers in sync with 'N Sync's J.C. Chasez and Lance Bass. (10) Hef chats up Shauna Sand and Lorenzo Lamas. (11) Rena Mero with hubby Marc. (12) Two fairies from our garden, Katie Lohmann and Buffy Tyler. (13) The twins with Navy girl Sherry White and Hef. (14) Is that a Rabbit on your booty or are you happy to see us?

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Dear Playboy

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VERY SHARI

It was exciting to see Shari Belafonte on your cover and in a sexy pictorial (September). Congratulations to her, her personal trainer and PLAYBOY.

J. Steven Dodge
Spokane, Washington

Not bad for 45, indeed. I know women half her age who pray for a figure like Shari's.

Joe Morse
Long Beach, California

Day-o! I'd like to thank PLAYBOY and Shari for showing the world that beauty has nothing to do with youth.

Marcus Liles
Dayton, Ohio

Bella Shari.

I enjoyed Shari Belafonte's photos, but in addition to removing her clothing, she should have removed her hair extensions. I've seen her in a buzz cut, and she looked adorable.

Stephen Van Eck
Rushville, Pennsylvania

Shari rocks. Thanks for a fabulous pictorial that could have been even better—had it only been longer.

George Nickens
Brooklyn, New York

Is that a Hebrew *chai* (symbol for life) that gorgeous Shari Belafonte is wearing? We'd love to claim her as one of us, but it is backward in some of her photos. It spells "yech," and she is not that.

Brian Taylor
Carlsbad, New Mexico

Funny, she didn't look Jewish.

ALL PUFFED UP

Poor little Jennifer Lopez (*Playboy Interview*, September), handcuffed by the police for 14 hours. If the cops chased me for 11 blocks, I'd be writing this letter from my jail cell. I had hoped your interview would reveal something new, but it didn't.

Eric Samuelson
Huntington, New York

Jennifer Lopez doesn't have to justify her body to anyone. There's nothing more beautiful than a well-rounded derriere. I'm glad she hasn't joined the ranks of so many celebs who look frail and underfed.

Johnny Pate
Las Vegas, Nevada

Did writer Michael Fleming and photographer Greg Gorman get their assignments mixed up? A Shari Belafonte interview and Jennifer Lopez pictorial would have been more interesting.

Tom Malabo
Tucson, Arizona

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MAKING BOOK

After reading Erin Zammett's *Making Book on Campus* (September), I feel I may have missed out on a lucrative part of college life. I never found a bookie or knew of one. Think of all the extra beer kegs that I could have bought with my winnings.

Phil Robb
Maui, Hawaii

SCOPING IT OUT

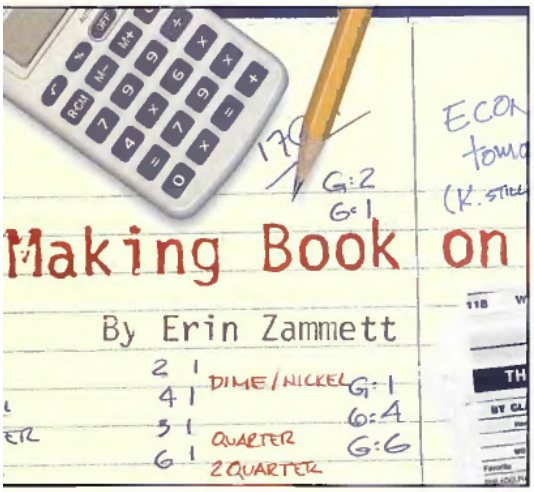
I noticed a common misunderstanding in the September *After Hours* "Up Telescope" item. As any astronomer will inform you, it isn't the length of a telescope that is important. It's the width. The quoted length actually refers to the diameter of the primary mirror.

Mike Brotherton
Kitt Peak National Observatory
Tucson, Arizona

Not the size but the width? Hmm. Seems to us that we've heard that before.

DUHH SQUARED

Stanley Kubrick's *The Shining* is full of paradoxes (*Duhh!* September). By changing the character's name from Charles Grady to Delbert Grady, Kubrick was trying to establish a connection between the spirits of the Overlook and the spirit of the caretaker, which is the evil of the hotel. In the closing scene, Nicholson is transported back to the Twenties in the photograph, the last name Grady is reused and Delbert is recognizable in the newspaper photo.



Extracurricular activity.

Chuck Blevins
Atlanta, Georgia

Too bad Mr. K. isn't around to settle this matter.

SHERRY SETS SAIL

I'm appalled that the U.S. Navy would find the lovely Sherry Lynne White (*Naval Engagement*, September) an embarrassment to the submarine fleet. As a former Pac Fleet sailor, I would have been honored to have her as a representative of the armed forces rather than many of the aesthetically challenged women with whom I have served. As for an embarrassment to the sub sailors, I think her photo spread will give them "extra duty" on those long tours away from home.

Mike Ross
Albuquerque, New Mexico

I served in the Army for 12 years and I never saw a female soldier who looked as good as Sherry the sailor. I should have set sail instead of trying to be all that I could be.

Loushon Curtsinger
Columbus, Ohio

The Army ought to drop Uncle Sam from the "I Want You" recruitment poster and replace him with a photo of Sherry Lynne White. No red-blooded American male would ever ignore the enlistment plea again. Sign me up.

Todd Kilzer
Madrid, Iowa

HOW LONG IS YOUR ISLAND?

I just can't resist stuff like this. In your September article *From Yes Sir to Big Sur*, you say Whidbey is the longest island in the continental U.S. But there are several islands in the contiguous states longer than Whidbey: the 45-mile-long Isle Royale in Lake Superior, for one, plus 42-mile Hatteras Island in North Carolina and the 88-mile barrier island Cape Canaveral is on. And you overlooked the appropriately named Long Island (in New York, remember?). That one's about 120 miles long.

Walker Grant
Killington, Vermont

We can't resist this sort of dispute, either, and we have a crackerjack Copy Department on our side. The 44-mile-long Isle Royale is shorter than Whidbey by a mile. Hatteras is a sand reef. That 88-mile-long barrier island in Florida is actually a peninsula. And the Supreme Court ruled years ago that Long Island is merely a peninsula, even though—like many New Yorkers—it's been giving itself the classier title.

DROPPING THE BALL

Rick Gosselin predicted that Dallas would go 7–9 (*Playboy's Pro Football Forecast*, September). Does he realize that they have Joey Galloway from Seattle? Surely Galloway, Troy Aikman, Emmitt Smith and all the young talent are capable of better than a 7–9 record. They always beat Washington. If they don't win the NFC East, they'll be a close second.

Jimmy Rutherford
Toledo, Ohio

Galloway's out for the year. Aikman's days, alas, are numbered.

CARESSING KERISSA

I've been an avid reader of PLAYBOY for many years. Not since Dorothy Stratten has a woman captured my imagination the way Kerissa Fare (*All's Fare*, September) has. She certainly has my vote for Playmate of the Year.

More Fore lady.

Rodney Owens
Xenia, Ohio

When I saw Kerissa's Playmate Data Sheet and the picture of her in the Rams cheerleader outfit, I immediately recognized her as Keri, a girl from my old neighborhood. I had a crush on her back then. And now, all I can say is wow.

Timothy Chapin
Corona, California

GOOD GRIEF

As a single woman who has been reading PLAYBOY for about a year, I want to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. I especially liked Asa Baber's "The Charlie Brown Syndrome" (*Men*, September). I'd love to have a man strike up a conversation with me and not use a cheesy pickup line. But there's also nothing wrong with the woman's making the first move. I hope men learn to be more assertive about approaching women and more receptive to the women who approach them.

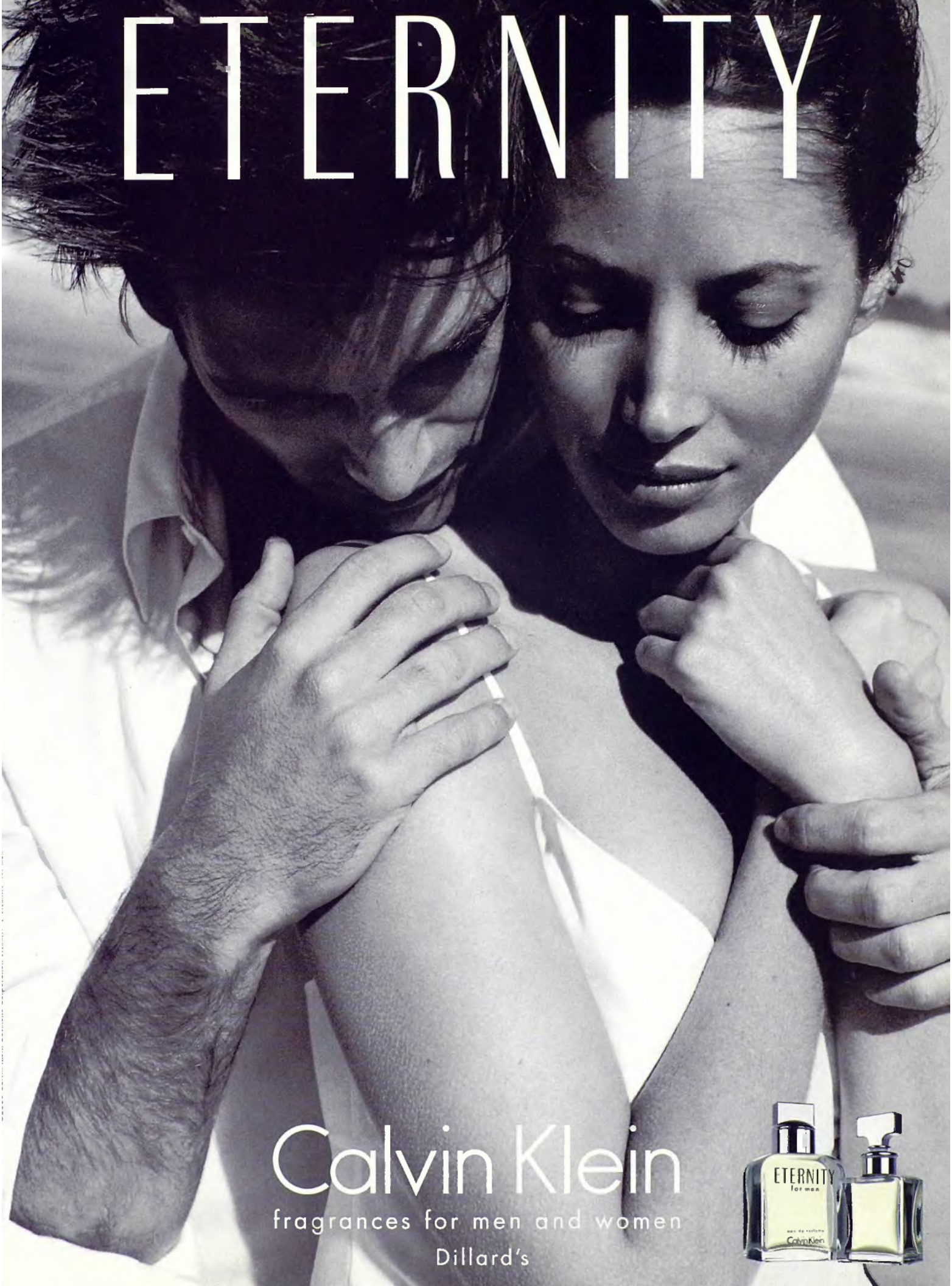
Linda Lueck
Vancouver, British Columbia

ASS ART

Your ass-art item ("Blow It Out Your Art!" *After Hours*, September) reminds me of this limerick:

There was a young painter named Saint
Who swallowed some samples of paint.
All shades of the spectrum
Shot out of his rectum
With a colorful lack of restraint.

Hans Dobusch
Kelseyville, California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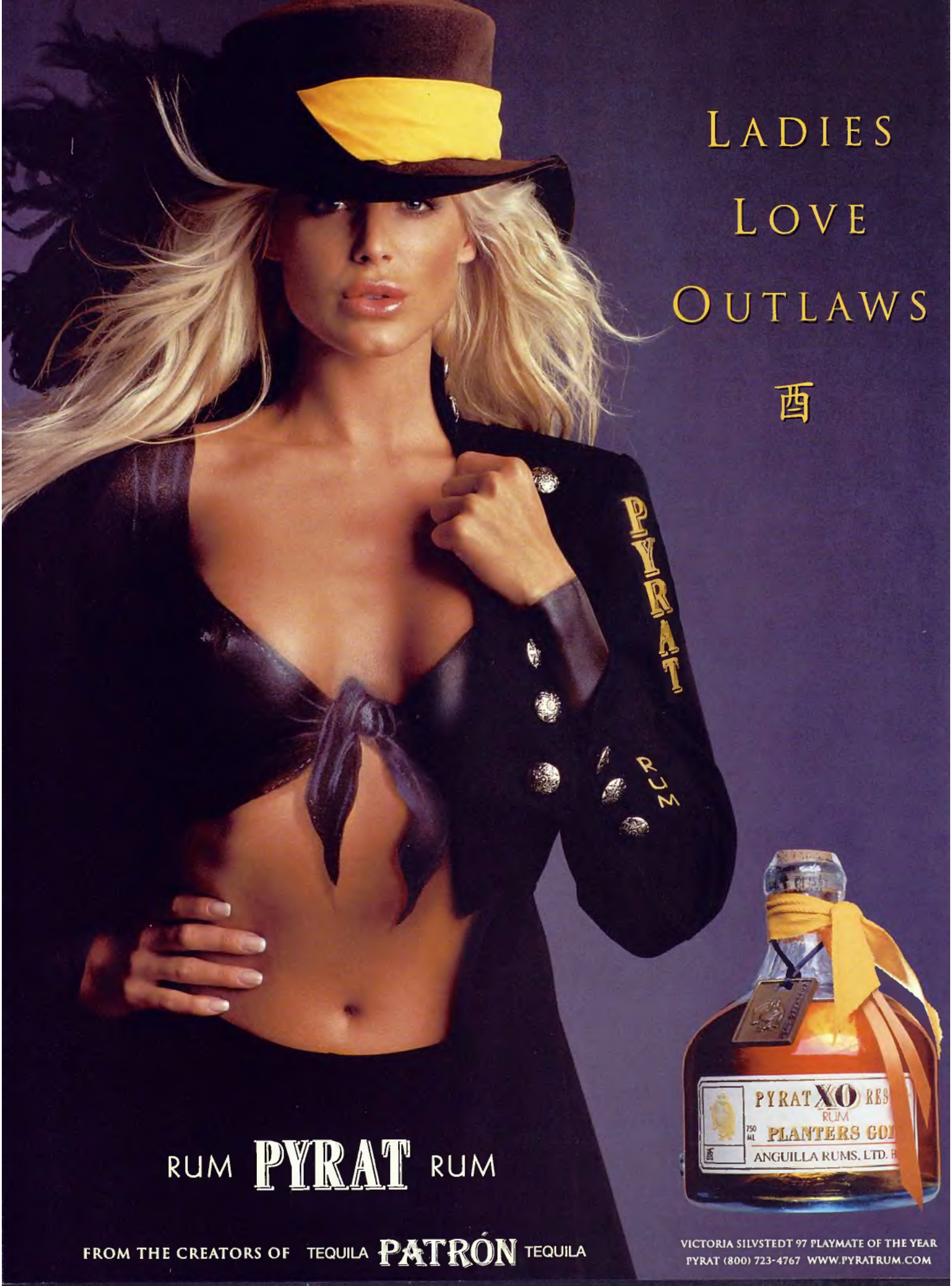
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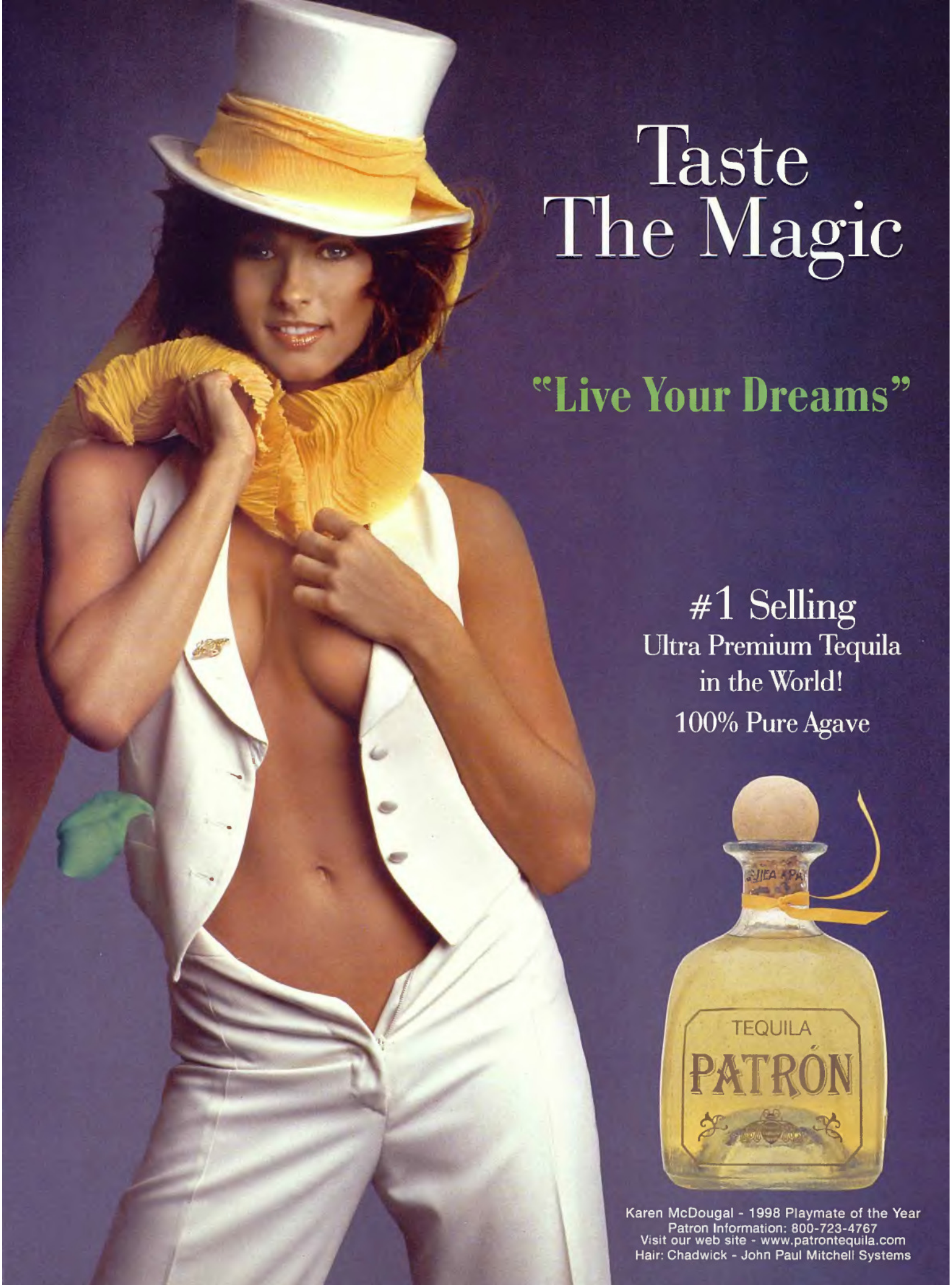
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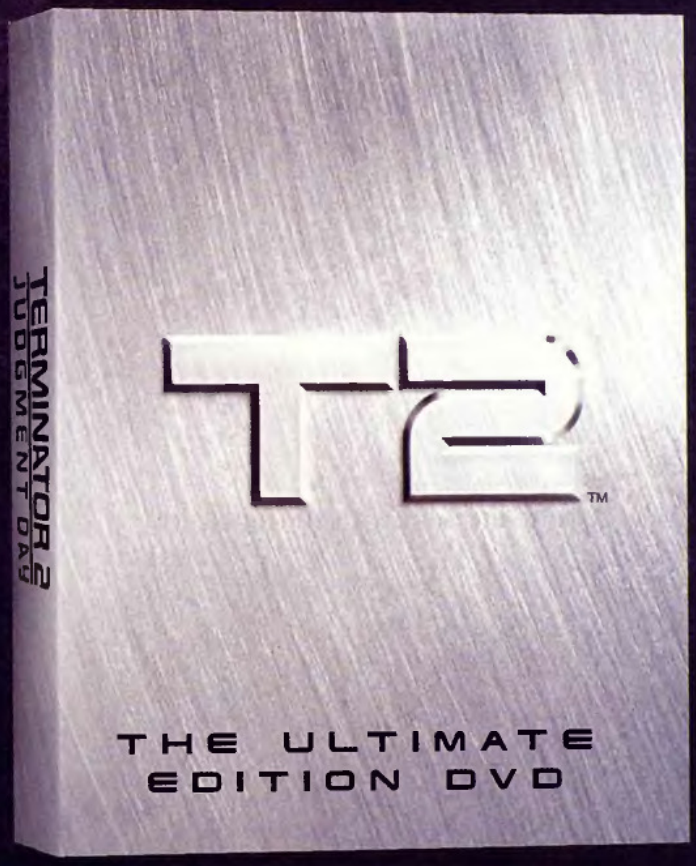

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PLAYBOY after hours

A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

SLIPPERY SUBJECT

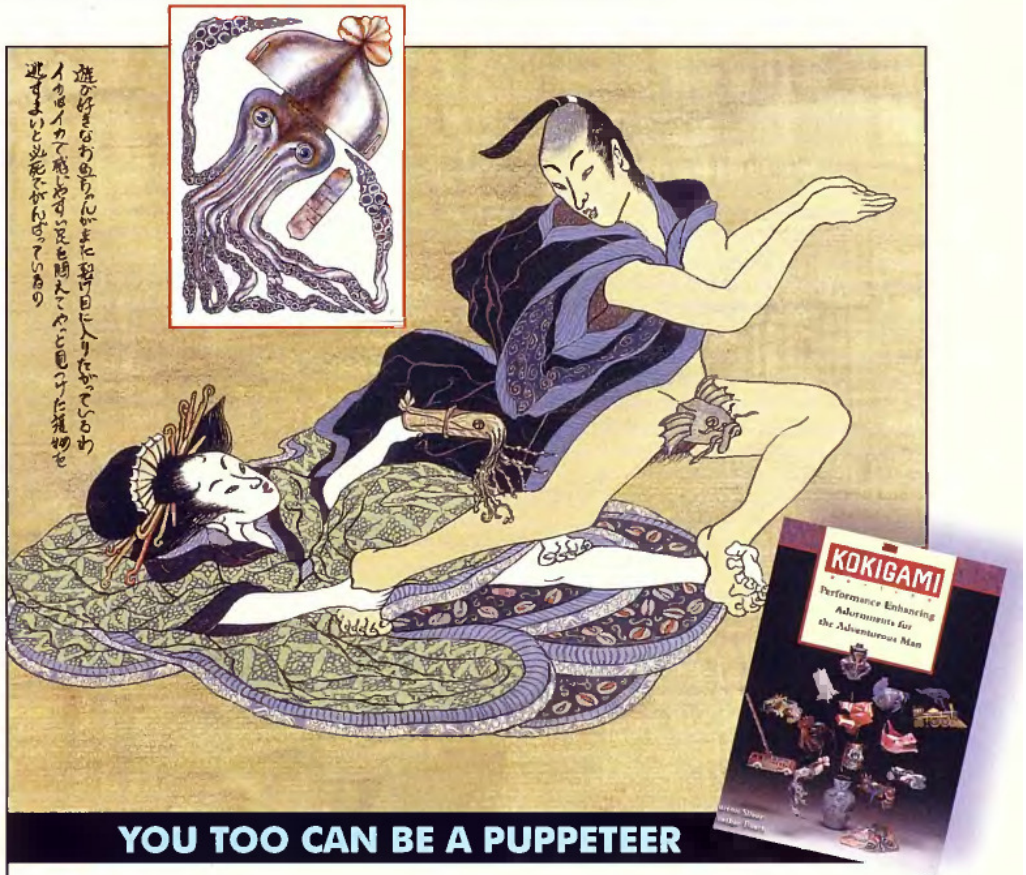
Rebecca Chalker has a way with words. In her book *The Clitoral Truth: The World at Your Fingertips* (Seven Stories) she breathlessly introduces such topics as "there's more to the clitoris than we ever imagined" and "an anatomical detective story." There are also insights on female ejaculation and what Chalker calls new erotic possibilities (they don't involve partners). We suppose this would be a reassuring volume for your nightstand—if only to be acknowledged by your overnight guests. It will be in bookstores everywhere—if you can find it.

LOVE SICK

Scientists in Italy were looking for love in all the wrong places—like in blood platelets. Their search led to a tantalizing association between love and obsessive-compulsive disorders. According to *New Scientist*, Italian researchers discovered a similarly low level of the neurotransmitter serotonin in blood samples of obsessive-compulsive patients and romantics who'd fallen in love but had not yet slept with the objects of their affection. The study caused something of a stir among scientists, not least because they spend too much time in lonely labs. Biologists and psychiatrists are now looking for additional indicators to define love in chemical terms. If it's of any use, we have found one essential ingredient turns out to be the piña colada.

DRINK OF THE MONTH

Tired of Montrachet? Mixologists in Memphis, Tennessee offer something totally different: syrup. As popularized in Three 6 Mafia's hot-weather hit *Sippin' on Some Syrup* (Loud), syrup is the ideal beverage for shutting down on a winter night. The basic ingredient is codeine cough syrup (Tussionex and Robitussin A-C are preferred, but require a prescription or a street entrepreneur), augmented by rum, Big Red soda and Jolly Rancher candy. The vessel of choice is a baby bottle. If you think that's infantile, wait until you've had two.



YOU TOO CAN BE A PUPPETEER

For 1200 years the Japanese have been enlivening their bedtime high jinks with meat puppets called *koki*. They make little costumes, construct some sort of whimsical piece of theater and presumably try to keep enough of a straight face to actually have sex. Burton Silver and Heather Busch make *koki* available to modern Westerners with *Kokigami* (Ten Speed), which includes 14 ready-to-use contemporary *koki*—including the "space shuttle," the "steam engine" and the "private investigator." What, no commander in chief? In any case, we suppose these costumes are probably ineligible for recycling after use.

IT'S NOT EASY BEING GREEN

From International Lubricants comes our pick for press release of the month. The company proudly announces that it "now offers Lubegard Biodegradable Chain Saw Bar and Chain Lube, an environmentally friendly lubricant for all chain saws."

STARFISHBUCKS

Given that the land surrounding Puget Sound has spawned some of the world's most caffeinated enterprises, it comes as no surprise that the sound itself is spiked. Recent tests of water quality found caffeine in 160 out of 216 samples taken from Puget Sound. The tests should

serve as a warning to all Washingtonians: Urine trouble.

SIZELINE.COM

Having trouble finding her that perfect gift? Stop bidding for junk on eBay. Move your browser to BreastAugUSA, a new website that auctions breast enlargement surgery the same way Priceline auctions leftover airline tickets. Then you will have two new things to point your browser at.

FREE RANGE ROVER

An Arizona tax loophole recently made electric cars an irresistible buy—particularly for people living in golf communities. The tax law allowed a $10,000 credit to anyone who purchased an electric car. The idea was to promote sales of the environmentally friendly vehicles. At $40,000, electric cars are significantly more expensive than average cars. But here's the loop: Modified golf carts also qualified for the tax credit. Even with mandatory brake lights, headlights, mirrors and windshield, street-legal carts could be bought for $6500. Arizonans can now zip from bingo parlor to the links and back to the carport, and the state will kick in several thousand bucks to spend at the 19th hole.

POKE ME, MAN

Tired of collecting Pokémon and sports cards, precocious London schoolboys have moved to collecting calling cards of prostitutes. As in New York and other large American cities, sex professionals in London tape business cards in phone booths. The cards typically include a picture of a scantily clad woman, a phone number and a specialty service (Swedish massage or cross-dressed spanking or the like). All of which means that for London lads, the phone booth is fast replacing the public rest room as the place to see and be seen.

THE TIP SHEET

Baby bottle games: An alcohol-free teen dance club in a Milwaukee suburb was closed after parents complained about a game in which one teenager would kneel down and mouth a baby bottle tucked between another's legs. Being a kid sucks.

Pottered: Writer's explanation of how the Harry Potter books so dominated *The New York Times* best-seller list that his or her own book failed to make it. As in, "I got pottered."

Chasen's chili: Chasen's, hangout for old-time stars, is gone but its famous chili is hot. Frozen microwave packs are available online. It's nontraditional but tasty—just like Hollywood.

Amateur webcam pics: Cybersex is not a myth. Check out the photo archives and webcam fans at egroups.com.

MILF: Campus slang for Mom I'd Like to Fuck. Now an acronym for a Philippino guerrilla group.

TWINS PEAK

The Barbi twins became Hollywood landmarks and global obsessions with a series of outrageous calendars, billboards and, of course, two legendary PLAYBOY shoots. Their television appearances led to record ratings for half a dozen news and chat shows. All the while, though, Shane and Sia Barbi were waging a fierce battle with a complex of eating disorders. From their prime PLAYBOY fighting weight of 145 each (their second pictorial was in January 1993) the Barbis at various points dropped to 110 each as a result of gruesome purging and reckless diets. The twins then decided to get serious about their eating problems, trading billboards for clipboards and earning degrees in nutrition. Now they are back with an honest look at eating disorders in their book *Dying to Be Healthy*. We hope the book helps other beauties stay healthy—and we hope it sells as well as the Barbi twins' calendar.

GIFTS FOR WOMEN WE WISH SANTA WOULD STUFF IN HIS SACK

Ho Ho Ho	Santa's Vote	Gift She Thinks She Needs	Gift We Think She Needs	Gift From Significant Other
Tori Spelling	Nice—he works for Daddy	An 18-karat-gold statue of her ass	The OK from Dad to bare her behind for PLAYBOY	Pants
Jennifer Love Hewitt	Two thumbs-up	Someone who cares what she did last summer	A date with Charlie Sheen—hey, it pays	A bra
Neve Campbell	Depends on her role	Jennifer Love Hewitt's tits	A complete first name	GED booklet-and-audiotape set
Gwyneth Paltrow	Judging from those Internet photos, damn nice	A Ben Affleck lunch box	A framed photo of Brad and Jennifer's wedding	A mini refrigerator for that aging wedding cake
Jennifer Lopez	Nice ass	Spanish lessons	Get Out of Jail Free card	Bulletproof vest
Colleen Haskell	Wouldn't vote her off his pole	$1 million worth of leg lotion	Membership in American Association for Nude Recreation	A one-piece swimsuit
Angelina Jolie	Naughty, naughty, naughty	Another impressive tattoo	A set of butter knives	Framed photo of significant brother

CHART BY PATTY LAMBERTI

Gotta love the nightlife.

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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I try not to dis too many of my fellow female musicians, but I make an exception when they really hit rock bottom. Mandy Moore is foul, you must admit. She is absolutely hideous. I want to slap her from here to Tuesday."—SHIRLEY MANSON, LEAD SINGER OF GARBAGE

HELLO THERE

The number of e-mails sent each day worldwide: 1.4 billion.

BRASS CEILING

Of the 500 largest publicly owned companies in the U.S., the number with female chief executives: 3.

FACT OF THE MONTH

Thongs and G-strings make up 40 percent of the sales of all underpants at Victoria's Secret—up from 10 percent five years ago.

THE NEW DODGE

Percentage of American men who are not signing up for the draft at the age of 18, as required by law: 17. Percentage of dodgers 10 years ago: 7. Percentage of men who sign up for the draft in Hawaii, the state with the lowest registration: 73. Percentage who sign up in New Hampshire, the state with the highest rate: 95.

OLD DODGE

Number of Americans who do not file income tax returns: 10 million.

THE CHAIR AS HALF EMPTY

Of 260 death penalty cases in Illinois that have gone through at least one round of appeals, number reversed for new trials or new sentencing: 130.

BREATHTAKING NEWS

Number of Americans who have asthma: 17 million. Percentage increase since 1985: 75.

GREAT AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS

Number of years since the FBI's 10-most-wanted list was started: 50. Number of years since the birth control pill was introduced in the U.S.: 40. Of the 458 fugitives who have been on the FBI's 10-most-wanted list since it began, number who have avoided arrest: 29 (6 percent). Of all living American women who have had sex, percentage who have not used the pill: 18.

OUT PATIENT

The number of Americans who suffer heart attacks each year: 1 million. Customary length of hospital stay for treatment in the Fifties: 5 weeks. Typical current stay: 5 days.

TRIGGER HAPPY

Number of handguns manufactured last year by Smith and Wesson: 500,149. Number made by Sturm, Ruger: 345,928. Number by Beretta: 158,858; Colt: 158,547.

POLL TOLL

According to a phone poll, percentage of Americans who think people should hang up on pollsters: 62. Percentage of those polled who did hang up: figures not available.

MAN ROOT

Number of pounds of wheatgrass consumed at Dr. Squeeze's juice bar in New York City during a typical week: 36. Number of pounds consumed weekly following a *Sex and the City* episode in which wheatgrass was suggested as a cure for a man's funky-tasting spunk: 56.

UNSCRIPTED SEX

According to a study of college students reported in *Her Way* by Paula Kamen, percentage of females who have asked a male student for a date: 74. The percentage of women who have asked a man out more than once: 54.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

Sausage party: A party with few female guests and too many guys. "I went to Joe's, but it was a sausage party."

Bikini bandits: Cool monthly series on atomfilms.com. Chicks, swimsuits, guns and lots of swearing. Rated PG-DDD.

GONE IN 60 SECONDS

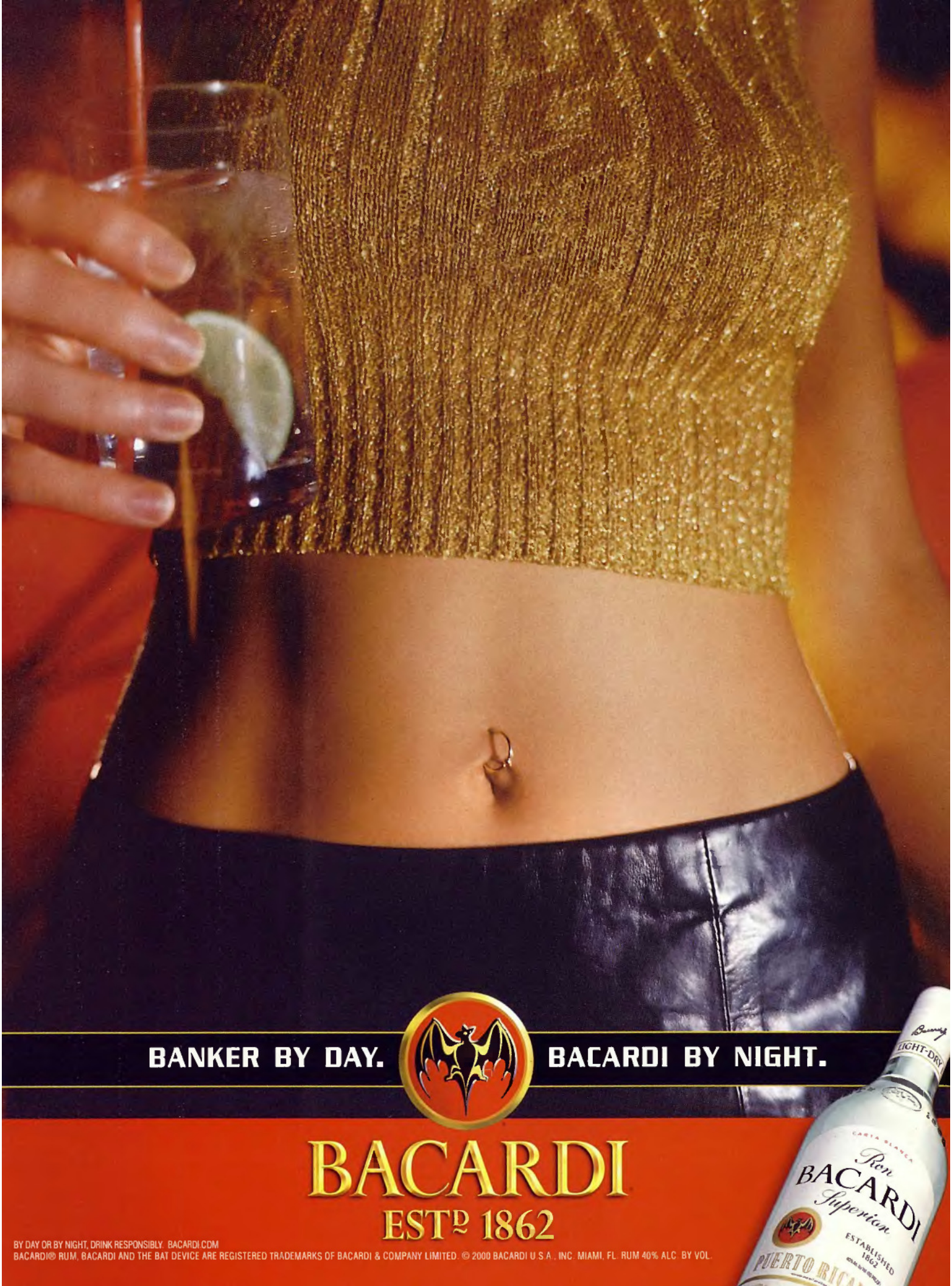
Police in Miami caught up with an expert car thief who gave detailed information regarding 50 heists he'd undertaken during the past few years. His car of choice: Honda Accord. His age: 12. (And he has a police record stretching back to the age of 9.) Apparently the minithief prefers hot wheels to Matchbox.

DICK DICK GOOSE

Once you accept the fact that false penises exist in the avian world, it's not such a stretch to imagine that their only use is for getting off. To prove the theory, researchers at the UK's University of Sheffield seduced male red-billed buffalo weavers with stuffed female birds. The resultant interplay between decoy and deceived took half an hour, and ended with the male birds having leg spasms and wing quivers. When researchers rubbed the false organs of males who'd climaxed, they climaxed again. Scientists believe the extra equipment has two evolutionary benefits. It triggers ejaculation (from another organ) and it helps stimulate females, which always helps. We'd like to point out a third benefit: free hand jobs from biologists.

CONCH IF YOU LOVE WOMEN

The Pussy Snorkel allows a man to continue breathing while performing oral sex on a woman in a spa, a bathtub or even a bowl of green Jell-O. Insert the breathing apparatus into your nastrils, rub the clitoral stimulator against your favorite coral reef and start with the tongue action. With the Pussy Snorkel, any man can be a divemaster. Note: If you use it lying down, make sure you turn your hips to avoid a case of the bends.



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DISH OF THE MONTH

Classic chophouses—Musso and Frank's in Los Angeles is a prime example—are regrettably hard to find these days. The Strip House, a new restaurant in Greenwich Village, is a flashback to the days of speakeasies, with red leather banquettes, red velvet curtains and vintage photos of strippers on the red-flocked walls. Before digging into the house specialty—a double strip steak—start with chef David Walzog's favorite appetizer: crispy skate—the fish of the moment among Manhattan's enthusiasts of ichthyology. Walzog works magic on this dish by adding escargots in a vibrant green pool of parsley-lemon pesto sauce. —SHARON BOORSTIN

BEHIND THE PLANET OF THE APES

Attention all hair fetishists: Mark Wahlberg is set to make monkey love to Helena Bonham Carter. It's all planned for director Tim Burton's big-budget remake of *Planet of the Apes*, scheduled to be released next year. Burton apparently has planned scenes that are far stranger than the original. Carter's character will be an ape princess who brings out the animal lover in Wahlberg. Executives at 20th Century Fox are said to be squirming in their seats over the interspecies sex scene. Relax, guys—starlets have been banging you guys in monkey suits for years.

PANTY LYING

Is there a suspicious stain on her blue dress? Not to worry—just send the soiled garment to Forensex Laboratories (sementest.com) and they'll perform a DNA test to determine the nature of the stain. The company's rationale is that in this age of STDs, everyone has a right to know if a partner has been unfaithful. They also suggest that parents who suspect their children of sexual activity test their kids. The service is not cheap, however. Fees begin at $350. Wow—they really saw us coming.

SMELLS LIKE TEEN HORMONES

A British biotech firm is marketing a facial tissue moistened and scented with 50 human pheromones. An application from this tissue, the firm claims, will enhance your sex appeal in women's eyes—or at least their noses—making you seem "warmer and friendlier." So say the people at Kiotech, who cite studies in nightclubs as their support. How useful the product, called Xcite, will be outside on a breezy day is unclear. The upside: It works for up to 12 hours. The downside: It's only effective within a three-foot radius, and if the names on your list of women you'd most like to try it on are the same names as on ours, their bodyguards probably won't let you get that close to begin with.

NEED A HAN WITH THAT?

In a find that may sorely yank the chain of plumbers and historians, archaeologists in China claim to have found the remains of the first flush toilet. The loo, complete with stone seat, drain for running water and convenient armrest, was discovered in the tomb of a West Han Dynasty king who went to his reward two millennia ago and who didn't want to have to duck behind a bush when he got there.

A SORRY SIGHT

According to Michael Moore's TV show, *Awful Truth*, the following objects, when brandished by African Americans, have gotten them shot by police: a wallet (New York), remote control (Detroit), hairclip (Arkansas) and spatula (Chicago).

BABE OF THE MONTH

For five seasons of the WB's *Jamie Foxx Show*, Garcelle Beauvais has played Fancy Monroe, the sassy front-desk clerk who has made Foxx' character (and millions of viewers) hungry with desire. The 34-year-old emigrated from St. Marc, Haiti to the U.S. with her mother and siblings at the age of seven. Knowing only French and Creole, Garcelle began learning English by watching *Sesame Street*. At 17, she started modeling and taking acting lessons. Once she relocated to Los Angeles, Garcelle landed love-interest roles on *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*, *Dream On* and *Family Matters*. A dream she had about talking to Aaron Spelling steered her career in another direction. She wrote Spelling a letter and enclosed a résumé. Within two weeks Garcelle had landed a role on Spelling's series *Models, Inc.* The show was short-lived, but the exposure led to higher-profile ad campaigns (alongside Jerry Seinfeld in an American Express commercial) and a role in *Wild Wild West* with Will Smith. In January she appears in *Double Take*, where she plays a Victoria's Secret model who gets kidnapped. Our advice to all involved: Pay the ransom!

music

JOAN OSBORNE released her colossal hit *Relish* in 1995. She made her fans wait five years for the follow-up, ***Righteous Love*** (Interscope). It's worth the wait. Her voice, an instrument of vast range and minute subtlety, changes to fit every song, even as it keeps its identity. In 11 songs, there are as many convincing voices. It's like watching a great method actor create different characters for 46 minutes. Influenced by the music of India and Pakistan, she belts blues, rock and pop, and then veers into some breathtaking qawwali-influenced melody. None of this would matter, of course, if the songs weren't there. Whether pulling a neglected tune out of the fire (like Gary Wright's hit *Love Is Alive*) or writing from her own insights, Osborne is as sharp a psychologist as she is a singer.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Like Neil Young and Joni Mitchell (to whom she's often compared), Rickie Lee Jones is an erratic artist in the best sense of the word. She's more interested in following her own muse than in musical trends. ***It's Like This*** (Artemis) is only her ninth album in more than two decades. It's great. She doesn't just interpret 11 hits ranging from Charlie Chaplin's *Smile* to Steely Dan's *Show Biz Kids*, she inhabits them. Jones' blend of wizened hipster and vulnerable child rings true and breathes fresh life into both Marvin Gaye's *Trouble Man* and *I Can't Get Started*. But her take on the Beatles' *For No One* is a masterpiece. Her genius is not just in making these songs her own, but also in making them accessible.

Accessible Rickie.

Since the Beatles, most English artists have sounded American. Sandy Denny and Richard Thompson joined Fairport Convention more than 30 years ago in an effort to create English rock and roll by blending Celtic folk with contemporary rock. Denny's ***No More Sad Refrains: The Anthology*** (A&M) touches on her luminous work with Fairport, but mostly concentrates on her underrated solo efforts. After working with Denny, guitarist Richard Thompson went on to collaborate in the Seventies and early Eighties with someone arguably as great, his then wife, Linda. ***The Best of Richard and Linda Thompson: The Island Record Years*** sounds like the best rock-and-roll record of the 17th century. Bagpipe-like guitars and mournful melodies are offset by Linda's graceful vocals. Another debut to check out is Teddy Thompson's self-titled album (Virgin). Richard and Linda's son perfectly blends his mother's grace with his father's gravity in bittersweet melodies and arrangements.

—VIC GARBARINI

Sensual samba.

After a decade of deserving their fame, Grant McLennan and Robert Forster broke up the Go-Betweens, one of the greatest songwriting bands of the Eighties. But they were never out of touch, and now they've rejoined for a superb seventh album, ***The Friends of Rachel Worth*** (Jetset, 67 Vestry St., New York, NY 10013). Despite input from Sleater-Kinney drummer Janet Weiss, the mesh isn't seamless. But this is still a rare kind of rock—civilized without pretension.

There are those who would claim that Ian Dury, who died this year, could outwrite anyone. The bawdy, word-drunk ***Ian Dury and the Blockheads Live: All the Best, Mate*** (Music Club) could make a believer out of you.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Sarah Harmer brings an achingly sexy vulnerability to her singing on ***You Were Here*** (Zoe/Rounder). Deceptively relaxed in its rootsy approach, Harmer's music sends you into an alpha wave state. Then you notice her great melodies. The lyrics cover the usual personal relationships, but with unusual perception and honesty.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Tina Turner opened the door for black women to sing rock and roll, and few have followed her path. Kina, ex-member of the R&B trio Brownstone, has a big, womanly voice, and her debut, ***Kina*** (Dreamworks), attempts to fill that rock void. These 11 songs show off her technique, but it's almost as if she has too much command of her instrument to really let loose, despite *Me, Still Here* and *Girl From the Gutter*. With less polish and more edge, Kina could grow into a significant artist.

—NELSON GEORGE

Most protest musicians are so concerned with making a point that they forget their main objective—making music. David Peel can hardly sing a lick, but John Lennon championed the Greenwich Village street singer anyway. On ***And the Rest Is History: The Elektra Recordings*** (Rhino Handmade), Peel is a great deadpan comedian with a New York accent as pleasant as squealing brakes. Peel and his group, the Lower East Side, adapt novelty pop songs like *Peanut Butter* and *Please Mr. Custer* to more noble ends: "Hey, Mr. Draft Board, I don't want to die." I think he's the missing link between Bob Dylan and Joey Ramone. Peel's crazy beats and crackpot vocalizing make *And the Rest* all fun. Among contemporary singer-songwriters, Mike Younger comes close to David Peel's passion. His debut album, ***Somethin' in the Air*** (Beyond), was produced by Nashville ace Rodney Crowell. In a raspy blues voice, Younger sings such songs as *Autumn Wind*, *Somethin' in the Air* and *If by Chance We Meet Again*. He reflects a life lived on the streets, but he doesn't just have a message; he has a sound.

Tina Turner opened the door for black women to sing rock and roll, and very few have walked through it.

—DAVE MARSH

For most Americans the sound of bossa nova hasn't changed since the Sixties: breathy vocals, erotic melodies, sultry tempos. But these days, most Americans have not as yet heard Bebel Gilberto, daughter of Brazilian great João Gilberto. Bebel's ***Tanto Tempo*** (Ziriguiboom/Six Degrees) is a gorgeous 11-song collection that sounds like Sade singing in Portuguese. *Alguém*, a lush melody supported by a complex mix of keyboards and percussion, beautifully

Osborne's *Righteous Love*.

fast tracks

DROP TROU DEPARTMENT: Scott Weiland took a final bow without his pants one night last summer. Upset about the crowd's reaction to the **Stone Temple Pilots'** set, Weiland gave critics something else to review.

REELING AND ROCKING: Madonna has agreed to sing Brazilian soccer songs in a film about the game, *The Passion for Football*. . . . The Urbanworld Film Festival previewed a documentary about **Jay Z, DMX, Chuck D** and **Puffy. Timbaland** produced the soundtrack and score for *Thirty Years to Life*, about a group of friends turning 30. **Eminem** and **Vanilla Ice** spoofed *The Blair Witch Project* in *Da Hip-Hop Witch*. You may see these movies in general release. . . . Look for **Courtney Love** in *Julie Johnson*.

NEWSBREAKS: Ronnie Spector is planning to resume her recording career now that she has finally beaten her ex, **Phil**, in court over back royalties. . . . **Pat DiNizio**, front man for the **Smithereens**, ran for the Senate on the Reform Party ticket in New Jersey. . . . Memphis has renamed the street outside **Al Green's** church The Reverend Al Green Road in honor of its pastor. . . . Here's a first: The **Elvis** golf tournament was licensed by Graceland and Elvis Presley Enterprises. It took place in Mississippi during Elvis week this past August. We thought Elvis was into dirt bikes and pistol shooting. . . . **Salt**, late of **Salt-N-Pepa**, will release *Salt of the Earth* on her own label after the first of the year. . . . **Chris Vrenna**, former **Nine Inch Nails** drummer, composed the music for a computer game inspired by **Lewis Carroll**. The heroine of *American McGee's Alice* goes up against a deranged Queen of Hearts. Vrenna's score will also be released on CD. . . . The San Francisco Housing Authority has hit on a novel way to stop gang warfare—by opening recording studios in four housing projects. Proceeds from any hits would be split 50-50 between the city's youth programs and the rappers. . . . **Perry Farrell's** next CD, *The Diamond Jubilee*, will be released early next year. . . . MTV will produce the halftime show at Super Bowl XXXV January 28 in Tampa. . . . **Melissa Etheridge** plans to do a one-woman show on Broadway, after first trying it out in other cities. . . . **Cher** has acquired the rights to a British TV show called *Style Challenge*, on which guests win makeovers from experts. She plans to bring it to American TV, but she won't appear in it. . . . Opening next spring: **Billy Paul's** 1972 pop hit *Me and Mrs. Jones* is being turned into a musical starring **Lou Rawls**. The song and play are based on a true story about a woman's romance with a judge. . . . Look for the DVD and VHS versions of the **Moody Blues'** PBS special, *Hall of Fame: Recorded Live at Royal Albert Hall*. . . . **Martha Stewart** can't sing a note, but she's in the record biz. *Martha Stewart Living's Spooky Scary Sounds for Halloween* features movie-quality sounds—howling winds, beating hearts—to frighten the neighbors. Next up, a Christmas compilation of contemporary and classic artists. You'll have to wait a year for those bells and whistles. —BARBARA NELLIS

"Donald Trump doesn't have flavor," said one record exec. "But he knows where the flavor is."
—Nancy Jo Sales, *Da Capo Best Music Writing 2000*

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Bebel Gilberto *Tanto Tempo*	6	6	8	7	7
Go-Betweens *Friends of Rachel Worth*	9	6	6	5	6
Rickie Lee Jones *It's Like This*	7	9	7	5	8
Joan Osborne *Righteous Love*	7	8	8	4	9
Mike Younger *Somethin' in the Air*	4	6	6	7	6

Kina rocks.

illustrates Gilberto's eclectic approach. *August Day Song* and *Mais Feliz* are as sexy as a caress. *Lonely* has the feel of a UK dance production, while *Bananeira*'s dominating bass lines and horn arrangement will remind you of Seventies funk. For those of you who crave traditional samba music, Gilberto includes *So Nice (Summer Samba)* and *Samba e Amor*, more familiar to American ears.
—NELSON GEORGE

Drummer Elvin Jones earned immortality playing with John Coltrane. Since the Eighties, he's led one of the sharpest postbop units. So you may have forgotten the albums he recorded between 1968 and 1973, which established him as a leader and displayed his versatility as a drummer. These albums fill eight CDs on ***The Complete Blue Note Elvin Jones Sessions*** (Mosaic, mail-order only: mosaic records.com). The music ranges from sax-fronted trios and Latin-flavored quintets to a nonet with three horns. The bigger bands stand out, with special attention to the tenor flights of Frank Foster and heartbreaking flute work by

Joe Farrell. The set ends with a spectacular two and a half hours from a 1972 club date with saxists Dave Liebman and Steve Grossman, two former sidemen with Miles Davis.

Chicago chanteuse Patricia Barber leaves the organ behind on ***Nightclub*** (Blue Note) and uses her piano trio, with guest guitarist Charlie Hunter, to cast new magic on old standards. Her hope-filled *Alfie* and darkly focused *So in Love* will send you warm and smiling into the winter night. —NEIL TESSER

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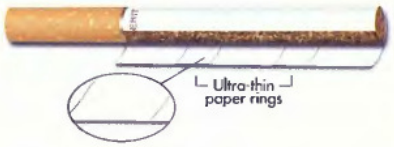

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movies

By LEONARD MALTIN

MANY DIRECTORS suffer from a sophomore curse, but that can't be said of former film critic Rod Lurie, who has followed up *Deterrence* with ***The Contender*** (Dreamworks), a top-notch political drama that couldn't be timelier. Joan Allen has the title role, as a senator from Ohio who's nominated by the president (Jeff Bridges) to fill the vacant vice presidency. This requires congressional confirmation, and self-righteous Speaker of the House Gary Oldman sees an opportunity to stick one to his political rival. Lurie's script deals most tellingly with the issues that would face a woman subjected to the kind of grilling that plagues all candidates. What types of questions would be considered inappropriate for a man but relevant for a woman? Audiences haven't shown much interest in political movies recently, but if they miss *The Contender*, it will be their loss. ¥¥¥

Opposites attract in *Two Family House*.

•

What's Cooking? (Trimark) offers a mosaic of four ethnically diverse families celebrating Thanksgiving in Los Angeles. While the milieu is tangible and honest, the film also has both the virtues and the liabilities of real life: Some of it is insightful, even heartrending, and some of it is utterly ordinary. Mercedes Ruehl shines in the best part she's had in years, as a woman who is finally used to the fact that her husband left her to live with a cousin. She's happy with her new lover, but now her macho son has invited his dad to their holiday celebration. Alfre Woodard is wonderful—as always—as a woman whose husband has caused a rift not only with her but also with their son. Joan Chen and her Vietnamese family are wound much too tightly, and take out their anxieties on their teenage daughter when it's their son that they ought to be concerned about. Kyra Sedgwick and her lover, Julianna Margulies, have decided to brave Thanksgiving with Sedgwick's old-fashioned Jewish parents, Lainie Kazan and Maury Chaykin. *What's Cooking?* is uneven, but the film's good spirits and good intentions win out. ¥¥½

•

Raymond DeFelitta's ***Two Family House*** (Lions Gate) won the Audience Award at Sundance this year, which indicates to me that show-off filmmaking doesn't stand a chance alongside good old-fashioned storytelling. This is a sweet, well-observed picture of East Coast working-class life, set in an Italian neighborhood on Staten Island in the Fifties. Michael Rispoli is a dreamer and perpetual screwup who hangs out with his friends, endures nonstop ridicule from his wife, sees his business schemes go bust—and finds himself drawn to a dirt-poor Irish girl whose drunken husband has left her with their new baby. This sort of thing is easy to caricature, and many filmmakers have fallen prey to that temptation, but DeFelitta creates three-dimensional characters, drawn from his own experiences. The colors are rich, and the notes ring true. ¥¥¥

•

I so admire Laurence Fishburne that I'd love to give a good review of his first feature directorial effort, ***Once in the Life*** (Lions Gate). But I can't. This portrait of low-level drug traffickers in New York City also attempts to explore the nature of friendship—and the frailty of a long-time bond when tested by "the life." Fishburne plays 20/20 Mike, who claims to have eyes in the back of his head—especially when cops are approaching. A chance encounter reunites him with his half-brother, Torch (Titus Welliver), and together they attempt to pull off a robbery and invade the turf of local drug lord Manny Rivera (Paul Calderon). Fishburne adapted the scenario from his

CUTTING AND PASTING

At a time when directors are adding footage to their films on DVD—whether anyone wants it or not—the television networks (which, after a long dormant period, are again showing recent theatrical films) are cutting the living daylights out of them.

According to the monthly mailer *Artists Rights Report* (issued by the Artists Rights Foundation), ABC, CBS, NBC and Fox regularly hack away at contemporary films. We're not talking about little snips or censorship cuts, which even in 2000 are deemed necessary. ABC took nearly 25 minutes out of *Bugsy*, with Warren Beatty and Annette Bening. Fox lopped 23 minutes off the running time of *Scream*, and NBC reduced Michael Mann's *Heat* by 38 minutes. This prompted Mann to demand that his name be removed from the film; thus, on NBC, *Heat* was credited to the notorious (and pseudonymous) Alan Smithee.

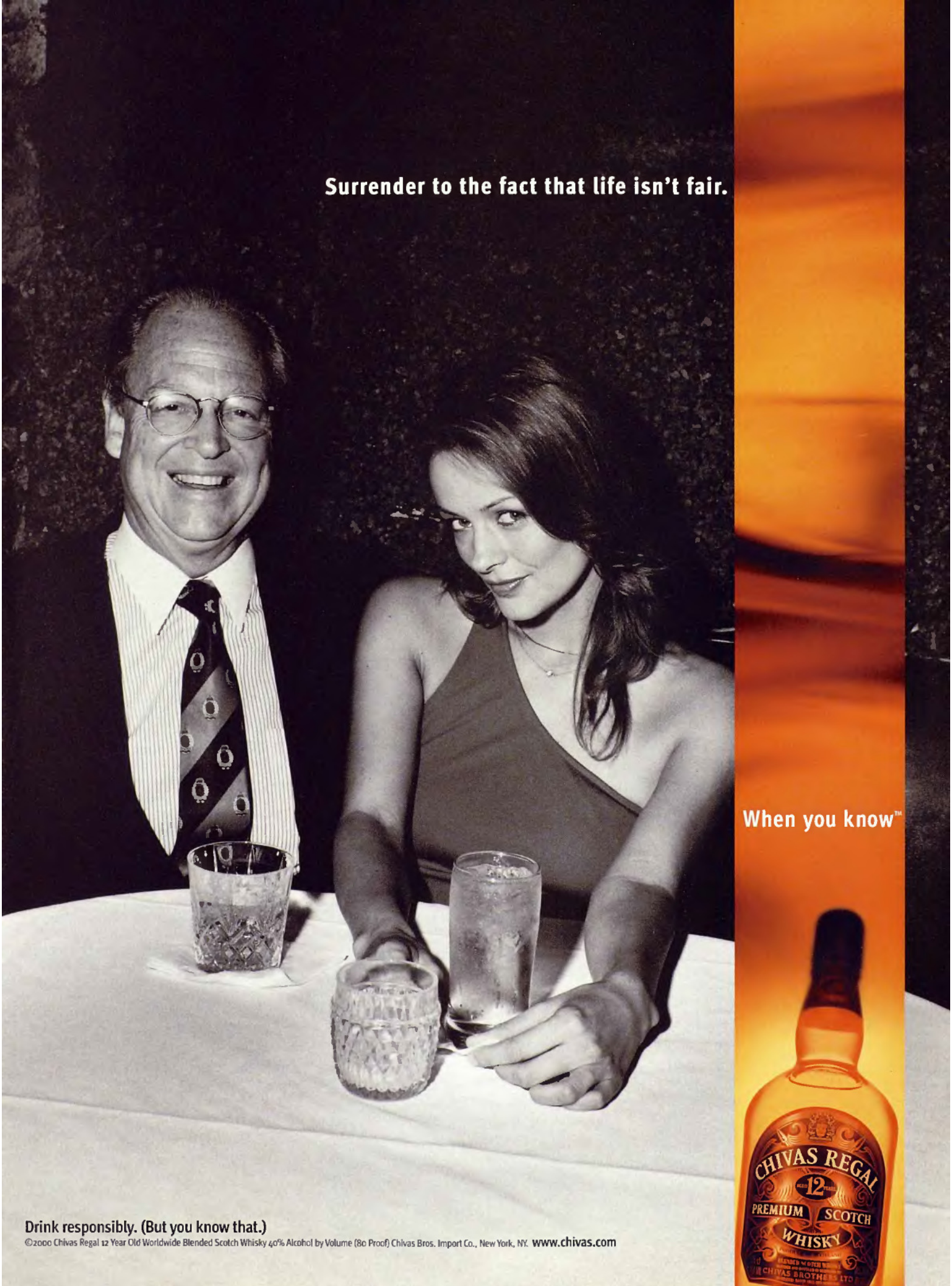
Doesn't anybody mind?

Apparently not. Ratings are high enough to spur the networks to continue paying top dollar to show movies that have already been exposed in theaters and on pay-per-view television, cable and home video.

Directors still film multiple versions of certain scenes, with and without profanity and nudity, just as they did in the Sixties and Seventies when network TV income became a serious factor. Those sanitized versions often appear on airlines and cruise ships.

The Artists Rights Foundation, supported by such heavyweights as Spielberg, Lucas and Scorsese, tries, in vain, to combat this situation. The foundation argues that an artist should have moral rights to his or her creation, even in Hollywood. The studios disagree, and the result is an impasse.

Ironically, the real power rests with the customers. If people refused to watch butchered versions of good movies, the networks would have to pay attention. But so long as viewers don't seem to care, it's unlikely that anything will change. —L.M.



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stage play *Riff Raff* but has failed to give the film a life of its own. ¥¥

•

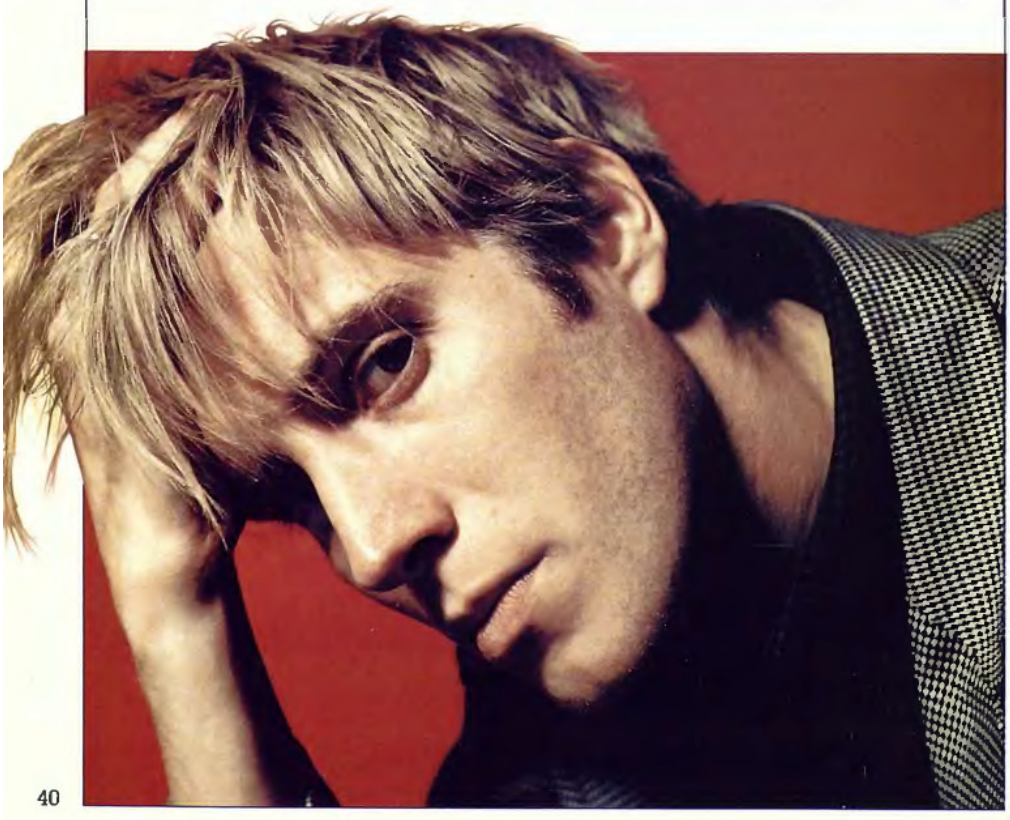
In ***Venus Beauty Institute*** (Lot 47), the pretty and talented French star Nathalie Baye plays a dreary woman who works at a salon, pampering clients and encouraging them to believe that looks are the most important thing in their lives. Her love life is a wreck, because she has built an emotional wall so impenetrable that she pushes men away before they can get close to her. The salon setting is fresh, and the performances are good, but Baye's character—like the film itself—grows wearisome. Director Tonie Marshall flirts with interesting issues of appearance and self-worth but has no insights to share. ¥¥

•

Actor Steve Buscemi's feature-film directorial debut, *Trees Lounge*, showed talent and style; his sophomore project reveals maturity. ***Animal Factory*** (Silver Nitrate) is a compelling story of life behind bars. Unlike other prison pictures, its strength comes from matter-of-factness, not from melodrama. The formidable Willem Dafoe plays a quiet, cunning prison veteran who believes, not without justification, that he runs the joint. Edward Furlong is a 21-year-old newcomer, locked up for dealing marijuana, who becomes Dafoe's protégé—reluctant at first to make alliances, wanting to fight his own fights, but gradually coming to understand that he needs a mentor. The film contends that it's impossible to avoid playing the game in order to survive. The screenwriter, Edward Bunker, should know: He served time in San Quentin, and adapted this script from his novel *The Animal Factory*. Well-wrought characterizations from Danny Trejo, Seymour Cassel, a surprising Mickey Rourke and even Tom Arnold make this one of the best social dramas of recent memory. ¥¥¥½

SCENE-STEALER

RHYS IFANS (pronounced Reese EE-vans). **LAST SEEN AS:** Hugh Grant's addle-brained, bohemian roommate, Spike, in *Notting Hill*. **OTHER WORK:** co-starring in *The Replacements*, with Gene Hackman, the upcoming *Human Nature*, with Patricia Arquette and Tim Robbins, and *Little Nicky*, as Adam Sandler's devilish brother. **THE BIGGEST DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WORKING IN BRITISH AND U.S. PRODUCTIONS?** "Two words: craft service. In England when you make a film, you get a tepid cup of tea, a pork pie and a kick in the ass and then you're back on set. Here, every day is a banquet. I remember seeing the salad bar the first day on the set of *The Replacements*. I took a photo of it and sent it to my mother, who, when I told her I was working with Gene Hackman, said, 'What's she been in?'" **DO WOMEN RESPOND TO HIS FAMOUS "FANCY A FUCK?" T-SHIRT FROM *NOTTING HILL*?** "Not half as often as I'd like." —L.M.



MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by leonard maltin

Almost Famous (Listed only) Cameron Crowe wrote and directed this extremely likable film based on his experiences as a teenage writer who hits the road with a rock band in the early Seventies. Full of keen observations and winning performances; the camera loves Kate Hudson. ¥¥¥½

Animal Factory (See review) Willem Dafoe and Edward Furlong star in Steve Buscemi's hard-hitting film about life behind bars. ¥¥¥½

Billy Elliot (Reviewed 11/00) One of the year's best films is a wonderfully unpredictable story of an Irish boy who finds a vital outlet in dancing. ¥¥¥¥

The Cell (Listed only) Jennifer Lopez gives an empathic performance as a psychologist who uses revolutionary technology to get inside the minds of her patients—including a serial killer being tracked by FBI man Vince Vaughn. The imagery is disturbing, but the story is compelling. ¥¥¥

The Contender (See review) Joan Allen plays a vice presidential candidate who runs afoul of spiteful congressman Gary Oldman in this fresh and timely political drama. ¥¥¥

Nurse Betty (Listed only) Renee Zellweger, the towering Morgan Freeman and Chris Rock head the cast of this endearing and offbeat film about illusion and reality. ¥¥¥½

Nutty Professor II: The Klumps (Listed only) Eddie Murphy is touched with genius, and so is his makeup artist Rick Baker. But the same can't be said for this crude and tiring comedy. ¥¥

Once in the Life (See review) Laurence Fishburne directs and stars in this disappointing look at drug dealers. ¥¥

Space Cowboys (Listed only) Clint Eastwood has never been more relaxed or engaging than he is in this amiable concoction about four hotshots who come to NASA's rescue. ¥¥½

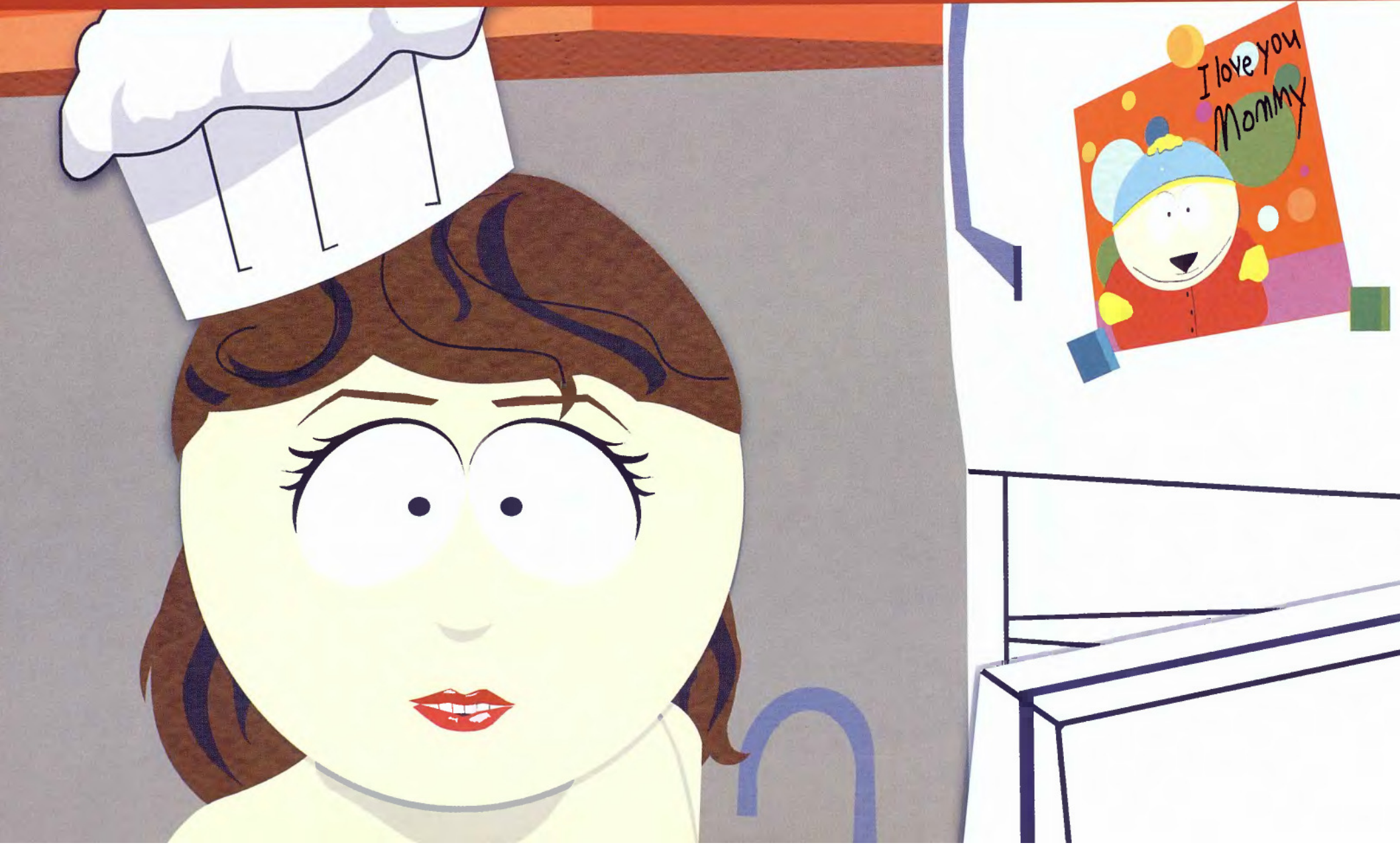
Two Family House (See review) A working-class dreamer finds a soulmate in Fifties Staten Island. Raymond DeFelitta wrote and directed this sweet-natured film, which won the Audience Award at Sundance. ¥¥¥

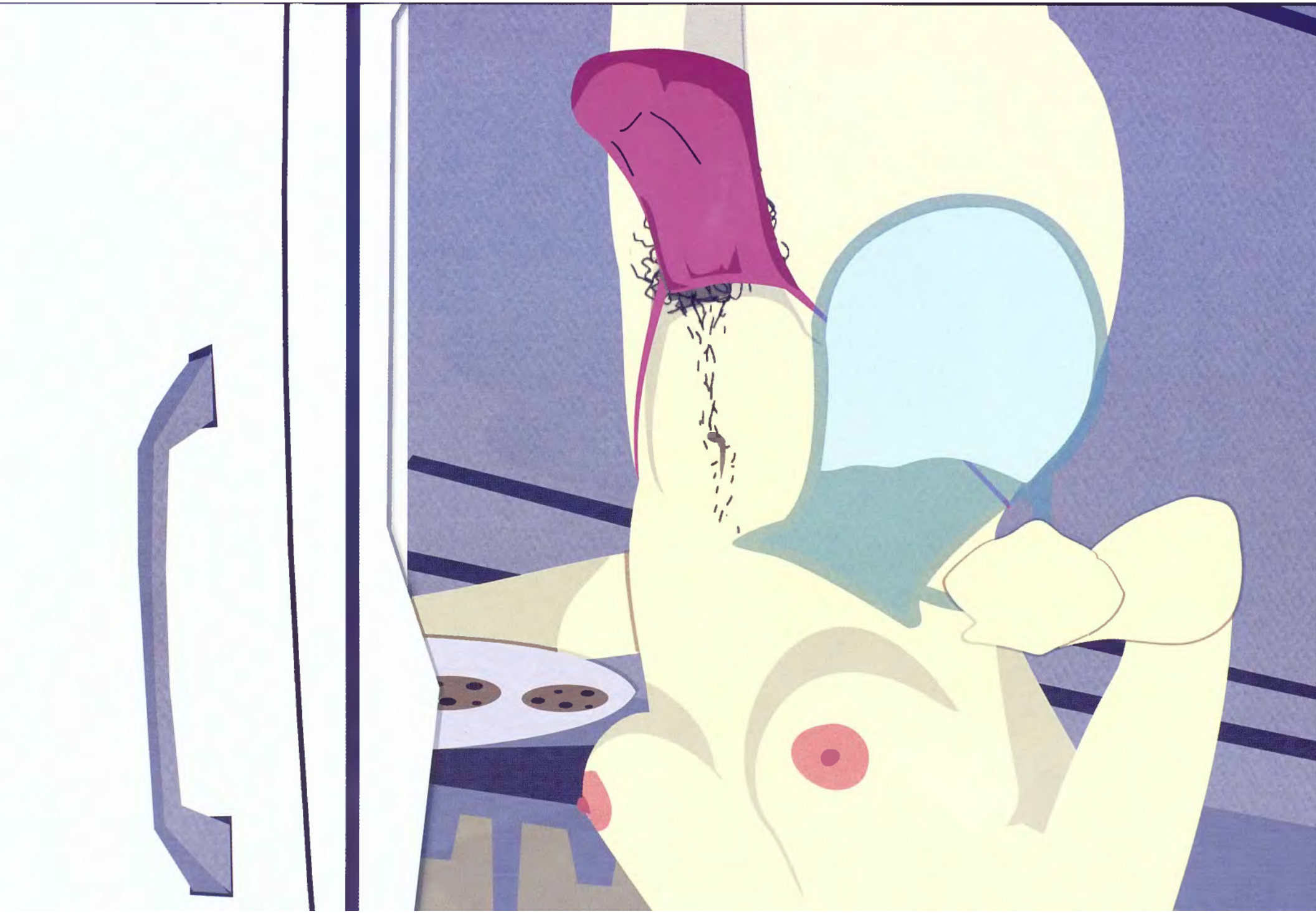
Venus Beauty Institute (See review) Nathalie Baye plays a world-weary beautician in a salon that pampers women's egos, while she runs down her own self-image at every turn. ¥¥

What's Cooking? (See review) Alfre Woodard, Kyra Sedgwick, Julianna Margulies and Mercedes Ruehl head the cast in this mosaic of Thanksgiving celebrations in Los Angeles. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

DECEMBER





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COMEDY CENTRAL

GUEST SHOT

"My favorite movie of all time is *A Christmas Story*, directed by the guy who directed *Porky's*," says **Trey Parker** (above, right), co-creator of *South Park*. "It's genius. It was marketed to kids, but was an adult film. It was full of kids who were swearing and everything, and it had a ton of influence on *South Park*." Says Parker's partner, **Matt Stone:** "My favorite movie is *Megaforce*. It's rad. It was a rip-off of *Road Warrior*. It's so lame that it is actually the sweetest movie ever made. It has one great quote: 'The good guys always win—even in the Eighties.' Some of my other favorite movies include *Babe*, *Raising Arizona*, *A Clockwork Orange* and *Rushmore*. But none stack up to *Megaforce*—not even fucking close." —SUSAN KARLIN

In its 25 years NBC's *Saturday Night Live* has launched the careers of many of our most beloved comics—who left the show only to test their talents in feature films with mixed success.

John Belushi (Not Ready for Prime-Time Player, 1975–1979): The hilarious fat frat boy at one time had the number one album, the number one TV show and the number one movie, *Animal House* (1978). Died of drug overdose in 1982.

Dan Aykroyd (1975–1979): The surviving Blues Brother was nominated for an Oscar for 1989's *Driving Miss Daisy*, but we're fond of his tech-talking Ray in *Ghostbusters* (1984).

Billy Crystal (1984–1985): For every *Throw Momma From the Train* (1987), *When Harry Met Sally* (1989) or *City Slickers* (1991), there is a *Memories of Me* (1988), *Mr. Saturday Night* (1992) or *Forget Paris* (1995). Redeemed with last year's *Analyze This*.

Chevy Chase (1975–1976): The first to depart *SNL* and the fastest to fade artistically. Endures in the memory as Clark Wilhelm Griswold Jr. in *National Lampoon's Vacation* (1983).

Bill Murray (1977–1980): *Groundhog Day* (1993) is one of the best comedies of the Nineties, and Murray should have received an Oscar nom for saving *Rushmore* (1998). But we prefer his funny side: See the Farrelly brothers' overlooked *Kingpin* (1996).

Eddie Murphy (1981–1984): Burst out of the box as an action star in *48 Hours* (1982), but then was an undistinguished gentleman for 10 years. Reborn in the late Nineties as a comedic force with the *Nutty Professor* series.

Mike Myers (1989–1994): Arguably the most successful *SNL* alumnus. The *Austin Powers* franchise shows no signs of slowing down, and *Wayne's World* (1992), with *SNL* pal Dana Carvey, is still the best skit turned feature film.

Adam Sandler (1991–1995): You can argue, but *Happy Gilmore* (1996) eases out Chevy Chase and Bill Murray's *Caddyshack* (1980) as the funniest golf movie. One question: How long can his blank deadpan seem brilliant?

Chris Rock (1990–1993): Rock's film career is really just beginning—with supporting roles in *Lethal Weapon 4* and *Nurse Betty*—but check out *CB4* (1993), a fitfully funny take on rap music.

Chris Farley (1990–1995): Another funny fat boy. Burned bright in *Tommy Boy* (1995), then flamed out, pulling a Belushi in 1997. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

Just as the compact disc sent the record companies into mad fits of compilation, the DVD is a medium that inspires messages in bulk. Sets such as ***The Clint Eastwood Collection*** (Warner Bros., $100) pack six DVDs and knock off a few bucks from the price the discs would fetch under individual packaging. It's a delicious compendium of stubble and snarl, but instead of presenting the films in widescreen, the discs feature pan-and-scan versions of the films and no extras to speak of. It's a little like getting a Whitman sampler when you were expecting Godiva. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE MONTH

From the audience's point of view, the sweet part of the sweet science is a flawlessly delivered, clock-stopping blow. In *The Perfect Punch* (American Home Treasures), there are more than 100 of them. The principals include Lennox Lewis, Azumah Nelson, Prince Naseem Hamed, Francis Ampofo, Herbie Hide and Chris Eubank—and their opponents, usually on the canvas, with their lights out. This is not a pretty collection, but it shows the exact locations of human weakness (the chin, the side of the head and the area around the fifth rib). And, of course, there are lots of instant replays.

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
ACTION	***M:I-2*** (globe-hopping superspy Cruise defies gravity, for a start; director John Woo's phenomenal stunts steal the film), ***Gone in 60 Seconds*** (Cage swipes 50 cars in a night—or his brother is toast; hot cars, but as dumb as summer fun gets).
REMAKE	***Hamlet*** (Ethan Hawke is the Dane made melancholy by a corporate stepdad's dirty deeds; modern twists with wit), ***Shaft*** (Samuel L. Jackson is the bad m.f. who shuts everyone's mouth; sharp and knowing, if a tad relentless).
WAR	***The Patriot*** (the Brits push pacifist Mel Gibson a little too far, and he goes ape, er, guerrilla all over their King-loving bums), ***Battlefield Earth*** (Travolta's reviled film of Scientologist L. Ron Hubbard's book; baaad, but aren't you curious?).
ART HOUSE	***Touch of Evil*** (Orson Welles is a slimy border-town lawman fouling Heston's federal case; Welles' 1958 classic, lovingly restored), ***East-West*** (Stalinist Russia is rosy for a doctor's French expatriate wife—nyet! Stylish '00 Oscar nominee).
COMEDY	***High Fidelity*** (sweet but stinging homage to record-store-clerk cool built around Cusack's loser-at-love monolog), ***Keeping the Faith*** (Stiller and Norton—as a rabbi and a priest—both dig Jenna Elfman; better than it sounds).

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CELL PHONES GET SHUT UP

It was a cell phone ringing in church that inspired BlueLinx president Jeff Griffin to invent a system for silencing them. Soon Griffin's Q-Zones will be lowering ringers not only in God's house but also in movie theaters and restaurants. Using a new radio-frequency technology called Bluetooth (being developed and standardized by about 1900 companies, including cell phone giants Ericsson, Nokia and Motorola), Q-Zones can create voluntary ring-free spots in

AMANDA DUFFY

public places. In place of imposed martial law, these zones allow you to set your phone or pager to switch to vibrate or to another silent mode when you are within the range of a Q-Zone node. "By no means will Q-Zone interfere with incoming phone calls," Griffin explains. "It just changes the ring volume temporarily. Instead of having to turn it off, the system just turns it down, enabling you to be polite and accessible at the same time." Once you leave the specified area, the ring volume on the device returns automatically to normal. Q-Zone phones should show up sometime in 2001, and the nodes that create quiet zones will be available by the beginning of 2002 (Griffin says BlueLinx is waiting until enough Bluetooth phones exist to make it worthwhile). The nodes have to be professionally installed and will silence an area with about a 33-foot (10-meter) radius—a standard that was set by the Bluetooth Special Interest Group. They will likely cost less than $900 apiece. —JOEL ENOS

MAGAZINES AND THE NET UNITE

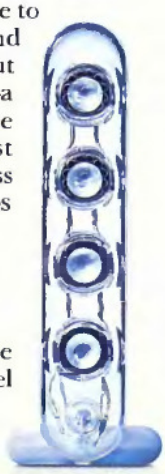
If you'd like to know more about that magazine-ad model and the jeans she's barely wearing, just hold the page up to your computer. A new process called digital watermarking allows you to link to information about a story or product via a camera connected to your computer. Developed by Portland-based Digimarc Corp., a digital watermark is an invisible pattern of ones and zeros printed on a page. You can't see it, but new Digimarc-approved cameras being manufactured by 3Com, Intel and other companies can. Working in conjunction with Digimarc's MediaBridge Software, the camera identifies a watermark, opens your web browser and launches you to a corresponding web page, where you can get more information or even purchase a product directly. The technology can also be used in an editorial setting, so you can link instantly to a replay of the touchdown you missed during the big football game you're reading about. According to a Digimarc spokesperson, about 160 magazines have licensed the company's technology, along with a host of the country's biggest advertisers. And it's not just tech companies that are using digital watermarks. Toyota, Sears, Jack Daniels and even a recent Hasbro G.I. Joe advertisement have featured them. *Wired* was the first publication to actually "wire" its pages. (Watermarked advertisements in the July 2000 issue were identified by Digimarc's "D" symbol.) Since then, about 40 other publications of surprising diversity have joined in—from *Arabian Horse World* to *Yahoo Internet Life*. How soon can you expect to see a digitally watermarked Playmate? We'll keep you posted. —BETH TOMKIW

GAME OF THE MONTH

Comic books have waited a long time for technology to catch up. Now that it has arrived, our favorite superheroes are finally getting special effects that serve their legacy better than the spandex suits of a Seventies TV show. The latest mutant makeover is Activision's **Spider-Man**, a 3D action game for PlayStation, N64 and Gameboy Color. Players can battle bad guys such as Venom and Scorpion at the *Daily Bugle*, Times Square and other locations. Die-hard fans will recognize Spidey's voice as Rino Romano (who portrayed the wall-crawler in the *Spider-Man Unlimited* cartoon), and original comic book co-creator Stan Lee is the narrator. —J.E.

WILD THINGS

We finally grew bored watching our iMac's inner workings and found ourselves a new desktop distraction—Harmon Kardon's SoundSticks (pictured here). The three-piece SoundSticks speaker system includes two satellite towers and one subwoofer, all of which connect via a USB port to Apple computers running OS 9.0.4. The self-powered system pumps 40 watts of power through the six-inch woofer and the four one-inch Odyssey speakers on each minitower. The sparkling rubber rings on the bottom of the towers will keep them from tappling off your desk and also act as adjustoble stands. That way you can position them perfectly when playing the new Moby remix MP3 your friend sent you. Besides being affordable ($199) and great-sounding, the set has clear plastic casing and raunded corners that won't compramise the appeal of your new iMac or take up valuable space on your cluttered desk. —JASON BUHRMESTER



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 240.

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE BASIC

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

living online

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

NATIONAL SECRETS REVEALED

In December 1970 Elvis Presley sent a handwritten letter to President Richard Nixon, expressing his desire to be appointed a federal agent at large for the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (forerunner of the DEA). "I have done an in-depth study of drug abuse and Communist brainwashing techniques," the King explained in his letter, "and I am right in the middle of the whole thing where I can and will do the most good." Perhaps anticipating that these qualifications might not guarantee him an appointment, Presley added that he had a surprise "personal gift" for the president. You can read all about the subsequent meeting between Presley and Nixon (and the unusual gift) at the National Security Archive (**www.gwu.edu/~nsarchiv/**), a library of recently declassified documents maintained by George Washington University. You can also read about U.S. involvement in Central American death squads, military coups and Cold War spy activities—as well as the attempts by U.S. intelligence agencies to cover them up. If you're not paranoid now, you will be after you visit this site.

WHAT ARE YOU WORTH?

An electrical engineer in San Jose can expect to earn $70,220 a year. A firefighter in Anchorage earns an average salary of $39,680. An experienced web designer in Manhattan pulls in an average of $88,449. Discover what you're worth on the open market by checking out **salary.com**, where you'll also find comparative reports and tips on how to negotiate a better paycheck.

SNOOP SQUELCHER

Surfing the web may seem anonymous, but as you click from link to link, you inadvertently drop a trail of electronic crumbs behind you. Your browser stores copies of the text and pictures you look at, and it records the URLs of sites you visit in a history file. It also accumulates cookies—used by website owners to identify repeat visitors. Anyone who has access to your computer can easily follow your surfing trail to find out where you've been. Clearing your tracks is easy, however, with SurfSecret for Windows. (You can download a free trial version at **SurfSecret.com.** Macintosh users can try a similar program called Mac Washer at **webroot.com.**) SurfSecret runs in the background, zapping all evidence from your hard drive. It can also be set to run in stealth mode, so nobody else will know it's there. Another program worth checking out is ZoneAlarm (free from **zonelabs.com**), which prevents your programs from sending information over the Net without your knowledge. It also keeps people from looking in on you while you surf.

CLICKING FOR CAR COVERAGE

I saved more than $400 in 15 minutes. Maybe you can, too. I went to Quicken's insurance site (**quickeninsurance.com**) and filled out the quote form. I had a copy of my current insurance policy handy so I could enter my vehicle identification numbers and my deductibles and coverage limits. A couple of seconds later, I was presented with five different quotes, ranging from $1468 a year (Kemper) to $2906 (21st Century). Because my current policy cost $1909 a year, I decided to look into Kemper. Turns out that they've been around for almost 90 years and have a grade of A from the A.M. Best insurance ratings company (ambest.com). The Quicken site also has a risk evaluator that lets you know how safe your car is in an accident, and how likely it is to be stolen in your state.

POP POSTERS FOR YOUR PAD

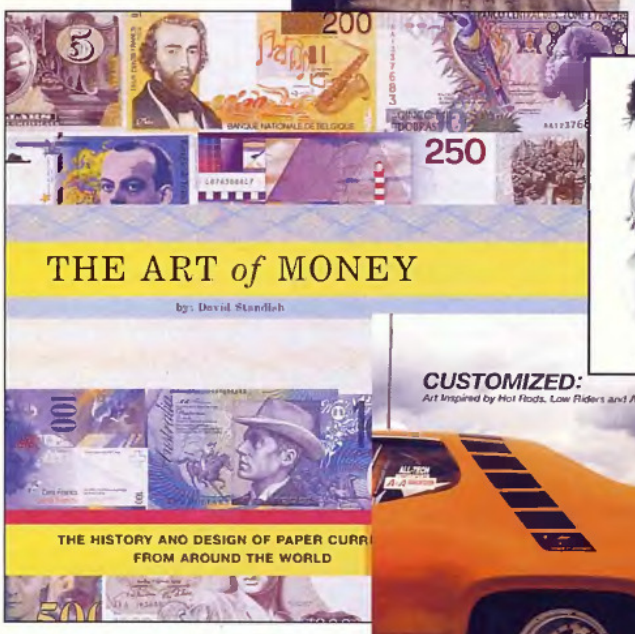
In Shag's strange world, skeletons play the bongos, rum bottles fly, airline attendants are still called stewardesses (and they wear those groovy Pan-Am uniforms) and rock groups crank out fuzzbox surf tunes from the surface of the moon. Shag (whose real name is Josh Agle—get it?) is a painter and illustrator with a twisted taste for the outré. You can visit his retro–Space Age site at **www.shag-art.com** and shop for his limited-edition lithographs and serigraphs. (They're best viewed with Esquivel playing on your hi-fi.)

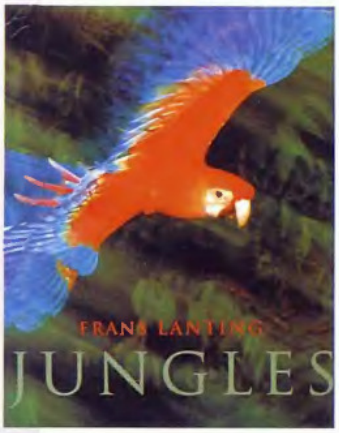
You can contact Mark Frauenfelder by e-mail at livingonline @playboy.com.

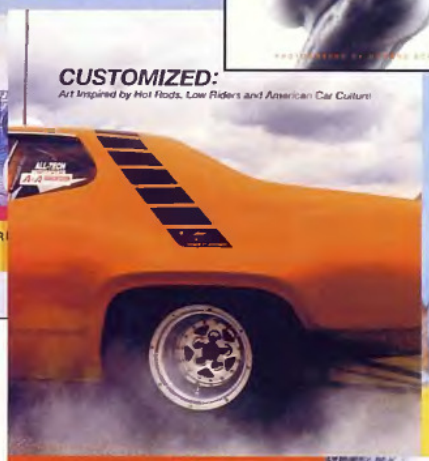
BOOK 'EM, SANTA

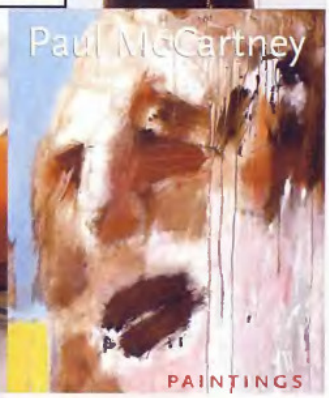
To us, nothing says the holidays like a coffee-table 10-pounder. But order too many and Rudolph gets a hernia. We did the heavy lifting for you by holding down the list to a handful of topics—food, automobiles, cartoons, adventure travel, exotica and sex (of course). ***Hot Sour Salty Sweet: A Culinary Journey Through Southeast Asia*** (Artisan) by Jeffrey Alford and Naomi Duguid presents more than 175 recipes from the Mekong delta, including jungle curry and Yunnan greens. But if Vietnamese cuisine isn't your style, try Chris Schlesinger and John Willoughby's ***How to Cook Meat*** (Morrow), a collection of recipes for red-blooded Americans that will take you as far afield as calves brains. Whether you call it dollars or *dinero*, the art of a nation's currency reflects a nation's individuality. David Standish's ***Art of Money: The History and Design of Paper Currency From Around the World*** (Chronicle) is a different way to count cash. Every gearhead should find room on his workbench for ***Customized: Art Inspired by Hot Rods, Low Riders and American Car Culture*** (Abrams). The book allows readers to sit shotgun next to custom-car creators Von Dutch and Big Daddy Roth. Beginning with a Harvard-trained psychologist (who created her) and Lynda Carter (who played her), Les Daniels' ***Wonder Woman: The Complete History*** (Chronicle) delves into the superhero's past. Several new photo books will be sure to make you stop and browse awhile. Arranging photos by topic rather than period, ***How You Look at It: Photographs of the 20th Century*** (D.A.P.) highlights many of the big guns of photography—Walker Evans, William Eggleston and Eugene Atget—in a refreshingly different way. Howard Schatz' ***Nude Body Nude*** (Harper Collins) features 252 images of nudes—some even dipped in chocolate. Fashion photographer Thierry Le Gouès' ***Popular*** (Powerhouse) features photos of the hot Havana party scene, a mix of sexy strangers, underground denizens and Buena Vista Social Club stars. Frans Lanting's ***Jungles*** (Taschen) gathers gorgeous photos of treetops and creatures in the Congo, the Andes and other exotic, steamy, dense spots. ***The National Geographic Expedition Atlas*** covers a century of daring explorations into such exotic locations as volcanoes, outer space and oceans. The book's time line is illustrated with more than 60 maps, plenty of photos and first-person accounts by divers, polar explorers and mountaineers. It may be hard for some to believe, but there was golf before Tiger Woods. Former *New Yorker* staff member Herbert Warren Wind covers those earlier days in ***The Story of American Golf Volume One: 1888–1941*** (Callaway), highlighting gods of the greens Bobby Jones, Sam Snead and Ben Hogan. If golf is too genteel for your tastes, try ***Ultimate Stock Car*** (DK) by Bill Center, who combines history, statistics and photos for a great ride. ***Paul McCartney Paintings*** (Bulfinch) collects many of the cute one's canvases, which include portraits of Linda and the Queen of England, plus landscapes and abstract subjects. This year, give all of your buddies a copy of ***Boystown: La Zona de Tolerancia*** (Aperture). The 128-page book puts together black-and-white souvenir photographs that were taken in a collection of brothels along the Texas–Mexico border during the early Seventies. These are stark, amateur shots of drunken cowboys adorned with sombreros and carousing with willing girls. They dance to tejano bands and pause only to mug for the camera. A bordertown dream come true. *Feliz Navidad!*

—JASON BUHRMESTER









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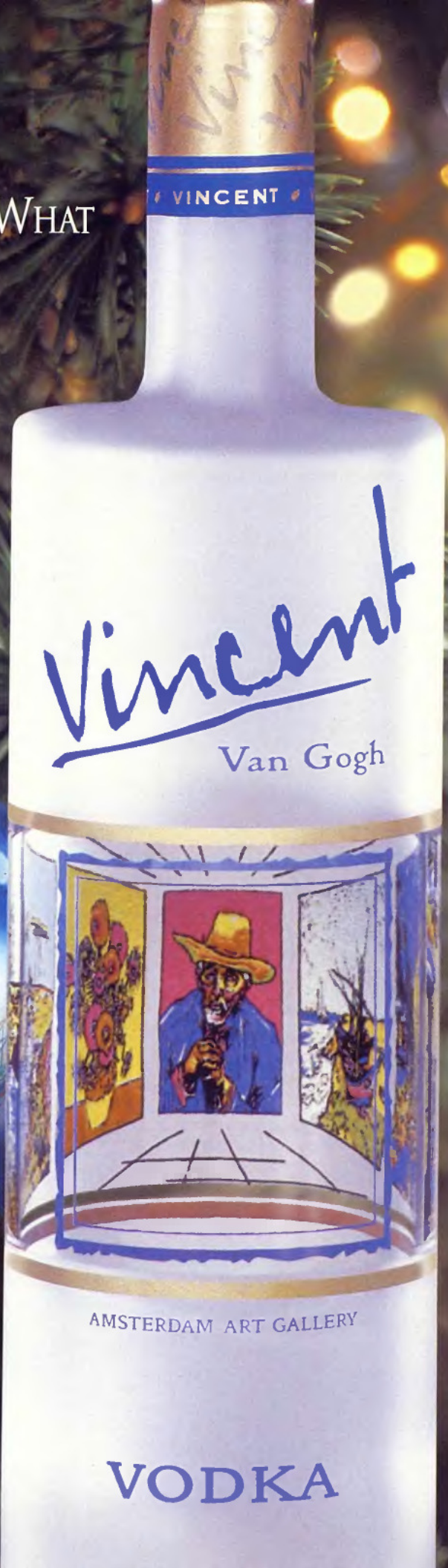

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BLOW JOBS USA: THE TRUTH

By ASA BABER

MITCH O'CONNELL

I PICK UP one of the many women's magazines in the dentist's office, just to see what the other half is reading. It is a well-thumbed issue, vintage 1999, and as I open it at random, I read this question: "Which zip code is ground zero for guys who love going down?" The article that follows is purportedly based on interviews with 6000 women from different cities, who reveal how guys rate on their lip service, out of a perfect 10.

Going down? Lip service? City by city? Sounds interesting to me, so I skim the pages to find out how the men from my zip code score, only to run into this assessment of Chicago males and their abilities as cunning linguists: "Windy City men were rated as a woeful bunch of wimps. A Chicago guy has the crummiest kissing technique in the land, scoring only 5.8 out of a possible 10 style points." Chicago is also the city "with the lowest freaky-deaky frequency, with 47 percent of the couples getting laid three times a week or less."

Like a fool, I was expecting to read about wedding gowns and jilted lovers and cake recipes, but here I am, getting dissed in print as an oral retard. "Holy shit!" I exclaim.

The receptionist looks up at me. "Everything OK?" she asks.

"Absolutely," I lie.

"That's good." She smiles tightly, then raises an eyebrow. "That's a really good magazine, isn't it?"

"Oh, yeah." I smile back, but I know the root canal that lies ahead will not be as painful as the shame I am feeling right now. Chicago, my kind of town—the place where I was born and raised and where I first tasted the glories of quim and the wonders of "freaky-deaky," the city of big shoulders and bigger sausages—is rated as low as it can go on what the magazine calls the smooch-o-meter? Chicago is the place where Al Gore invented deep-dish pizza, and we flunk the tender-tongue test? Miami tops the list, with a score of 7.7. "This is the home of the most indescribably delicious kissers," the article says about the men of Miami. "They earn the crown as the gurus of going down, with 31 percent ready to dole out the oral sex."

"Bullshit," I say, earning yet another glance from the receptionist, who seems to know what I am reading and is smirking at me.

Miami? I know a lot of guys from Miami, and they aren't so hot. I've been told by the highest authorities (two porn queens and a lap dancer) that Miami men have thin lips and slow tongues and a preference for chicken, not fish. They would rather go to a cookout than frenchify their love.

Who's making these faulty judgments? I have a tongue like a hummingbird and am willing to harmonize between female thighs night and day. So why didn't the researchers talk to the women I've serviced here in Chicago during my checkered career? South Side, North Side, all around the town, my prowess as a muff diver would have raised Chicago's rating by two points, minimum. (I mean, how many guys can say "lollapalooza" 600 times per minute with their mouths full, like I can? Nobody in Miami, I'll wager.)

Memphis follows Miami, with a 7.3 rating in the cunnilingus contest. Then come Seattle (7.3), Houston (7.2), San Francisco (7.2), Boston (7.0), Kansas City (7.0), New York (6.9), Los Angeles (6.6), Washington, D.C. (6.5), Madison, Wisconsin (rated at 6.1 and considered home of "the stingiest, with only 11 percent being eager beavers") and, last and definitely least, Chicago (5.8).

As all of you guys know, when your honor as a shrimp licker has been challenged, nothing can stop you from seeking truth and justice. After all, our virility and manhood are at stake. Therefore, since turnabout is fair play, I have polled millions of American men from all of our major cities and asked them to rate their women's abilities at giving—not receiving—oral sex. My book, *Blow Jobs USA: The Truth*, will be published soon, but here are some of the early results (top score: 10).

B.J. RATINGS: THE TOP SIX

Salt Lake City (8.9). This one is a shocker. This city is filled with succulent swarmin' Mormon women who love men with a capital P ("No wonder Brigham stayed young. Light my tabernacle!" says one man I interviewed).

Little Rock (8.8). Call it the Clinton Effect, because Little Rock became the home of the lubricated cock just about the time Bubba entered state politics (and the guys in this town are extremely grateful to him).

Seattle (8.5). Ground zero to Microsoft employees is macrohard and rumor has it that there are more Oral Corals per square foot here than in all of Maine.

Atlanta (8.0). The Georgia peach has an eager beaver's reach, so if blow jobs delivered with a Southern drawl are against your religion, keep your laptop locked on your lap.

Madison, Wisconsin (7.8). The men of Madison might be reluctant clit nibblers, but their women rate high on our B.J. scale. The secret? Say Pleasehead, not Cheesehead, and watch those wiggling Wisconsin wenches put on their kneepads and bibs and drop to the deck.

San Diego (7.3). Frankly, I expected a higher rating for San Diego, but that is based on anecdotal evidence. Nonetheless, some of the wildest women in the West live here, so try it, you'll like it.

B.J. RATINGS: THE BOTTOM FIVE

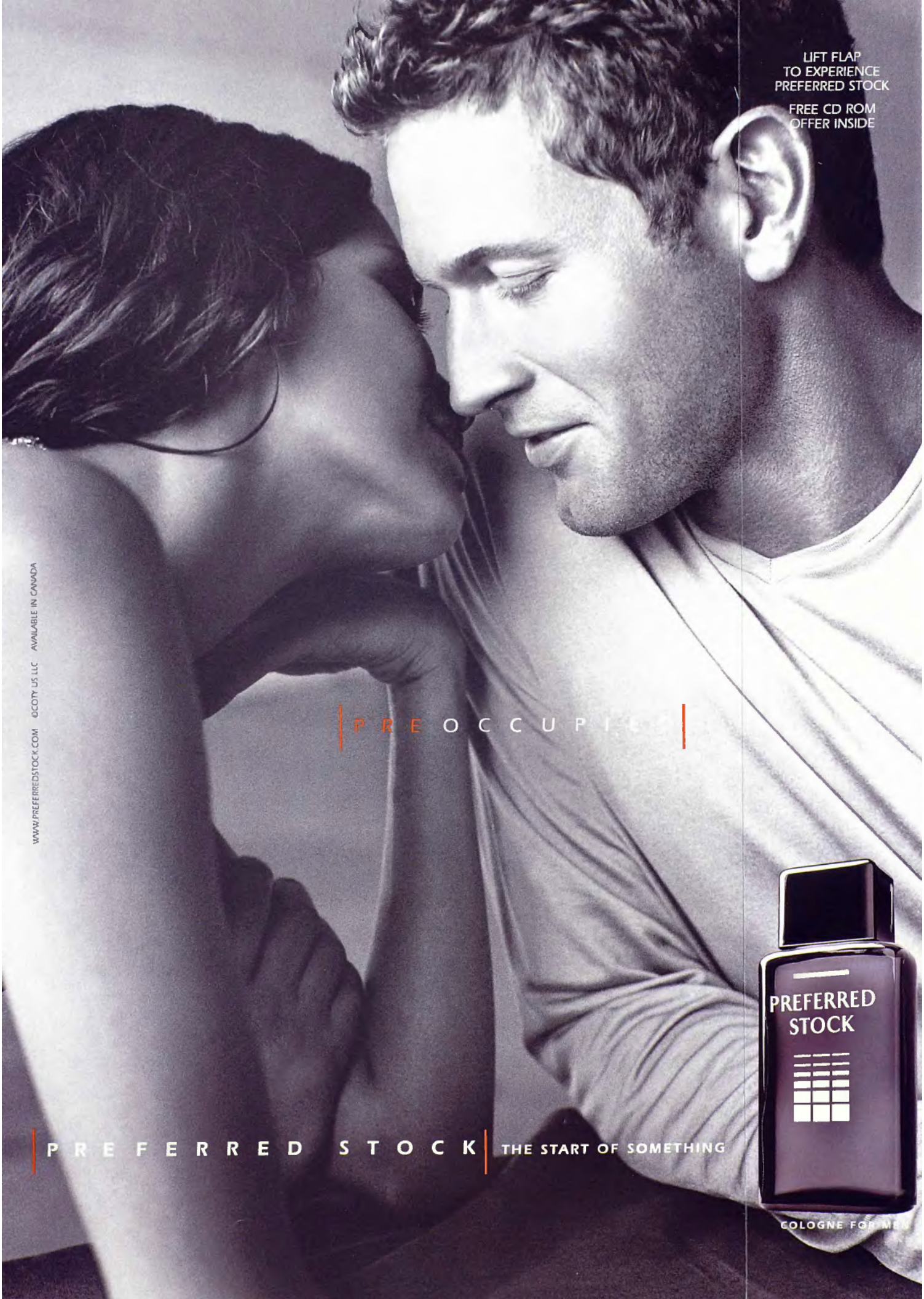
Casper, Wyoming (5.4). "The winters are tough, the women are hard, and if you're not careful, they'll ask you for a blow job," says a sad-faced rancher who wants to move to Seattle.

Washington, D.C. (4.7). In the words of the husband of a congressional staffer, "They have to suck a lot of cock at work, so they don't have the energy to do it at home."

Baltimore (4.7). Most of these women work in Washington, D.C.

Phoenix (4.3). The men of Phoenix are fellatio-starved for a simple reason: the heat. "They use the hot weather as an excuse to keep their mouths shut," whined a Phoenix golf pro, "but I think they see too many Diamondback rattlers at an early age and get traumatized by snakelike objects."

Chicago (1.2). The home of a bunch of unappreciative female zippermouths who claim permanent lockjaw and refuse to chew any foreskin at all. No wonder they told that magazine that Chicago men can't do the lingual lip-lock with any style or grace. Sure, I am being crude here, but I have to get my revenge on those ungrateful wretches somehow. The next time you are interviewed by the media, give it up, girls, and admit that we're the hosts with the most and we can turn you into toast. Orally, that is.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WOMEN WHO NEVER SAY NO—THEY'RE EVERYWHERE

BY JANE RANSOM

Dear Reader,

You're reading PLAYBOY, which means you like fucking, which means I like you. So if we meet, please hit on me. Then fuck me hot and happy.

If only it were so easy. Well, it can be. But, like most women, I'm sometimes tough to get into bed, even though I love sex. Why are chicks so damn icy? And what makes them melt? Sleights of hand and tongue are great, of course. But, as the overworked refrain goes, sex—seduction and performance—is mostly a matter of mind. During the course of my sexual adventuring I've tumbled on some universal (or at least worldly) truths about how to psyche out the female libido. It helps that other women confide in me. They do that because I'm the author of a steamy novel. And because I sleep with them, sometimes.

But men rouse my strongest desires. Oh God, the wonder and the beauty of a cock!

Which is why I'm giving you the three magic F words. If you can be fearless, funny and flattering, I'm yours. And not just for a lousy one-night stand—but for a terrific one-night stand!

The three magic Fs help conjure away some basic insecurities that hold women back. Chief among them is the dread of nonorgasmic sex. I'll let you in on a secret: Many girls enter the singles arena acting liberated but feeling frustrated.

For example, there's my 24-year-old friend who is down on men after her heart got bruised by a two-timer. I consoled her by saying, "Forget him! He didn't give you great orgasms, did he?" Turns out she had never climaxed with him. In fact, although she's had many lovers, she's never come with any, which was the real reason behind her reluctance to try again.

I just hope she meets a guy like Rob. My friend Rob is a short bald guy with glasses. At age 44 he's also the boyfriend of a gorgeous 22-year-old Swedish chick. Rob gets women because he "gets" women. And yes, he got me.

I'm ashamed to say that in my early 20s I faked it. Like so many young women, I simply didn't know how to climax during sex. It seemed easier to go along with it. Then I met Rob. I was sweaty and panting. I had just sprinted to and from a movie theater where I'd encountered 7:30 SHOW SOLD OUT. I explained this to the guy sharing my elevator because he was grinning at my heaving chest. He suggested I go to the later show—with him.

Are you kidding me? I never date anyone who lives in my building. Nor do I go out with utter strangers. But guess what? We ladies stick to our rules so long as they serve us, and we break them the moment they don't. Plus, back then, Rob was bald only on top. His hair frizzed sideways, keeping his head afloat in a sort of Afro inner tube. He looked too silly to be a seducer. He still looks that way—the guy is goofy.

However, I know now that there are two things a good man can make a woman do. One of them is laugh, and both are about letting go. After the movie, Rob's Dr. Ruth imitations had me falling off my barstool. It wasn't long before his "Peter Jennings on acid" got me rolling around his bedroom floor. And then there was Bugs Buggery Bunny ("What's up, Doc?").

We had such fun fucking. At least I thought so. The fourth time around, he realized I wasn't coming. This is when Rob proved to be even more fearless than he was in the elevator. "You're busted! Hands up!" He pulled a gadget from under his bed.

"No! A vibrator? But I feel shy. It won't work. No, I can't. I don't want it. Hmmm. Maybe just a little. Yes. Right there. OK. Like that. Yes." Yes.

After that, Rob had me climaxing every which way (batteries not included). He had convinced me that nothing is shameful. My inner prude melted like the Wicked Witch, and my body began responding as a body should.

From Rob I learned not only how to come, but how to seduce. Courage is contagious. Alone among strangers at a recent party, I felt drawn to a woman with cat-green eyes and wild ringlets of red hair. Without introducing myself, I said slowly and dramatically, "You are spectacular." My flattery gave her confidence. She pushed her leg against mine and smiled back boldly enough for me to continue: "Who in this room would you most like to have sex with—I mean, of the men?"

"Oh," she said, "you mean of the men. That one's cute." She pointed.

"Very," I agreed. "Shall I go ask him if he wants to spend the night with us?"

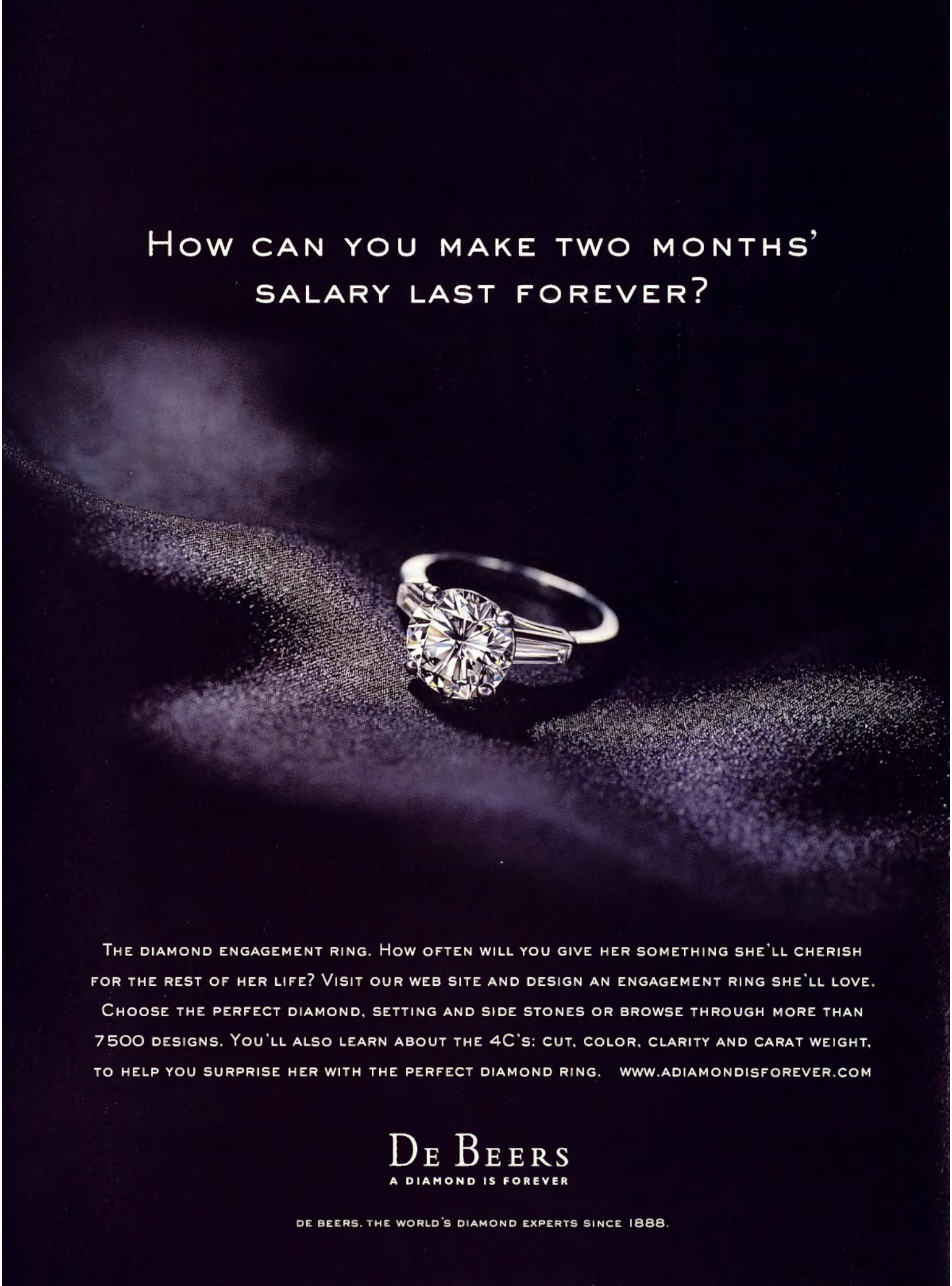
"Yes," she said. Which is what he said too, of course. Go out on a limb, and others will follow.

On the other hand, false bravado can backfire. If a guy tells a date what a great stud he is, she'll be scared off because the boasting puts too much performance pressure on everyone. Whereas if he can humble himself—"I'm always looking to be a better lover. I bet you could help me"—she'll feel amused, empowered and probably game. Note: That remark is not a pickup line. It's just something to drop in a conversation.

I once met a lesbian pornographer whose renown daunted me. She wisely got around that. "You're irresistible," she said. "I wish I could make love to you, but I'd never live up to my reputation." She surpassed it, in part because she was disarming.

My straight *(concluded on page 240)*

How can you make two months' salary last forever?



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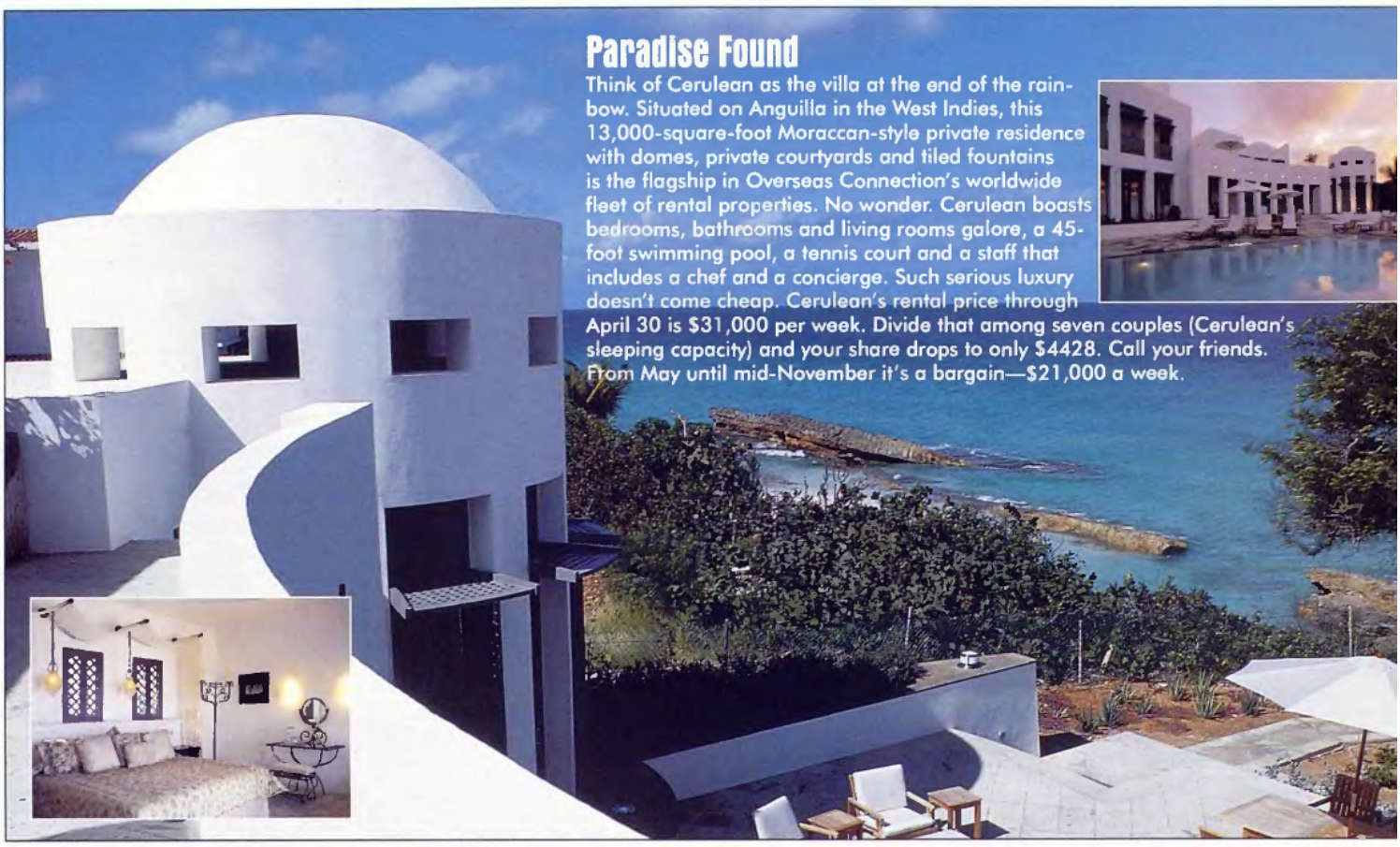
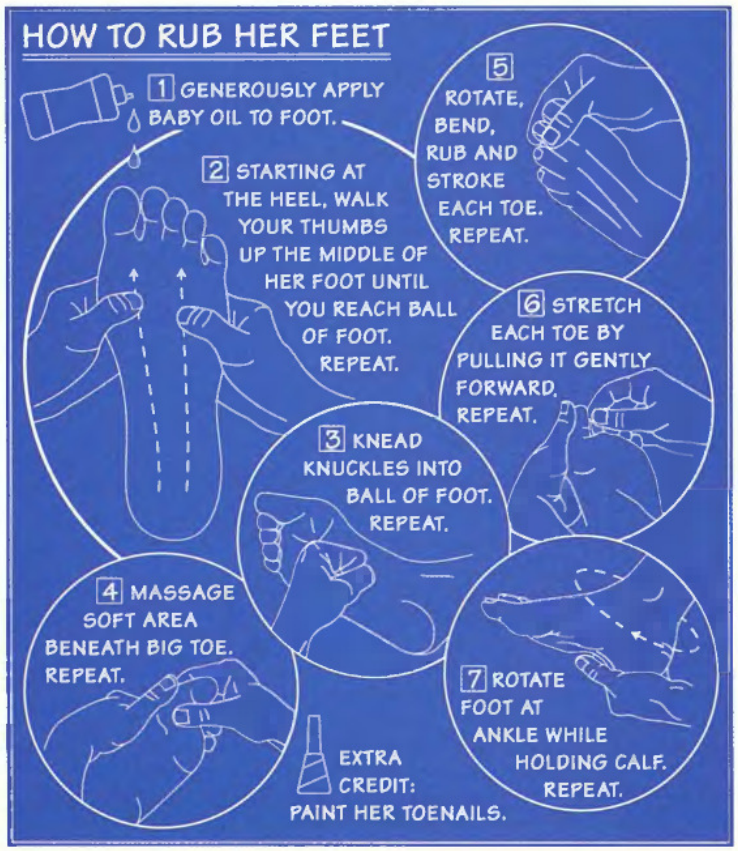
MANTRACK hey...it's personal

Paradise Found

Think of Cerulean as the villa at the end of the rainbow. Situated on Anguilla in the West Indies, this 13,000-square-foot Moraccan-style private residence with domes, private courtyards and tiled fountains is the flagship in Overseas Connection's worldwide fleet of rental properties. No wonder. Cerulean boasts bedrooms, bathrooms and living rooms galore, a 45-foot swimming pool, a tennis court and a staff that includes a chef and a concierge. Such serious luxury doesn't come cheap. Cerulean's rental price through April 30 is $31,000 per week. Divide that among seven couples (Cerulean's sleeping capacity) and your share drops to only $4428. Call your friends. From May until mid-November it's a bargain—$21,000 a week.

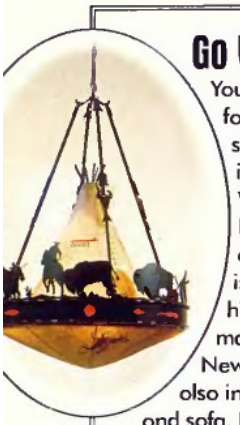



HOW TO RUB HER FEET
1 GENEROUSLY APPLY BABY OIL TO FOOT.
2 STARTING AT THE HEEL, WALK YOUR THUMBS UP THE MIDDLE OF HER FOOT UNTIL YOU REACH BALL OF FOOT. REPEAT.
3 KNEAD KNUCKLES INTO BALL OF FOOT. REPEAT.
4 MASSAGE SOFT AREA BENEATH BIG TOE. REPEAT.
5 ROTATE, BEND, RUB AND STROKE EACH TOE. REPEAT.
6 STRETCH EACH TOE BY PULLING IT GENTLY FORWARD. REPEAT.
7 ROTATE FOOT AT ANKLE WHILE HOLDING CALF. REPEAT.
EXTRA CREDIT: PAINT HER TOENAILS.

Not More Than Skin Deep

Most men's face products promise to protect, revitalize or stimulate your skin. That's all fine. But what about your looks? Surface from Aramis does away with the hype. It's strictly "surface"—it simply makes you look better. Optimizing Skin Cream, for example, diminishes the appearance of fine lines and pores. Skin-Smoothing and Shine Erasing are two gels designed to fill in wrinkles and absorb oil. The latter also helps get rid of the greasy look that comes from staying too long in an overheated room. There's also Healthy Look gel (an oil-free bronzer) and a Cooling Therapy Kit that includes gel patches to soothe eye puffiness. (Great for a hangover.) In addition, for guys seriously into self-maintenance, Aramis has a Detailer Grooming Kit that's fitted with tweezers, a nail file and fingernail and cuticle clippers. All the tools pop up when you lift the kit's lid. Surface products sell for $20 to $35 at Saks Fifth Avenue, Bloomingdale's and Nordstrom.

MANTRACK



Go Western, Dude

You oren't likely to find Philippe Starck shopping for furniture ot New West's Cody, Wyoming showroom or spending an afternoon touring its workshop. The company manufactures Western furnishings that look like something Roy Rogers would have hauled back to Melody Ranch. New West tells us thot o surprising number of Hollywood actors own the cowhide club chair pictured here ($4500) and the matching ottomon ($1238). Both are part of New West's burl-leg look that olso includes a dining room toble ond sofa. Light it up with the Buffalo Hunt chandelier (left) thot's made of rawhide and cut steel ($6600) and you have the makings of o first-closs bunkhouse.

The Other Vintage Port

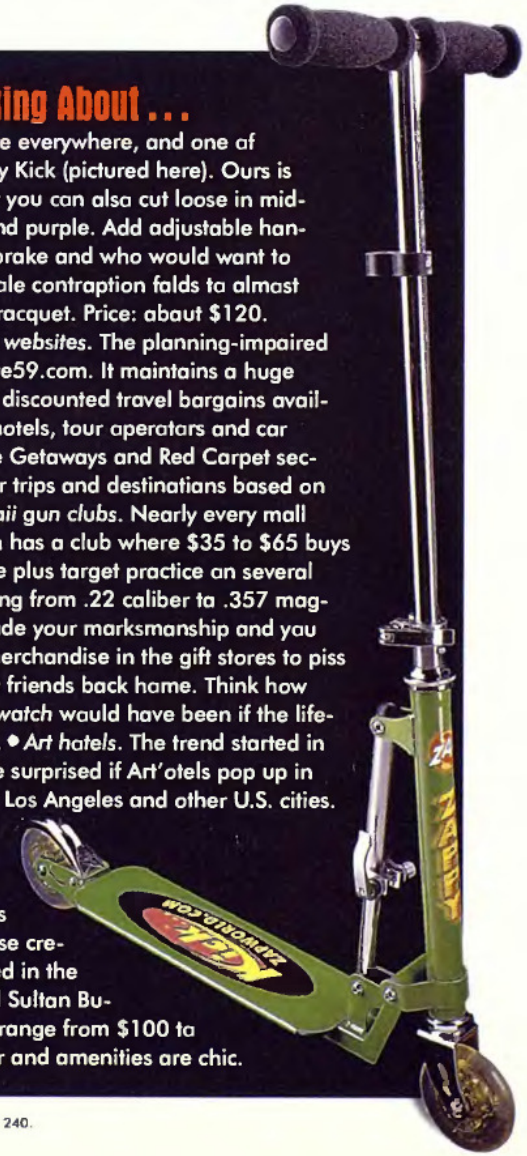
Ports con be confusing, ond port makers don't make it ony easier. In broad strokes, the types are (in ascending order of price and quality) ruby, tawny, late bottled vintage, aged towny and vintage port. Vintoge ports are declared when an especially good yeor comes around. These wines are often exquisite but need to oge 20 to 30 years before they reolize their potential. There are olso, however, single quinta or quinta blend vintage ports, which represent a relative bargain and which tend to age more quickly (meaning you can drink them eight to 10 years after bottling). These wines often have much of the quality and charm of o classic vintage port, but are deemed just below them in quality. Among our favorites ore Dow's Bomfim, Taylor's Vargellas, Groham's Malvedos ond Fonseco's Guimaraens.

Clothesline: Big Bossman and Triple H

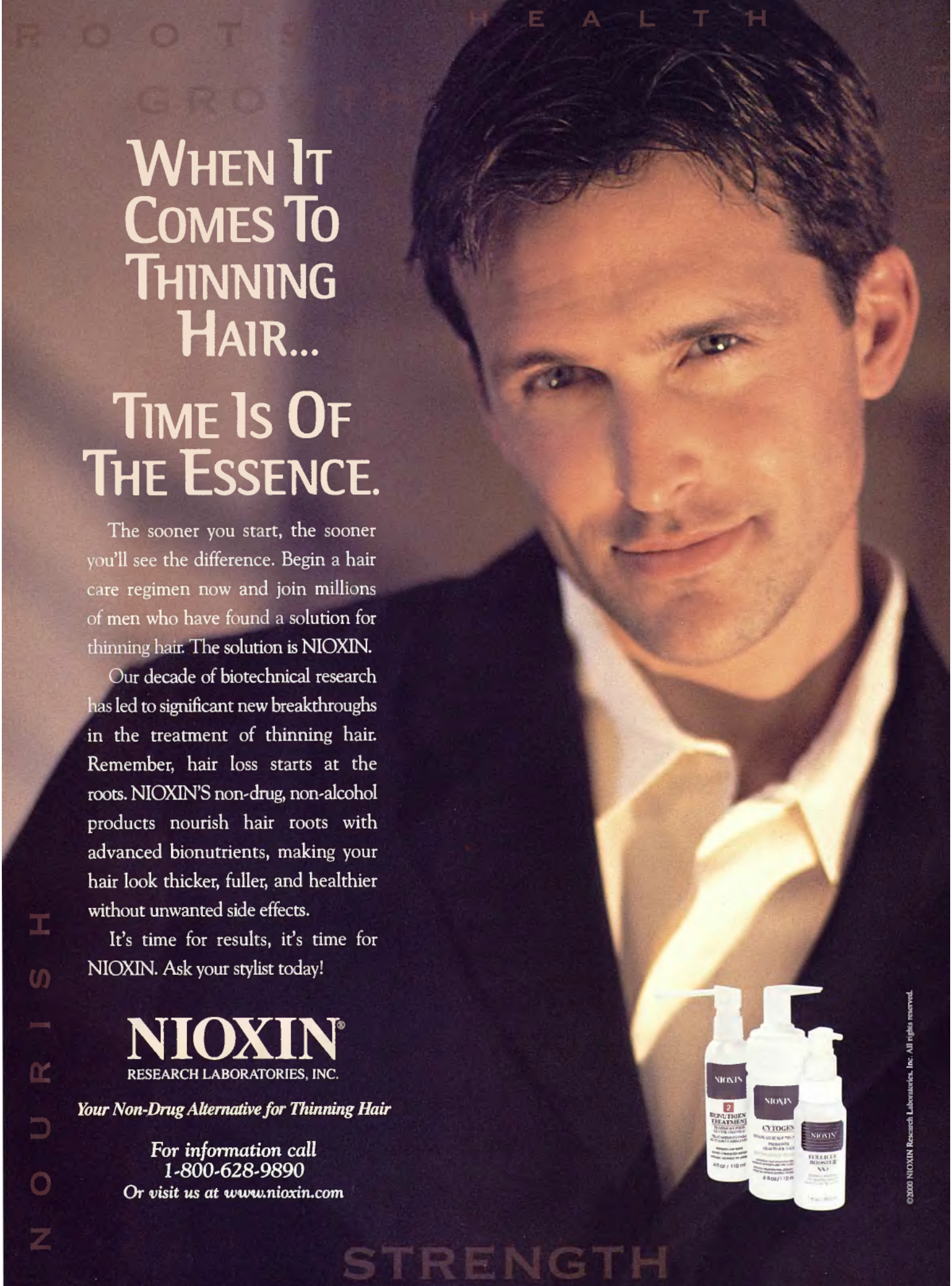
Ray Traylor (left), the World Wrestling Federotion's Big Bossman, says he likes to dress oll in black "because I trovel so much thot I live out of a suitcase, and black stays cleoner longer." Anything made by Harley-Davidson catches Traylor's eye. "You name it—I'm a biker guy and I hate to shop, but when I do I know what I want. Being 6'7" and 300 pounds, I've already spent enough time trying to find something thot fits." Jeon-Paul Levesque (right), who is known to WWF fans as Triple H, says he wears lots of jeons and T-shirts when he's on the road. He prefers leother ponts and jockets when he's doing business. "For guys my size—I'm 6'4" ond 265 pounds—it's hard to buy stuff off the rack. I get some of my clothes made by a little Greek guy on Melrose Avenue in Los Angeles. Sorry but I don't remember the name of his ploce. I just know where it is."

Guys Are Talking About . . .

City scooters. They're everywhere, and one of the best is the Zappy Kick (pictured here). Ours is tree-frog green, but you can alsa cut loose in midnight green, blue and purple. Add adjustable handlebars and a foot brake and who would want to stay hame? The whale contraption falds ta almast the size of a tennis racquet. Price: abaut $120. • *Last-minute travel websites.* The planning-impaired should check out Site59.com. It maintains a huge database of heavily discounted travel bargains available from airlines, hotels, tour aperatars and car rental agencies. The Getaways and Red Carpet sections of the site offer trips and destinatians based on ane's mood. • *Hawaii gun clubs.* Nearly every mall alang Waikiki Beach has a club where $35 to $65 buys a basic safety course plus target practice an several types of guns, ranging from .22 caliber ta .357 magnum. Instructors grade your marksmanship and yau can shap for logo merchandise in the gift stores to piss off your gun-cantral friends back hame. Think how much more fun *Baywatch* would have been if the lifeguards were armed. • *Art hatels.* The trend started in Europe, but don't be surprised if Art'otels pop up in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and other U.S. cities. The concept is simple: Each hatel celebrates the work of one artist, such as Donald Sultan, whose creations are shawcased in the new Art'otel Donald Sultan Budapest. Raom rates range from $100 ta $250, and the decor and amenities are chic.



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 240.



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The Playboy Advisor

After my third marriage I told myself I wanted only girlfriends. Eleven years later, at 48, I have five: the kinky one, the wild one, the one who became my best friend, the one who would blow me five times a day if I didn't give out first and, finally, the one I fell in love with. I would like to settle down with her, but I'm having a terrible time letting go of the others. I've been seeing four of them for eight years, and there's nothing but pleasure in it for me. I met the one I love only a few months ago, and I fell hard. She has all but given up on me and I feel lost without her. If she ever finds out how much I cheat on her after I promised I would stop seeing the others, that will be it. I feel like I will never be able to love anyone again. I have let my addiction run wild, uncontrolled, for so long that I don't know how to handle the situation. What should I do?—J.B., Visalia, California

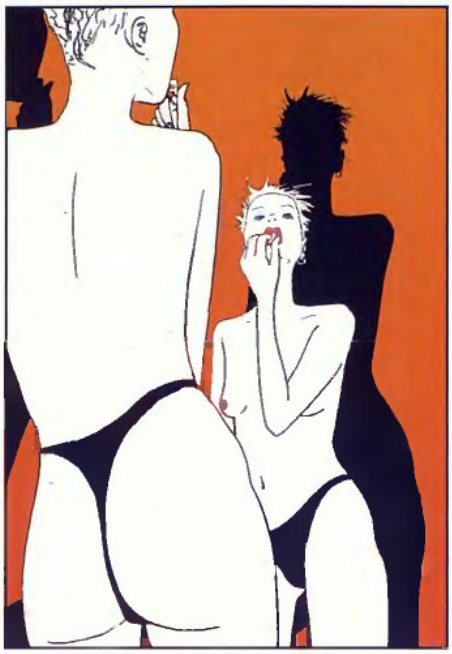
You're not addicted because you date four women who offer you no-obligation sex—you're spoiled. Whether it's four women, 50 women or a hundred, you must sacrifice them all if the one you love requires monogamy. Don't promise what you can't deliver; the lies would quickly destroy the relationship. If you can't commit, look at your situation another way: You're already in four long-term relationships in which you love each woman a little, which adds up to a lot.

I read a gossip item that said a top record executive handed a card to the waiter at a tony restaurant that read, "Bombay Sapphire martini, straight up, very cold, in and out, with an olive, stirred not shaken." First, what do you think of carrying around cards to hand to waiters? And second, what does in and out mean?—H.K., Rochester, New York

Ordering a drink with a card is condescending and gauche. We prefer to interact with the staff. In and out indicates a very dry martini. The bartender fills a mixer with ice, adds vermouth to coat the ice, pours off the vermouth, measures the gin, stirs and strains the mixture into the glass.

My boyfriend and I disagree on how many men lose their virginity in high school. I say that more than 50 percent of male college freshmen are virgins. Can you shed any light on the subject?—S.D., Los Angeles, California

You lose. Surveys suggest that about 75 percent of American boys and 65 percent of American girls have intercourse by their senior year of high school. Statistically you're more likely to remain a virgin longer if you live with both parents and are better educated. Among various races in the U.S., about



half of all black men have sex by the age of 15, half of all Hispanic men, white men and black women lose their virginity by 17, and half of all Hispanic and white women have sex before they're 18. By the age of 22, about 90 percent of every group has had sex.

Most of our friends know that my wife and I are into threesomes. One friend offered herself, and my wife approved. After we had set a date, our friend said to my wife, "We'll do your husband, then you can do mine." The problem is that my wife doesn't find our friend's husband sexually appealing or even moderately friendly. We are new to swinging. Is this sort of swapping considered routine? I don't want my wife to feel pressured.—S.S., San Diego, California

You ran into a swinger with a plan. Generally, those involved in the lifestyle don't attempt to swap mates, because the odds are good that at least one person among the four won't find his or her potential partner appealing. Many couples who enjoy swapping are handicapped because one partner (usually it's the woman) is more attractive than the other. So typically the woman will scout for a suitable couple and imply a threesome. If a couple shows interest, the husband suddenly appears to join the conversation. These couples soon earn a reputation, and experienced swingers avoid them. We suggest you back out of this situation gracefully.

My wife is driving me crazy. We've been married six years and it's like my mother said, "The things you think are cute at the beginning will make you nuts later." When we got married, I loved that she had a strong personality. Since then she's become pushy, and we've been fighting. Does the Advisor have any suggestions to keep my marriage from falling apart?—L.K., Toledo, Ohio

Don't expect your wife to change. Besides the fact that it won't happen, you agreed six years ago to accept her as a package deal, and she, you—marriage doesn't come with a line-item veto. That's the counsel of Andrew Christensen, co-author of Reconcilable Differences and director of a five-year study called the Couples Therapy Project (you can participate at www.acceptancesurvey.com). Every couple has incompatible traits that could destroy the relationship; those who survive learn to accept, rather than challenge, these differences. Your perceptions also play a role. You may have been attracted to your wife because she was outspoken, but now she's outspoken with you and you're blind to everything but the negative side of the trait. Like any effective therapy, acceptance puts the focus on the only person you have the power to change. Christensen suggests these strategies to defuse tension when you argue: (1) Figure out the "third side" of the story that incorporates your partner's views. (2) View the problem as "it" rather than something being done to you. (3) Summarize what your spouse says during the argument to show you get it (but without sounding like a smartass). (4) Focus on one problem at a time. (5) Don't insist you're right.

A friend suggested hanging a silver spoon in the neck of a champagne bottle to preserve the champagne's fizz. Does it work?—S.T., London, England

You'll have to tell us. We've never saved champagne.

If I were to touch a nine-volt battery to my girlfriend's clitoris, would she get a charge out of it? How about if I tied a wire around my big toe (+) and a wire around her big toe (–), and attached them to the terminals of a lantern battery? Would sparks fly when my tongue touched her? What if I hooked up the apparatus to a power source such as my stereo? Please advise.—W.B., Los Angeles, California

Good grief. Your battery test would only produce an unpleasant burning sensation, and the toe contraption wouldn't do anything. Your stereo is another matter. A few mad scientists have figured out a way to have sex with their hi-fi equipment, which combines two of our favorite interests but also gives us the willies. One manual, Erotic Electronic Stereo Sexual Stimulation Techniques, describes an intricate experiment in which you connect speaker wire from an amplifier to solder probes molded to fit around the penis (and into the urethra), cradle the

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

testicles or penetrate the anus. "Be careful of high bass settings," the manual warns. "In the beginning, do not play classical music, as it can be explosive. Use soft rock or talk radio. Another method some users have enjoyed is to connect their TV to their stereo and play porno videos." The author of a similar guide recounts an incident in which he touched a lamp while hooked up; the shock dislocated his shoulder. You sound like the experimental type, so we'll caution you against juicing up your sex life too much. Even modest amounts of electricity can be dangerous, especially if applied above the waist. Besides killing you, a surge could destroy your stereo.

I have slept with two women, both of whom said my penis looked small. However, when I became aroused, they both said I had the largest erection they'd ever seen. What should I make of this?—C.C., Killeen, Texas

Keep your briefs on until you're hard. No matter how large or small they appear when soft, most penises expand to four to six inches. If you're larger than that, congratulations. Only about two percent of men have erections longer than 7.2 inches.

I'm surprised you got it so wrong. As any Boy Scout can tell you, you don't simply soak a flag in lighter fluid and burn it like some asshole demonstrator (August). It first must be deconstructed. The blue portion (the Union) is cut from the stripes (the fly). The remnants are folded and placed in a basket, and added to a fire. This may seem like a bother, but it isn't to anyone who fought under the flag.—D.S., Grovetown, Georgia

There's no right or wrong way to dispose of a worn flag, so long as it's done in a dignified manner.

You've seen the yellow first-down line that TV networks superimpose across the field during football games. How do they make it appear that players and referees are walking over the line?—A.G., Huntington Beach, California

Computer magic. To create the line, three game cameras are equipped with encoders that record their precise focus, zoom and angle. A spotter on the field marks the position of the first-down mark. Another computer contains a 3D model of the field and a palette of colors for the playing surface, the players and the referee. Yet another computer figures out which camera is on-air. Thirty times per second, this data is collected and sent to a central processor that changes the tiny squares that make up the line to yellow, but only if they match the palette of the playing surface. Last year the company that creates the marker for CBS introduced a "sponsored first-down line" (an advertising logo is superimposed on the field) for the telecast of the NFL Europe World Bowl game.

When my wife and I have sex, I sometimes place my thumb against her lips and she sucks it as if it were another man's cock. This turns me on big time. When I bring up the subject of arranging an actual threesome, she says she has no desire to have two men at once. However, I have several plans to get another guy into our bedroom. In one of them I blindfold my wife and, after lengthy foreplay, have the other guy enter the room and tease her mouth with the tip of his penis. It would be larger than mine, so she would be surprised. After a while he would let his cock slide into her mouth. Please tell me how to make this happen.—M.D., Miami, Florida

Sometimes a thumb is just a thumb. Don't make too much of your wife's habit; it's a common turn-on to suck on your partner's fingers or toes, and it doesn't necessarily mean the sucker is looking for something more. For that reason, and because you can't fulfill this fantasy without her consent, don't surprise your wife with visitors. Instead, tease her with a realistic dildo. You'll find a selection at goodvibes.com, including a few that measure eight or nine inches and a best-selling six-inch rubber model with "cyber-skin." Buy two—a supercock and a more modest model—so your wife can choose.

Please settle this for me: Is it safe to put film through airport security X-ray machines?—P.L., Toronto, Canada

Unless you're shooting on high-speed film (ISO 400 or greater) or expect your rolls to pass through an X-ray machine more than about five times during your trip, you shouldn't have problems. If you want to play it safe, place your film into a clear plastic bag and request a hand inspection (this won't work in places like London or Rome, but airport security in the U.S. will oblige). Never place your film in checked luggage; many bags are sent through a powerful machine that detects explosives but also leaves a foggy stripe on unprocessed film. If you feel your film might have been damaged by X rays, you can send prints to the Photographic and Imaging Manufacturers Association, 550 Mamaroneck Avenue, Suite 307, Harrison, New York 10528 for an evaluation.

Right on! The woman-on-top position is the greatest (August). You also might enjoy a variation that my wife and I call the Magnificent Screw: Once the man is inside the woman, she squeezes her vaginal muscles and slides up and down on his erection. She doesn't go far enough to stimulate his head (very important—the guy won't last long if she consistently hits his sweet spot) or so far that his cock comes out of her body. The formula my wife uses is eight to 10 shallow thrusts to one deep one. She then slowly rotates so that she's facing my feet, before repeating the process. She continues to rotate as long as either of us can stand it. I also play with her clitoris and anus to stimulate her, and I have wonderful alternating views of her beautiful breasts and her astounding ass.—T.W., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

We're grateful.

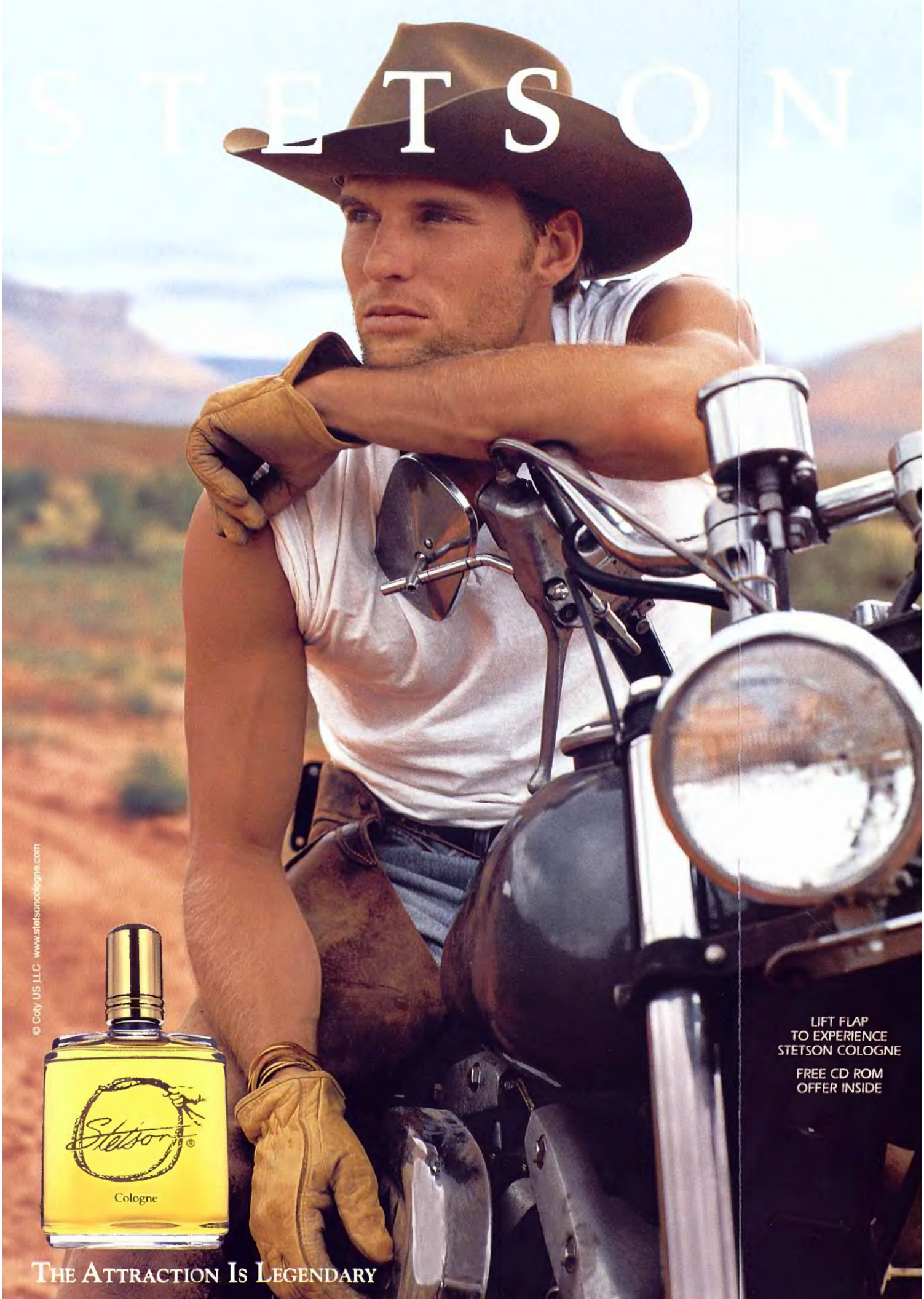
I have a huge collection of albums I would like to preserve, and I heard that someone developed a laser turntable. Does it exist?—F.S., Blaine, Washington

It exists, but it will set you back at least $13,500. That's especially costly considering that a high-grade cartridge produces hardly any wear. The challenge in developing a laser turntable has always been preventing the beams from reading the dirt and dust that collects in the groove (a needle plows through, or misses, it). That means the LPs must sparkle before they are played—not just Decca-brush clean but wet-vac-machine spotless. ELP of Japan offers two models, one of which plays 78s. Besides eliminating needle wear, its five-laser system corrects for up to six millimeters of warp, eliminates distortions such as cartridge hum and corrects for most scratches and other damage. Visit elpj.com for information or phone the North American ELP rep at 505-662-1415.

My boyfriend will not perform cunnilingus. I have tried everything. I stopped discussing it for a long time so that he wouldn't feel pressured, and I've tried to get him to lick me in the shower to see if the issue might be cleanliness. He just tells me he's not into it. I miss oral pleasure so much. But get this—he'll take blow jobs any day of the week, even after we have sex. What should I do?—S.F., Salt Lake City, Utah

He'll take blow jobs? Imagine that. You're dating a strange guy. Short of not having a tongue, there's no excuse for his behavior. The most common complaint by men is that they don't like the odor, but we're sympathetic only if the woman hasn't bathed or she has an infection. Both situations can be corrected. You could issue an ultimatum (e.g., the only blow jobs you'll give him are from the 69 position), but that doesn't address the larger issue. This isn't about cunnilingus, or the lack of it, but about your boyfriend's disregard for you and your pleasure. It may be time to find someone who will embrace every part of you.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail via playboyadvisor.com, which includes a database of past columns. The Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, 365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life, is available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*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CANDY

online with the pervert patrol

The computer screen lights up. A cursor arrow searches down topics in the chat rooms. It goes past "bi-fems-for-bi-fems" and stops at "dad-to-dad chat." Candy clicks on and types in "Hi! I'm looking for a dad to chat with." Within seconds, four "dads" respond: Bushmaster, Bigdaddy, Lollipopman and Daddio. Bushmaster clicks on first.

BUSHMASTER: What's goin on with u?
CANDY: Nuthin. I'm home sick from skool.
BM: Sick huh. That bites big time. How old are you?
C: How old r u?
BM: 49.
C: What r u duin?
BM: Just cybering. How old are u?
C: 14.

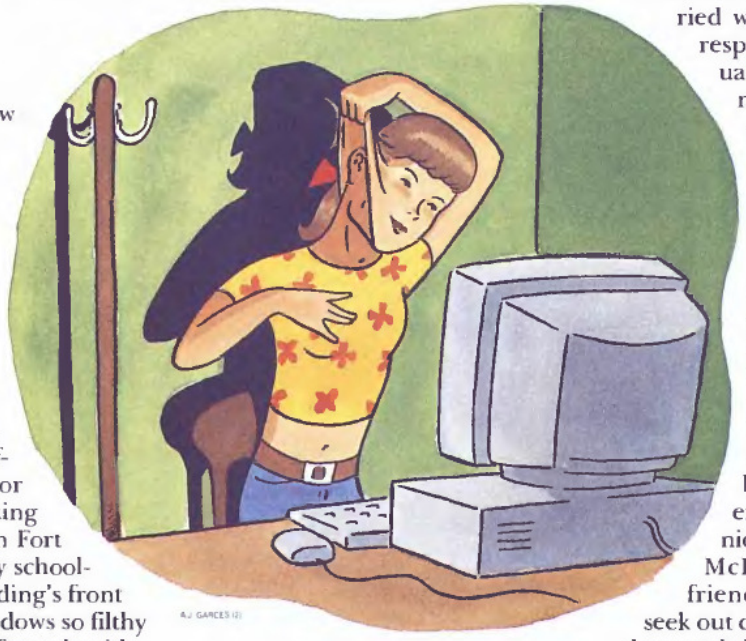
"Cybering is code for Internet sex," Candy tells me. "Let's see where he goes now that he knows how old I am."

Candy is sitting on a gun-metal-gray chair in front of a gun-metal-gray desk in a sterile office on the second floor of a gray, deserted-looking building near downtown Fort Lauderdale. It's a sunny school-day afternoon. The building's front doors are locked, its windows so filthy nothing inside is visible from the sidewalk. There are no signs on the windows and the address over the door is painted gray like the building so it's impossible to discern from the street.

"I click on mostly during the afternoon," says Candy, "because once they find out how old I am I get hit on so many times at night that I can't keep up."

Candy is a 44-year-old Fort Lauderdale vice detective named Richard Love. He is one of a number of undercover Broward County officers who operate out of this building.

Love is currently assigned to one of 35 federally funded Law Enforcement Against Child Harm task forces. LEACH works with local and state law enforcement in conjunction with the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children, the FBI, U.S. Customs and the U.S. Postal Service. Michael Medaris of the U.S. Department of Justice says that the Broward County LEACH detectives are some of the best in the country, with a conviction rate that's close to 100 percent. LEACH has brought about the arrest of firemen, lawyers, judges, cops and teachers, primarily because men such as Love are adept at convincing pedophiles on the Internet that the detectives are vulnerable 14-year-olds, looking for a "daddy." The FBI's most successful Internet sex sting, the $10 million-a-year Innocent Images, has racked up 606 convictions since it began in May 1995.



A.J. GARCES (2)

Love was a vice and narcotics cop for 18 years before he went undercover last year on the Internet.

"When we became computerized 10 years ago," he says, "I was the last holdout. Now I do this shit. Why? Because we have got to protect our kids from the bogeyman our parents warned us about when we were kids. You know, the one that made you afraid to look under the bed."

Love says the Internet has brought out a lot of closeted pedophiles who have never acted on their urges because they have been too fearful of the police to haunt playgrounds and schoolyards. "Now they can befriend 14-year-olds from the sanctuary of their house and a fictitious identity." They prey mostly on children who are between the ages of 12 and 14, says Love, "because kids that age can skip school, travel and take a bus."

A pedophile is usually a white male between the ages of 25 and 45, married with children and socially respectable. Often, he was sexually abused as a child and now has drug or alcohol problems. Love (and the law) makes a distinction between pedophiles and men who prefer older teenagers. He says the latter are typically just insecure men who want a youth who looks mature but can be more easily manipulated than someone their own age. "Girls at 15 can look like women," says Love, "and yet be impressed by an older man who takes them to nice places to eat, instead of McDonald's like their boyfriends." Pedophiles, he says, seek out children who look like children and then seduce them over the Internet in three stages. First, they befriend them, listen to their problems and commiserate. Next, they want to hear their voice over the telephone. And finally, they try to meet them for sex. It's Love's job to convince pedophiles that he is a troubled 14-year-old girl or boy, and then let them take the initiative to that point where they make a date for sex.

"It's easy to get hit on as a girl," says Love, "but harder as a boy. I create a character, usually a 14-year-old girl like Candy, home from school, unhappy with her restrictive parents, someone who likes the mall and the Backstreet Boys. I watch a lot of MTV, and I pay attention to my wife's three

BY PAT JORDAN

nieces, ages 8, 10 and 13. But it's not really about getting into the mind of a young girl. It's about getting into the mind of a pedophile, finding out what he's looking for and playing off him. They walk through the door. We open the door and they walk through it."

Candy turns back to the computer and types.

C: U r 49. That's kewl.
BM: I feel too old.
C: Two old for what. ("If he's smart," says Love, "he'll say, 'Too old for you,' and click off.")
BM: To chat with you and who knows what else.
C: I don't understand. What r u interested in? ("Duh!" says Love. "I'm sooo dumb.")
BM: What do you want to chat about?
C: Don't know. What do u like to chat about.
BM: You curious about anything? ("He's good," says Love. "He won't go over the edge.")
C: Yeah. Lotsa stuff. ("Duh! Like, why do birds sing?" says Love.)
BM: Cool. You can ask me anything.
C: I don't know what to ask. ("I'm gonna scare this guy off," says Love. "But he'll be back.")

Bushmaster clicks off. Immediately Bigdaddy appears online.

BIGDADDY: Are you interested, little girl?
C: Duh! Don't know.
BD: How old are you?
C: 14 and u?
BD: 45.
C: Kewl. ("Now what the hell does a 45-year-old man want to talk to a 14-year-old girl for?" asks Love.)
BD: Nude?
C: Don't understand. Am I nud.
BD: Yes.
C: R u nud.
BD: Yes. May I call you?
C: Can't. PIR is sleeping. ("Internet code for parent in the room," Love explains.)
BD: So send me a pic.
C: Can't. Mom won't let me. ("Let him think I'm unhappy, my parents are restrictive," says Love. "It makes me vulnerable.")
BD: What do you look like?
C: I'm 5'2", 108 pds, short, blondish hair, green eyes. And u.
BD: Handsome. 6'1". 200. (Love says, "OK, big boy. Let's see where this goes.")
C: Wow! Where do u live.
BD: Florida. And you?
C: Lauderdale.
BD: Cool. Call me.
C: Can't. PIR is sleeping. ("I already told you, asshole," says Love. "You haven't even courted me yet. I'm no slut.")

When Bigdaddy doesn't respond, Candy types: "R u mad." Bigdaddy clicks off. Love says, "Thank God I'm not a little girl." Almost immediately, Bushmaster clicks back on. "I told you he'd be back," says Love.

BM: Ask me anything personal.
C: Duh!
BM: Do you like older guys?
C: Yeah.
BM: Ever been with an older guy?
C: No. Afraid I might get in trouble.
BM: Ever had sex before?
C: No. I'm a virgin.
BM: Do you think about sex?

The cop points to a telephone, over which is written "Answer Hello" to remind officers it's supposed to be a teenager's phone.

C: Yeah. What it'd be like.
BM: What part?
C: You know. ("You tell me, asshole," says Love.)
BM: Sex feels good to me. ("Apparently, these guys just want phone sex right away," says Love. "I don't think they want to meet.")
C: I'm embarrassed.
BM: Don't be embarrassed.
C: Will it hurt?
BM: If the guy is impatient. Do you want to? I'll show you naked pic of me if you want.
C: Yeah.

There's a pause, and then Bushmaster sends a photo over the Internet to Candy. It's a shot of a man from the waist down, with a huge erect penis. It's obviously a photograph from an adult magazine and not of Bushmaster himself. Love looks at the photo and says, "I need more than that for an arrest. There's no sex involved. It's just erotica."

C: I'm stunned. I never saw a man's thing before.

Something in this exchange seems to have satisfied Bushmaster, and he clicks off for good. Immediately, Lollipopman clicks on.

LOLLIPOPMAN: Daddy here.
C: You're not my daddy.
LM: No, but I'm a dad to 8- and 14-year-old daughters. You into phone?
C: Can't. PIR's sleeping.
LM: What do you want daddy to do to you?
C: Don't understand.
LM: I'm looking for phone sex. ("Jesus," says Love. "Everyone wants to get right into phone sex with a 14-year-old girl. If I had a female officer here with me, I'd give them my number." He points to a telephone, over which is written "Answer Hello" to remind officers it's supposed to be a teenager's phone. A tape recorder is attached to the phone to record all conversations.)
C: What do u want?
LM: Take your top off. I'll get the baby oil. It's okay. I'm your daddy.
C: Kewl.
LM: Your breasts are getting big now.
C: They're really very—— (Love stops typing. "I was gonna say, small," he says. "But this guy. . . ." He types again.)
C: I mean, other girls my age are jealous.
LM: I can see why. I'll hold them and caress them.
C: I'm embarrassed.
LM: I'll bet boys try to get their hands on them.
C: Yeah.
LM: Do you like it?
C: I don't let them touch me. ("I know this guy is jerking off," says Love.)
LM: I'll take your nipples in my mouth. Hmmm. Taste so sweet. I'll kiss your tummy like this, and then pull down your panties. . . .
C: O
LM:Until they're all the way off, then I'll pull your legs apart and start licking you until it feels good.
C: You think so. What's your name.
LM: Jack. ("Yeah, jack off," says Love.)
C: What r u doin?
LM: Stroking my cock. Do you like making guys come?

C: I never did it before.
LM: I'll bet you have. You just done it to me.

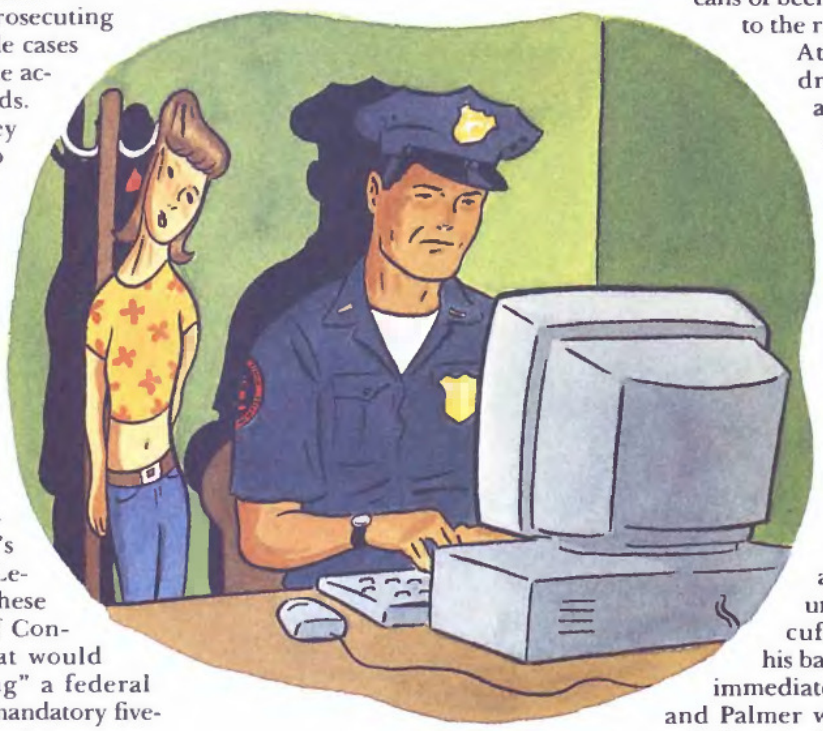
Lollipopman clicks off and Daddio appears online.

DO: Hi, little girl. Want a daddy?
C: Can't now.
DO: I'll be your daddy.
C: Can't. PIR.

Candy clicks off. Love sits back in his chair and sighs. "I'm brain-dead," he says. "You can only take so much of this shit. I need a cigarette."

Love is frustrated because none of this day's chats led to a meeting. Often, he will be online for hours, day after day, before he reels in a pedophile who wants to make a date. When he does, he pantomimes throwing out a fishing line and reeling in his catch.

The problem with prosecuting most Internet pedophile cases is that the majority of the accused don't have records. As first offenders, they rarely get sentenced to more than two years in prison. Furthermore, since the objects of the pedophile's advances were not children but cops, many judges sentence offenders to probation or relatively short jail terms. One pedophile even argued that he knew he was talking to an undercover cop, not a 13-year-old girl, and that's what turned him on. Legal loopholes such as these may be closed soon if Congress passes a law that would make "cyber-molesting" a federal crime punishable by a mandatory five-year sentence.



Love takes out the file of John Palmer, a 68-year-old from Pompano Beach, Florida, a husband and father of an eight-year-old daughter. It was Love's most satisfying case. He met Palmer (Gooddaddy9999) by posing as a 14-year-old boy named Richie. In the transcripts of their chat, Palmer tries to seduce Richie by promising to buy him a leather jacket and a scanner. Then Palmer explicitly tells Richie what he plans to do with him if he will agree to meet him in a motel room.

GOODDADDY9999: I want to make a new friend of you and please you from time to time. I like to suck a young guy's cock and make him feel good. I like to bring a girl for us to play with too. She would teach you good things. She and I will teach you to come lots—could be a weekly event for us all, teaching you to be a stud, how to satisfy girls so they want you all the time. You'll be in demand and have to fight them off, word of your sex ability will get around any school. This will be a lifelong talent that will get you the things you want in this life—respect, admiration, success. Women always want the most accomplished dick and seek it out, and men will envy you. That is the way the world is.

The detective, as Richie, made a date to meet Palmer at a children's park. Prior to that meeting, Love briefed his 10-member special investigations team at their undercover headquarters. He told them about Palmer's seduction of Richie and what to expect from him when he was arrested.

The members of the team were all dressed in street clothes—jeans and colored shirts—so they would blend in with bystanders. The decoy was a 5'2", 98-pound female Florida Department of Law Enforcement officer. With her sandy-colored hair tucked under a baseball cap, she could be mistaken for a slight 14-year-old boy.

The file notes that at 10:20 A.M., Palmer packed an aluminum suitcase with whips, chains, handcuffs, a VCR, a laptop computer, child porno videos, a video of himself having sex with a young girl in his bedroom and an alarm clock with a pinhole video camera and audio device concealed inside. Palmer then drove to the Romantix Emporium, an adult video and sex toys store.

Palmer spent 15 minutes in the Romantix, browsing. Finally, he bought a dildo, a bottle of scented lotion and three pornographic videos. He bought a gay video, a straight video and an instructional sex video, just as he had promised Richie.

Palmer circled the park a few times, as if making sure there was no one who looked like a cop. From there he drove to the Fairfield Inn. He rented Room 109 for $59 plus tax and spent the next hour preparing for his assignation with Richie. He set up his VCR. He put his alarm clock video camera on the dresser, facing one of the two double beds. Then he went back to his car and retrieved a cooler filled with liquor and cans of beer and and brought it into the room.

At 12:03 P.M., Palmer drove back to the park and saw a "boy" in a baseball cap, swinging on the swings farthest from the lot.

Palmer got out of his car and walked over to the fence. He gripped it with both hands and called out to the boy in the baseball cap, "Richie! Richie!" The boy kept swinging.

Palmer was still staring at Richie when four officers walked up behind him and calmly said, "You're under arrest." Then they cuffed his hands behind his back. A marked police car immediately pulled into the lot, and Palmer was put into the backseat. He was sitting there when Love opened the back door, leaned into the car and said, "Hi, John. I'm Richie." The blood drained from Palmer's face.

More than five months after Palmer was arrested, Love puts the file away in his sterile office. "We charged him federally," Love says. "Using the Internet to have sex with a person under 18, and possession of child pornography."

Finally, after three hours of chatting on the Internet with Bushmaster, Bigdaddy, Lollipopman and Daddio, Love goes downstairs and out to the building's rear parking lot for a smoke.

"It doesn't depress me," Love says coldly. "It makes me mad. I want to reach through that computer screen and grab them by the throat."

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION

We award scholarships to the best students, Oscars to the best actors and medals to top athletes. So I fail to understand the anger that certain women feel toward pictures of physically outstanding women ("The State of the Debate," *The Playboy Forum*, August). No one is putting down the "average" woman by wanting to look at these exceptional women any more than they are denigrating average singers by only wanting to buy CDs of beautiful voices. PLAYBOY hires the top writers, prints the funniest jokes, reviews the best music, movies and books and interviews only the most interesting people. Why would it then publish photos of women I can see at the local pool?

Syndi Riley
Yucca Valley, California

It saddens me to see Kimberly Palmer and other intelligent ladies of my generation pigeonholing women into neat packages of virgins and whores. Pornography doesn't cause rape or abuse; I have survived both, and neither of my abusers was a porn junkie. Nor do I consider my lover to be "damaged goods" because he enjoys porn. Since most women have a lessened self-image from reading magazines such as *Cosmopolitan* and *YM*, which exist to tell us how to dress, think and act, it must be wonderful for your models to know that millions of people desire them.

Sarah Alford
Charleston, West Virginia

As my letter to Galen Sherwin, reprinted in your August issue, indicates, PETA's beef is with animal experiments and pork chops, not the pert-nippled models who appear on your pages and sometimes in our "I'd rather go naked than wear fur" ads. Many of us who pranced about braless in the Sixties owe as much to PLAYBOY's groundbreaking positions on sexuality and other political issues as to Betty Friedan. Politics is important, compassion is vital and ethics are everything. However, life is barely worth living if you can't have fun. Those kind readers who agree may view our Lettuce Ladies at lettuceladies.com.

Ingrid Newkirk
People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals
Norfolk, Virginia

PLAYBOY steadfastly defends the position that reading pornography ought to be culturally permissible, not simply a minimal constitutional right. As a subscriber, I agree. But I think you also expound a simplistic view of what kind of porn is OK. The glaring error of hard-core feminism is its insistence that women should never be depicted as sexual objects. Women have sexual identities and there are contexts in which it is acceptable to depict them as objects of desire. At the same time, moderate feminists are correct when they say it demeans a woman to sexualize her in what ought not be sexual contexts. This is something that PLAYBOY doesn't understand well. The August issue, for example, had a silly pictorial about female athletes competing nude (*Future Olympians*). Women have struggled for several generations to be taken seriously as athletes, yet this pictorial portrays images of overt sexuality as a conspicuous aspect of competition. It was just a fantasy. But it seemed to confirm the feminist claim that PLAYBOY peddles a juvenile ideology in which women exist in every context only as sexual objects.

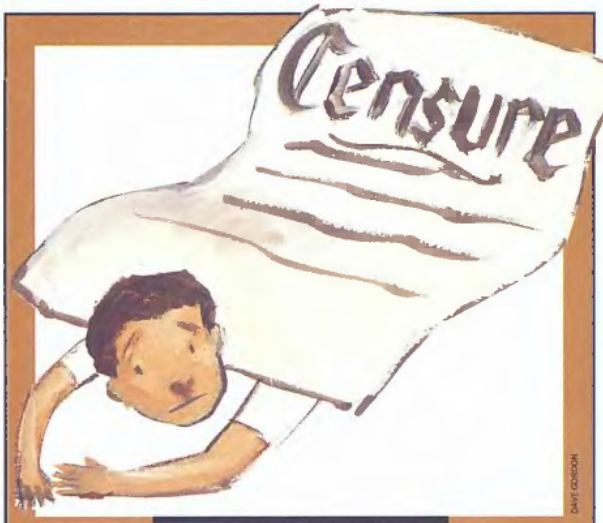
Jeff Rowes
Cambridge, Massachusetts

WHICH PARENT?

"The Advisor Hypothesis" (September), which describes research into the contents of the *Playboy Advisor*, told me nothing that, as a female reader, I didn't already know: PLAYBOY treats women with respect and offers insights that improve relationships. The pieces on rape in that same issue also were thoughtful. So why do you continue to offer such inflammatory propaganda regarding divorce and child custody?

The letters you published in September in support of Jed Abraham's accusatory article "The Interrogation" (May) demonstrate my point. The fact is that any divorcing mother faces the same potential for interrogation.

In his letter, Larry Simmons includes typical questions a judge might ask to determine custody. He implies that in most cases the answer is the mother. The questions are indicative of the "primary caregiver" test. It is used in many states as one, and sometimes the primary, criterion to measure a child's



FOR THE RECORD

HE WHO IS WITHOUT SIN

"(1) For leaving his wife in preparation to divorce, annul or otherwise dissolve their Christian marriage, and for his unwillingness to repent of this sin we do hereby censure him.

"(2) For a pattern of repeated and sinful relationships and conversations with both single and married women we do hereby censure him."

—From a letter issued last year by the Landmark Church in Binghamton, New York, to parishioner Randall Terry, founder of Operation Rescue. The anti-abortion activist called the adultery charge "nonsense" and produced a letter signed by four ministers that read, "Mr. Terry has asserted he has only had sex with his wife." Landmark's pastor compared the denial to the one given by President Clinton in the Monica Lewinsky scandal, saying, "Terry and I know what the accusation is referring to."

best interests. This test replaced the outdated tender-years doctrine, which held that under a certain age, children always need to be with their mothers. The fact is that fathers are perfectly capable caregivers. The primary caregiver test is neutral. There is a consensus in the child development community that the issues raised by these questions are useful in determining who is an attentive parent.

The most common answer to these questions is the mother—and that's something men need to think about. Every father should ask and answer these questions for himself, not because of their potential abuse in divorce but because fathers should take an equal role in the care of their children. That's not always easy, especially if the man is bringing in the only income while the woman stays home with small children. But let's face it. If all you are is a paycheck to your family while married, why should it be any different when you're divorcing? Taking on your share of the child care is one of the best ways to take Abraham's advice and stay happily married.

M.A. Christenson
Juneau, Alaska

CABLE AND THE SUPREME COURT

In your synopsis of the recent Supreme Court decision that, thankfully, was decided in Playboy's favor ("United States vs. Playboy," *The Playboy Forum*, September), you imply that a George W. Bush presidency could harm the First Amendment because of his potential appointments to the Court. In this case, however, four of the five justices who voted in favor of Playboy were Republican appointees, and a Clinton appointee wrote a dissent. First Amendment issues are generally upheld by conservative members, while liberal justices, in the name of political correctness and court activism, have a tarnished record. I believe any Bush appointments to the court would only strengthen our free speech rights.

Donald Bunnell
Glen Mills, Pennsylvania

COPS AND COMPUTERS

James Bovard criticizes several cities for using funds from the Community Oriented Policing Services and Making Officer Redeployment Effective to hire civilians and purchase computers ("Officer Laptop," *The Playboy Forum*, August). I am a former civilian employee for a midsize police agency who wrote successful grant applications for both programs.

The idea behind COPS is to get officers into neighborhoods to prevent problems. This sort of police work has been widely studied and has proved effective in eliminating the causes of crime. MORE is designed to do the same thing. In many agencies, officers handle dispatch, record-keeping and complaint-desk duties. Grants can be used to hire civilians (for salaries that are typically 50 percent to 60 percent less) to handle these jobs and free up officers for beat assignments.

MORE allows agencies to purchase technology only if it will result in more officer time on the street. For example, if an officer responds to a call and has to prepare a report, he or she could spend 40 to 60 minutes in traffic going to the station, typing the report and returning to his or her work zone. By placing a laptop in the squad car, officers can prepare reports without that travel time, and also remain available to respond to other calls. This technology also provides the capability of transmitting photographs, maps and other data to officers in their cars. Every company in this country uses technology to be more productive. Why is this idea so foreign to Bovard?

Bovard makes it appear that police agencies have pulled a fast one. But he hasn't done his homework. His decision to cite extremely unfortunate acts committed by officers in one city to disgrace these programs nationwide sensationalizes the issue. Cities that misuse funds deserve the spotlight. But it also is important to get down to street level and see the good these programs have accomplished.

Dan Drella
Green Bay, Wisconsin

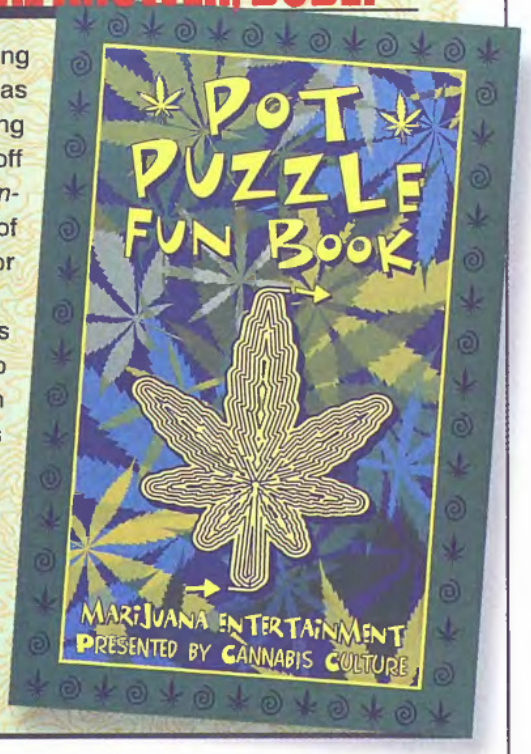
We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, e-mail forum@playboy.com or fax 312-951-2939. Please include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.*

FORUM F.Y.I.

IS THAT YOUR FINAL ANSWER, DUDE?

What's a four-letter word meaning "inhale on a joint"? Hash oil was used by the German army during World War I to safely rot bunions off soldiers' feet—true or false? *Cannabis sativa* is Latin for (a) canes of Shiva, (b) ancient grown canes or (c) cane that inebriates.

Somehow we can't see Regis asking these questions on *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?* (In the event he does, the answers are toke, true and b.) You'll find more intellectual munchies, including herbal crosswords and word games, in the *Pot Puzzle Fun Book* created by *Cannabis Culture* magazine. It's available at bookstores or online.



WHO GOES FREE?

the more you know, the better your chances

By CHIP ROWE

This past summer, President Clinton commuted the sentences of four women and a man convicted of serious drug charges. The gesture received little attention compared with his release last year of 11 members of the violent Puerto Rican group FALN.

Curious, we examined each case to see what triggers presidential compassion. Two of the cases offer clear examples of the injustices of mandatory minimum sentences. Serena Nunn's major crime was driving with her cocaine-dealing boyfriend when he went to meet associates. She served 10 years of a 14-year sentence largely because she refused to testify against her lover. "I would not hurt someone else to save myself," she explained. One of the ring leaders of the operation, a man with previous convictions for rape and manslaughter, had no such qualms. He received seven years.

When German police arrested Amy Pofahl's estranged husband, Sandy, she says she learned for the first time that he ran an international ecstasy ring. She agreed to retrieve cash from various hiding places to pay his bail (it was ultimately denied), which led to her arrest on conspiracy and money-laundering charges. She refused to cooperate with prosecutors, who wanted her to wear a wire when speaking to her husband. Sandy Pofahl took a different route, implicating his wife and others. He spent four years in a German prison; the U.S. declined to prosecute, citing his cooperation. Before her release, Amy Pofahl served nine years of a 24-year sentence.

Clinton may have been responding to persistent media coverage of these two cases. Much less has been written about the three other prisoners, in part because they are difficult to portray as patsies. Each was arrested while transporting a substantial amount of narcotics; one was a major dealer. Their cases reached Clinton not because the three had received particularly draconian sentences for minimal involvement but rather because they had snitched and wanted the government to honor its part of the agreement.

Louise House, who was 56 at the time of her arrest, was the matriarch of a heroin-dealing family that laid siege to a St. Louis neighborhood. In 1989 the police arrested 25 people, including House, her son, her daughter and her son-in-law. When police nabbed House, she was carrying $1.5 million worth of heroin.

House fingered her Chicago supplier and received a reduced sentence of 15 years. Prosecutors went to bat for their cooperative heroin queen when appeals reduced the supplier's sentence to a term just eight months longer than House's. Clinton let her go.

THREE OF THE FIVE RELEASED PRISONERS ARE DIFFICULT TO PORTRAY AS PATSIES.

Police questioned Shawndra Mills at the Cincinnati airport in 1992 and found 5.019 kilos of powder cocaine in her checked luggage. Mills said she knew her boyfriend had placed drugs in her bag, but that she didn't realize it had been so much (she had transported half a kilo on a previous trip and said she believed she would be carrying a kilo on this one). She named another passenger, saying he knew more about the operation. The man did know more, and prosecutors cut a deal with him, but not Mills. Because anything greater than five kilos triggers a mandatory minimum, she received 10 years. Her companion received two and a half years. Mills argued that she deserved a break. Clinton agreed.

Georgia troopers pulled over Alain Orozco in 1989 and found five kilos of cocaine in his vehicle. Orozco identified Armando Rodriguez as his supplier, but prosecutors didn't trust him and declined to deal. In November 1990, a judge sentenced Orozco to 12 and a half years.

Five years later, prosecutors in Florida decided they could use Orozco. Police had Rodriguez in custody. Orozco subsequently testified that Rodriguez had supplied him with the cocaine found in his vehicle. Grateful prosecutors agreed to reduce Orozco's sentence by three years but ran into a snag. Federal law requires that any reduction take place within a year of sentencing. When an appeals court upheld the law, prosecutors took Orozco's case to the president, who released him.

Clinton has until January 20 to add to his legacy. If the White House is going to distribute get-out-of-jail-free cards, there are many prisoners equally worthy, if not worthier, of early release. Here are six:

DOROTHY GAINES

In 1990, police in Mobile, Alabama arrested Larry Johnson for selling crack. He pleaded guilty and to reduce his sentence told police that Dorothy Gaines and others (including his own mother) had been involved. The police searched Gaines' home but found no drugs. Police also arrested one of Johnson's accomplices, Dennis Rowe. He too agreed to testify against others.

Federal prosecutors charged Gaines with conspiracy. She maintains her innocence. At her trial, Rowe and Johnson claimed that Gaines had stored more than a kilo of their crack at her home and distributed smaller amounts to street dealers. Two other dealers also testified, for reduced sentences, and the stories were consistent (perhaps

because the four men had been housed in the same cell). However, one of Rowe's lackeys, Terrell Hines, who had been Gaines' live-in boyfriend, refused to testify against her. He later told *The Mobile Press Register* that while Gaines knew he and Rowe were bringing coke from Florida and that his small cash contributions for household expenses came from what Rowe paid him, she had never been involved in selling or storing drugs.

Convicted solely on the testimony of squeezed dealers, Gaines received a sentence of 19 years and seven months. Johnson served five years. Rowe received 12.

GARY, JOANNE AND STEVE TUCKER

In 1988, Gary and Joanne Tucker, with help from Gary's brother Steve, opened a gardening store that sold hydroponic equipment for growing plants indoors without soil. The DEA suspected that many of their customers were buying the equipment to grow marijuana. Gary Tucker says the agency asked for the names and addresses of customers and for permission to install surveillance cameras. He refused.

For a year and a half, agents recorded the license plate numbers of more than 1000 customers who visited the store. Gary complained to the media about the surveillance, which he considered harassment. Eventually the DEA raided more than 75 homes and arrested 29 people.

To reduce their sentences and avoid forfeiting their homes, a handful of customers agreed to testify that the Tuckers had advised them on how best to grow marijuana indoors. Because the police had found no drugs when they raided the Tucker homes, prosecutors instead charged them with conspiracy to manufacture 1000 of the plants grown by their customers.

A jury convicted the Tuckers in 1994. Each is serving a 10-year sentence. The government seized Gary and Joanne Tucker's savings, home, store and vehicles. The proceeds were distributed to law enforcement agencies.

SHARVONE MCKINNON

While pregnant with his child, Sharvone McKinnon lived off and on with Ronald "Romeo" Mathis, who owned a car wash and a carpet cleaning service in St. Petersburg, Florida. Mathis also ran a $300,000-a-week crack operation. McKinnon, who worked full-time as a school bus driver, says she was aware that Mathis sold drugs.

In 1991, police arrested Mathis and 30 others, including McKinnon. Prosecutors charged her with conspiracy, saying she had been at the eye of the storm because she took phone messages and interacted with dealers who came to Mathis' house. Believing she wouldn't be convicted because she hadn't bought or sold drugs, McKinnon turned down the government's offer of a 10-year sentence and went to trial with seven other defendants. In exchange for reduced sentences, 20 defendants pleaded guilty and testified against the eight.

MATTHEW STRAUSS

A jury found McKinnon guilty, and she and the others received the same term as Mathis—life without parole. A judge later reduced her sentence to 20 years.

MICHAEL MAHONEY

In 1979, when Michael Mahoney was 24 years old and using methamphetamine, he sold the drug to an undercover agent. He pleaded guilty to three felony counts, one for each sale, and served 22 months in jail. He completed probation in 1990 and then moved to Jackson, Tennessee, where he bought a restaurant and pool hall. In 1993, he purchased two pistols from a pawnshop to protect his cash receipts. Federal agents reviewing the pawnshop records discovered Mahoney's name. As a felon, he could not own a gun. And because he had been convicted of three drug crimes, he qualified for a mandatory minimum of 15 years without parole. The judge attempted to find a way around imposing the sentence but could not. He told Mahoney, "It doesn't matter how compelling your circumstances may be, it doesn't matter how long ago those convictions were, and it doesn't matter how good your record has been. The law requires that you receive 15 years." He also said, "I don't think this is what Congress had in mind."

Families Against Mandatory Minimums has documented dozens of similar cases: the auto dealer who says she unwittingly retitled vehicles used by a cocaine ring (she was sentenced to 15 and a half years, longer than four of the five other defendants); the college student who bought three sheets of LSD to impress an ex-boyfriend (she got 10 years); the welfare mother who, for $47, agreed to mail a package that she thought might contain crack (10 years); the woman whose new live-in boyfriend dealt drugs from her apartment while she was at work (15 years, enhanced because she "lied under oath" by testifying to her innocence); the fruit picker who agreed, for $200, to allow a dealer to store crack in her home (10 years); the unemployed jail guard who arranged a street deal to earn a commission of $150 (12 and a half years, enhanced on the word of an undercover agent who claimed he caught a glimpse of a chrome pistol beneath the seat of the man's car).

Recognizing the folly of sending minor players away for longer terms than dealers, Congress created a "safety valve" that allows judges to work around mandatory minimums. However, it applies only to nonviolent first-time offenders who cooperate, and it's not retroactive. More needs to be done.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

NAKED CRUSADER

LONDON—*Vincent Bethell wants to be naked, everywhere and all the time. As founder of the group The Freedom to Be Yourself, Bethell led a nude protest for that*

right outside Scotland Yard. Police arrested him, and he appeared in court wearing only a backpack. Freed on bail, Bethell strolled nude along Exhibition Road, got himself arrested and again showed up in court unclothed. He next rode the Tube in the nude. That time a magistrate freed him on the condition that he wear clothes in public. Bethell agreed, then walked out of the courthouse nude, posed for photographers and sprinted away. He vowed, "I'm remaining naked until it's legalized."

DRUG LINEUP

EASTON, MARYLAND—*Earlier this year, officials at Easton High rounded up 18 students suspected of taking drugs during an off-campus party. The students were brought to the school auditorium and told to provide urine samples or face suspension. Once parents had been contacted and the samples were gathered, officials "lined up the specimen bottles on the stage, put a stick in each one to see if it changed color and called out each kid's name," said one parent. Only one test came up positive, and a retest showed it to be false. State law allows schools to test students suspected of having drugs on campus; the school maintained that students with drugs in their bloodstreams qualify. The ACLU sued, calling the spectacle unconstitutional and sloppy, and the Talbot County school board agreed to pay damages and stop drug-testing students.*

FLIER FUSS

ALBANY, NEW YORK—*When a student at the State University of New York posted fliers for a picnic honoring the memory of Jackie Robinson, he never expected protests. But 40 students cried foul, claiming that "picnic" at one time referred to choosing a black male to lynch. In fact, picnic stems from the 17th century French phrase pique-nique, meaning a social gathering where each participant brought food, but the affirmative-action director said it didn't matter. "The point is, the word offended," he said. Student leaders suggested using the word outing instead, but the campus gay group objected.*

FAIR WARNING

WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA—*A federal appeals court decided that a teenager who ruined a drug sting by blowing the cover of an undercover cop cannot be charged with a crime. The teen had spotted a street dealer speaking to a detective and yelled, "Don't sell anything to that man! That's Silverman—he's a cop!" The dealer backed away, and the officer arrested the teenager for obstruction. The court threw out the teen's conviction, ruling that his warning was protected by the First Amendment.*

TOKING ALONG

LONDON—*A study funded by the British government found that regular marijuana smokers may be better drivers when stoned. The Transport Research Laboratory provided 15 users with premium weed imported from the U.S., then placed them in driving simulators for four weeks of tests. The researchers found that the mellowed users drove more cautiously. The marijuana decreased reaction times, but not nearly as much as fatigue or drinking.*

TORONTO—*Prosecutors charged Terry Parker, an epileptic who smokes marijuana to prevent seizures, with cultivation and possession. He appealed to Ontario's highest court, which ruled that a provincial law banning marijuana violates the Canadian constitution. "Forcing Parker to choose between his health and imprisonment violates his right to liberty and security of person," the court wrote. It gave the legislature a year to amend the law.*

FOOD FIGHT

NEW YORK—*A federal judge struck down the state's 118-year-old kosher food regulation, ruling that it violates the separation of church and state. Enforced by nine state inspectors, the law required that food sold as kosher be prepared according to "Orthodox Hebrew religious requirements." Two kosher butchers repeatedly cited for violations sued to overturn the regulation. They argued that it discriminated against Jews who don't follow the most strict definitions of kosher.*

BUILT LIKE A GOD

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA—*To prevent their children from being corrupted, parents attending a Christian homeschooling conference placed clothing on a public statue of a nude Poseidon. The seven-foot bronze figure, given to the city by Greece in 1972, is a replica of a piece in the National Archaeological Museum in Athens. During the weeklong conference, Poseidon wore a toga, then khakis and a golf shirt, and finally a dress shirt, tie and slacks. Richard Barb, who organized the cover-*

ing, said: "In a store, when you have pornography on a shelf, a decent owner covers it up. Here, we actually set it in place and ask people to stare at it." The city gave its tacit approval but later admitted it has a policy against covering public art.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DREW BARRYMORE

a candid conversation with the child actress turned box-office power about her troubled youth, her break with the past and why she's obsessed with TV talk-show hosts

There was high drama one day on the set of Charlie's Angels. Lucy Liu, one of the Angels (alongside Drew Barrymore and Cameron Diaz), got into a loud argument with Bill Murray, who plays Bosley. Murray bristled at Liu's suggestion to change dialogue in a scene, telling her she should feel lucky just to be there and should keep her comments to herself. Liu snapped right back, and suddenly trailer doors were slamming, agents were being called and the clock was running on a costly day of production. So whose job was it to calm the combatants?

The film's producer, Drew Barrymore, that's who. Drew Barrymore? Actor at the age of one, child star at seven, party animal at 10, burnout at 14, and now, at 25, reinvented as one of America's sexiest stars, not to mention a producer. After a life with more peaks and valleys than the Nasdaq, it's still hard to imagine: producer Drew settling a squabble between prima donnas. But she did it. Murray and Liu settled their differences, and the shoot continued.

Angels is Barrymore's second turn as producer. She became one, launching her own company, because she was fed up with auditions that led to roles in which she played what people thought she was—a promiscuous teenager, in movies such as Poison Ivy. Her first production was Never Been Kissed, in which she also starred. Her next, Charlie's Angels, is a remake of the campy series from the Seventies about three female detectives more famous for hair than gunplay. According to Columbia Pictures Chairman Amy Pascal, Barrymore was involved in every stage of the production, from securing rights to the show to honing the script and casting the stars.

After wild adventures and misadventures that filled many pages in People and the National Enquirer, Barrymore claims her personal life is going better than ever. She is engaged to comic and MTV host Tom Green, who was diagnosed earlier this year with testicular cancer. Green even broadcast his surgery on his TV show. He is now fully recovered.

For Barrymore, marriage—maybe even motherhood—is a particular challenge, because her own family life was dysfunctional. She was born in 1975 to a famous (and infamous) acting family. Her great-grandfather was the silent film star Maurice Costello, and the next generation included matinee idol John Barrymore. Her grandmother Dolores Costello was a silent film star. Her great-uncle and great-aunt were Lionel Barrymore and Ethel Barrymore. Renowned for their acting talent, the Barrymores also had a history of personal problems, including drug and alcohol abuse.

Drew's father, John Barrymore Jr., was a failure as an actor and a parent. Her mother, Jaid, who was known as a pushy stage mom, had Drew making commercials when she was an infant. Drew became a star the first time at the age of seven, when Steven Spielberg cast her as Gertie, the precocious sister in E.T.: The Extraterrestrial. It led to starring roles in less-respected movies, including the creepy Firestarter. In Irreconcilable Differences she played a child trying to divorce her parents.

By the time she was 10, Drew was drinking and had tried marijuana, followed soon after by cocaine. At 13, the first of several rehab stints occurred, with the problem growing dire when she attempted suicide after one relapse, which landed her in a psychiatric hospital. By the age of 15 Drew was a high school dropout with no movie career. Sober and determined to make a new start, she wrote her autobiography, Little Girl Lost, and successfully sued to have herself legally emancipated from her mother.

Derailed by his penchant for booze and drugs, Drew's father shows up only rarely. Recently, he lived in her guesthouse in LA, but then disappeared again.

Until last May, when Drew called to wish Jaid a happy Mother's Day—and to talk about Jaid's publicized arrest for carrying an unregistered .357 magnum—she hadn't spoken to her mother in five years.

"I think I have a love for TV hosts. I can't help it. Ted Koppel was my first crush, when I was three. Then I was in love with David Letterman. He's my sweetheart. But now I've got my Tom."

"A lot of people fuck up, do crazy shit and keep it to themselves. Because I was young and it was in public, it was awkward until I embraced it and thought, This is my life. I'm not going to sit around and hate my life."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN SIGOLOFF

"I never really had a childhood. I was around adults at the time. My favorite book when I was eight was Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—But Were Afraid to Ask. I was not afraid to ask."

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After rehabilitation, Drew returned to acting, but producers were wary. Besides having a bad-girl reputation, she was no longer the cute and precocious cherub from ET. She was an awkward teenager, and soon found herself working in a coffee shop, where she made salad dressing and cleaned toilets. Eventually, she began to win parts, though she initially portrayed teen tarts in films such as Poison Ivy and the ABC television movie The Amy Fisher Story, in which she played the Long Island Lolita.

Her break came when she was cast by director Herb Ross in Boys on the Side, playing a free-spirited beauty who joins in a cross-country trip with companions Whoopi Goldberg and Mary-Louise Parker. Ensuing roles included her terrifying turn in Scream, and other movies have demonstrated her talent as a comic. She played both the straight woman and the jokester in such films as The Wedding Singer, Never Been Kissed and Home Fries. Indeed, America began to see that Barrymore was witty and charming, with a self-deprecating humor. We also saw more of her body when she flashed her breasts on a memorable episode of the Late Show With David Letterman and in 1995 when she posed for PLAYBOY.

Not surprisingly, Barrymore's love life has been well chronicled in the press, too. After a brief marriage to a Welsh bar owner (she later admitted the marriage was to help him get a green card), Barrymore had a string of romances that included Hole guitarist Eric Erlandson and her Home Fries co-star Luke Wilson. She met Tom Green after she cast him in Charlie's Angels. When the movie wrapped, the two began dating.

To track down Barrymore for an interview, we called upon **Michael Fleming,** *who most recently interviewed Jennifer Lopez for the magazine. Here is his report:*

"I've interviewed Drew before and have spent time with her over the past few years. Much the way she carefully reconstructed a movie career from the wreckage of her adolescence, she has reconstructed herself as a kind, humble person who doesn't shrink from discussing her past.

"We met at the Sunset Marquis Hotel in Hollywood. She wore no makeup, though there were red highlights in her hair. She looks younger than 25, and it's hard to believe she has packed so much life into such a short time. Readers will be pleased to know that she's still a lot of fun. Indeed, after five Coronas, she was in far better shape than her interviewer.

"Drew's is a life that could have sunk a less resilient woman, but throughout the interview she impressed me not only because she has survived it all, but also because she has flourished."

PLAYBOY: Congratulations on your engagement. Do you plan on being a mother, too?

BARRYMORE: Definitely. I tell people I'm thinking about having kids and they say I'm too young. I don't feel that way at all. I feel like I've gotten a lot out of my system. I've seen the world and the party scene. Now I want to try something different. For the first time in my life, I want to have a family. I've never had one.

PLAYBOY: Your romance with Tom Green has had its ups and downs. Not long ago, there was a rumored breakup.

BARRYMORE: Tom and I are so together. He's amazing. It's so much fun to get to spend this or any time in my life with someone so interesting. I look at him and see someone worth putting effort into. I can be totally myself with him. He makes me feel all these great things. I feel like I understand his life and he understands mine.

PLAYBOY: Were the rumors untrue?

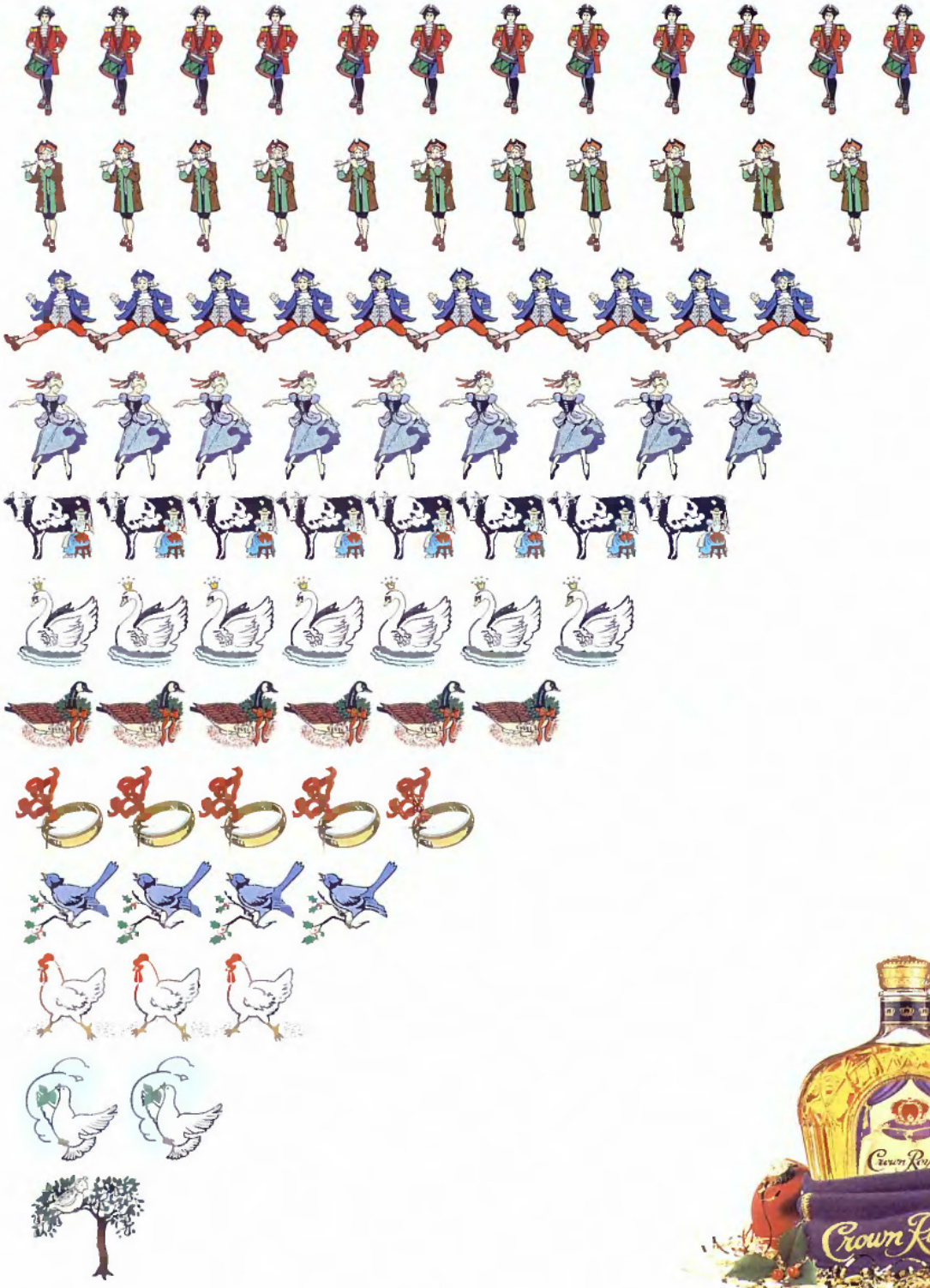
BARRYMORE: Some were true, and some weren't. It's weird. It's life. But when the stories come out, you try to figure out where they came from. I laugh about the things that are said. Occasionally, they are spot-on. You think, God, are they tapping my phone? But most are completely untrue. The range is wild, from the rumor that the other girls and I didn't get along in *Charlie's Angels* to stuff about Tom and me. We're doing great. So now you know the truth.

PLAYBOY: You must be used to the press—you've been in the public eye since you were seven. But how did you feel when Tom went public about his testicular cancer? He went so far as to have his surgery televised on his MTV show, and there were reports that you accompanied him on a precautionary trip to the sperm bank. This is personal stuff. Did the reports bother you?

BARRYMORE: For a minute, but I got over it. The way the public focuses on every detail of our lives is pretty interesting. It's like we become a thing for people to touch and pick up and smell and play with. Tom took that and tried to do something positive. He found that you can use the attention for something good. But at the same time, it sometimes takes a lot of fucking patience and practice and Zen prayer to remember that the external stuff isn't what you should focus on and live your life by. You have to break through it—like jumping out of an airplane.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised when Tom turned his illness into an episode of his show?

BARRYMORE: Yeah, I was. It was his decision, absolutely. That took another kind of Zen understanding and acceptance. What really stayed with me was how people were affected by what he did. He turned something serious into something else by using humor. I'd always been told laughter can cure cancer, but I have never heard a lot of people making fun of cancer. He got lots of letters about how it helped others to be brave, too. He certainly could have kept it secret and then felt shameful whenever it came up. Instead he decided to enlighten. I'm



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PLAYBOY: We saw the dissected tumor. It was amazing real-life TV, with graphic footage of his stomach being sliced open, his intestines moved aside and his lymph nodes cut out.

BARRYMORE: It was intense, but I respected that someone could be so open about his worst nightmare. It was scary in some ways to be so out there, but it was also liberating.

PLAYBOY: How did you and Tom meet?

BARRYMORE: I wanted to cast him for a part in *Charlie's Angels*. It was a producer thing, but that's not usually the kind of producer I am.

PLAYBOY: So you had a casting couch?

BARRYMORE: No, please. I would have been happy if he were just an actor in the movie, but look how lucky I am! It actually was a very professional first meeting. I told him about our vision of the film. I said I was the biggest fan of his show, even though I barely ever watch television, unless I'm in some weird place in my life and then I watch for millions of hours in a row. Recently, the only time I'd turn on the TV was with the hope that Tom Green would be on. My medicine, my drug, is comedy, humor and laughter, watching a funny movie at the end of a bad day. Jim Carrey, Peter Sellers, John Hughes, Steve Martin in *The Jerk*, and Tom's show are like medicine to me. I wanted to meet him because of that, and I hoped he'd give some of that gift to my movie.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take for him to go from being an actor in your movie to becoming your boyfriend?

BARRYMORE: We spoke on a professional level before the film started and ran into each other after that. It was like fate colliding. When we finished doing the movie, we started talking on the phone and dating. It was kind of traditional.

PLAYBOY: Your last long romance was with Luke Wilson, another actor. In fact, you've always seemed to date actors, musicians and other people in the entertainment business. Have you ever dated regular guys?

BARRYMORE: An interesting question. I think it's circumstance rather than some conscious choice I've made. These are the people I happen to meet. I am somewhat secluded in my world. My biggest plight is not being able to experience every corner of life. There's Hollywood, but there's the whole rest of America. My whole life is about my work and films, at least now.

PLAYBOY: But is there a downside to dating actors? The stereotype is that they are egotistic and insecure.

BARRYMORE: There's nothing wrong with the actors I have known. They have the same issues as everyone else. You feel lucky to have someone who understands your life, and you understand his. At the same time, I'd be open to being with someone who has nothing to do with this business. I could learn so much more about what he does and I could show him my world.

PLAYBOY: What do you look for in a guy?

BARRYMORE: Funny. Who are you inside? Are you loving? Are you seeking something interesting? Do you communicate? Are you romantic? Can you make an uncomfortable situation comfortable with humor and understanding? Do you want to try? Are you curious? Are you passionate? Do you believe in faults and try to be forgiving of them? Try new adventures? Are you brave? Are you willing to take risks and understand that there are fears, but work through them? Is it OK if I cry? Will you make me not cry often? Are you giving, and do you know how to receive? Is it OK that I make you totally nuts? Do you like to kiss for hours and hours and hours?

PLAYBOY: That's quite a list.

BARRYMORE: I'm not done. Can you handle what goes on in my life but think it's all normal and not get caught up in bullshit? Can you not be fucked up? Can you not take drugs and still know how to have a good time and have fun? Is it OK if you believe you're really small but want to make a really big contribution?

PLAYBOY: Despite—or maybe because of—your list, you've had your heart broken a lot, haven't you?

BARRYMORE: Yeah, but I've done it, too. I've made promises I haven't kept and portrayed myself as something I'm not. Men have broken my heart and I've hurt men. Each time you meet another person you want to say, "Thank God you met me now, because you can't believe the shit I've had to learn." I feel that way about Tom.

PLAYBOY: Now that you're together, does Tom have anything to say about your well-known infatuation with David Letterman, for whom you once flashed your breasts during a visit to his show?

BARRYMORE: That was the greatest moment of my life—spontaneous, imagined in the moment. It was the wildest thing that's ever happened to me. I think Tom thinks it was pretty cool.

PLAYBOY: It was a watershed moment for Letterman's show.

BARRYMORE: I'm too humble to think I'm a part of that show's history, but I guess I am. They picked it as their top moment; I fucking can't believe it. It was so cool and insane, particularly because I grew up watching *Letterman*. I grew up idolizing Dave. I swore I would marry him. I did actually have a marriage with him on film. It was fake. He kissed me. It was great fun.

PLAYBOY: And do you still have a crush on him?

BARRYMORE: He's my sweetheart. I love him. Absolutely. But now I've got my Tom. I think I have a love for TV hosts, though. I can't help it. Ted Koppel was my first crush, when I was three. I was in love with him until I was seven. Then,

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from seven to 23 or 24, I was in love with David Letterman. Now it's Tom Green, so I guess I've always been into hosts.

PLAYBOY: Back to *Charlie's Angels*. It may well have been the first show to feature women in action roles, but let's face it, it's campy cheesecake. What made you want to turn it into a film?

BARRYMORE: I loved the fact that so many people feel such loyalty to that show. We played *Charlie's Angels* when we were kids. Both sexes loved it, for different reasons. You always get a strong reaction from people when you bring up the show. Sure, the series was campy, but that was part of it. We wanted to make the movie fun, but also about capable women. These women are somewhat superheroes, although they are human and flawed.

PLAYBOY: There were rumors about friction between the stars. One was about a disagreement involving Lucy Liu and Bill Murray that included harsh language and slammed trailer doors. What happened?

BARRYMORE: Lucy had been off for a week doing *Ally McBeal*. It was hard for her to balance two jobs. She came in and wasn't aware of Bill's needs for the character. Bill didn't want to make a scene a certain way. They got off on the wrong foot and there was a little argument. It wasn't a big deal. We never shut down production or anything. Lucy and Bill worked it out right then and there. Someone on the set must have gotten wind of the argument and sold it to the press.

PLAYBOY: What about the rumor that you and the women leads didn't get along?

BARRYMORE: It wasn't true at all. We were like magnets the way we stuck together and got along so well.

PLAYBOY: *Charlie's Angels* ended and you went skydiving with Tom, Cameron Diaz and her boyfriend, Jared Leto. Whose idea was that?

BARRYMORE: Mine. I got the idea on the set when we were working with this incredibly dynamic aerial team for a sequence in the movie. I had always wanted to try skydiving, but I was afraid to. When I met these guys, I thought, If you're going to jump out of a fucking airplane at 13,000 feet, it should be with someone you feel safe with. I am seeking life-changing experiences right now, and I thought that would be a perfect one. So I did it. It was the coolest fucking thing in the world. Now that I've done it, I don't know what I'm going to find that will top that feeling. It was amazing physically and spiritually. It was like a really good double date: Cameron and her boyfriend and Tom and I were freefalling for about 45 seconds. I was the first to go. I was at the door, all ready, but at 7000 feet I got dizzy, faint and nauseated. Wild.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like a scene from *Charlie's Angels*.

BARRYMORE: Playing that character made me want to do it—to jump out of things and off things. Besides skydiving, I went to Kauai and jumped off a 50-foot waterfall. It was very scary. Rockwise, you don't know what's in the water. I did that before the movie began, to get into my character's bravery.

PLAYBOY: Most actors would have settled for the fantasy in the movie.

BARRYMORE: But doing it myself was very liberating.

PLAYBOY: You said that you have been looking for life-changing experiences. Why?

BARRYMORE: I spent last year afraid. In fear. My New Year's resolution was to have less fear. We wrote down our resolutions and then burned the pieces of paper and buried the ashes in the sand. It felt good acknowledging that I was afraid and then facing the fear. The next day, I jumped off a waterfall. The first one was 30 feet. The day after, I jumped off a 50-foot waterfall.

PLAYBOY: What were you afraid of?

BARRYMORE: I was afraid of flying, afraid of hygiene and food. Food can be so dirty.

PLAYBOY: Dirty?

BARRYMORE: Germs. I was really freaking out about them. Also, I was afraid I would be flying in an airplane and be stuck in my little existence in panic mode.

PLAYBOY: Did the skydiving and leaps from the waterfalls help?

BARRYMORE: The fears aren't entirely gone, but it's much better. I've pretty much overcome my fear of flying. I haven't completely gotten over the food thing. I try to eat at places that seem to be clean and healthy. I don't eat fast foods, though I tried In-N-Out Burger. I don't know if In-N-Out Burger is dirty, but it's good. I'm a vegetarian, I eat the grilled cheese. It's part of trying to confront the fear of dirty food by going to places I wouldn't normally go.

PLAYBOY: Do you know where your fear of dirty food came from?

BARRYMORE: You have no idea what people do to food. I worked as a waitress, and I wouldn't do what some of the other people did—spit in the coffee or something. Well, I actually did it once.

PLAYBOY: You spit in someone's coffee?

BARRYMORE: I've heard so many wicked stories from people in the food industry and how they do bad things to a person's food. People do shit you can't believe. I did spit in one person's coffee. But it wasn't where I worked, it was where my friend worked and I spit in the coffee because the customer was rude to my friend. I can take it, but don't be mean to my friends.

PLAYBOY: No wonder you're afraid of germs. But how did playing a heroine help?

BARRYMORE: It helps you face your fears when you do things that scare you. You realize that the fears go away, or at least

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that the fears lessen.

PLAYBOY: We heard you're interested in playing another female heroine, this time in *Barbarella*. Have you talked to Jane Fonda about your plan to remake her first successful film?

BARRYMORE: Yes, and I got her blessing. She said it is a great time for a *Barbarella* remake. If a friendship with her were to evolve out of this, I'd be the luckiest person alive.

PLAYBOY: Before *Charlie's Angels*, you had spent years trying to make a movie of the Teena Brandon story, but were beaten by *Boys Don't Cry*, which won Hilary Swank a best actress Oscar. Were you disappointed?

BARRYMORE: We worked on that for a long time. When you respect a project so much, you don't want to make it until it's right. We were perfectionists, developing it for years. Other people started making the same movie. Once they were off and running with a big head start, we decided not to compete with them. I went to see *Boys Don't Cry* on its opening weekend and I loved it. Hilary Swank had that amazing part in her destiny.

PLAYBOY: Because good parts for young women are particularly hard to come by, do you chase after the same roles as actresses like Cameron Diaz and Gwyneth Paltrow?

BARRYMORE: I've never been competitive that way. When I was 16 and wasn't getting jobs, I decided to someday produce movies so I wouldn't have to depend on anyone else. That way, I'd survive. It's still my focus.

PLAYBOY: After being a star as a child, was it tough to be unemployed at 16?

BARRYMORE: The only thing that was painful was that people thought I was incapable of working. Shit, I could always do the job. I could always be professional and show up for work every day.

PLAYBOY: Because of your drinking and drug use, did people assume you would be unreliable?

BARRYMORE: Totally. When you've been locked up in a mental institution, people are going to ask questions. It was OK, because I didn't have to act perfect all the time, people knew that I certainly wasn't perfect. That whole experience helped me. It made me do everything that I do today. If everything had gone smoothly, maybe I would just be an actor seeking jobs. Maybe I wouldn't appreciate the success. I got to do covers of magazines recently that I'm shitting in my pants about. I can't believe it. Sorry. I could have come up with a more elegant way of saying that. That's one more thing to add to the boyfriend checklist: Be forgiving of gross statements like that one.

PLAYBOY: Now you're moving on to the starring role in *Riding in Cars With Boys*. Penny Marshall, the director, apparently didn't want you at first.

BARRYMORE: I had to work my balls off for that part. The people making the film wanted me, but it was her decision. I had to prove myself to her.

PLAYBOY: Did you take it personally? Some actors wouldn't work that hard.

BARRYMORE: They just deny themselves experiences. I saw Penny before anyone else and I waited three months to hear her answer. I cured the pain of that by working on *Charlie's Angels*. And I thought, Goddamn, I'm lucky to have work that I care about. If I don't get that job, it's OK. If it had gone to someone else, I would have tried not to take it personally. Every once in a while, in an insecure moment, you can't help but take it personally.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about some of your male leads. Was it fun working with Adam Sandler in *The Wedding Singer*?

BARRYMORE: He's like the greatest, most amazing person in the world. That time, I did seek out the part. We laughed every day making that film. It was great fun playing a character that was sort of the ultimate girl. Julia, my character, was someone I really wanted to be: a beautiful, supportive girlfriend, someone who used that great green Herbal Essence shampoo in the Eighties and smelled good and was a clean, pretty, great fucking girl. I wanted to be that girl for Adam Sandler. I'd work with him again in a heartbeat.

PLAYBOY: Another movie you apparently pursued was *Scream*. We read that executive producer Harvey Weinstein wanted you for the lead role, which went to Neve Campbell. Instead, you became the first victim killed off in the film.

BARRYMORE: Harvey and producer Cary Woods gave me the script. One night, when I was alone in New York, this revelation came to me that I was supposed to play the first character to get killed. Harvey saw *Scream* as a franchise and said that he wanted me to be the focal point for several movies. The script was amazing. I asked him to believe in my instincts, and he did. It worked out as perfectly as it could have.

PLAYBOY: But you could have had the lead in the franchise——

BARRYMORE: That's what's so fun about it. In scary movies, you always know that the star is safe. She'll make it to the end of the film. If we took that away, all bets would be off. How much fun would that be? I loved that. The only movies that scared me when I was growing up were *When a Stranger Calls* and *Halloween*. In each case, the entire movie was really about the opening scene. I was more interested in being part of that opening scene. To me, it wasn't about doing a lead in a movie; it was about the difficult challenge of acting out the terror and fear in this one contained moment.

PLAYBOY: After that you starred in *Ever After* with Anjelica Huston, another actress with a storied Hollywood lineage. Did you share any war stories or bond

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on that level?

BARRYMORE: We did. We bonded on family stuff. We shared that weird thing that pumps through your veins: "I've got to do this well to please my family, to make them proud."

PLAYBOY: Did the two of you really feel that way?

BARRYMORE: Definitely. There is a need and a passion that is hereditary. I can't speak for her, but I've never questioned what I wanted to do with my life. I feel there was a reason my mom and dad got together, a reason I'm connected to this great family. They're not here, I don't know any of them, but I just have this in me—this inherent knowledge, this instinct.

PLAYBOY: Are you steeped in Barrymore family lore?

BARRYMORE: I worship my grandfather to an insane degree. I've never talked in therapy about it—I should. But then I'd just get the Western interpretation. What I believe in him is, like, beyond Eastern. I'm either his reincarnation, or he's waiting to pass to the next plane until he knows I'm OK and on my way.

PLAYBOY: Was he the best actor in your family?

BARRYMORE: I don't know about that. I just know he's the one I identify with most. I feel his struggle, his need to overcome and express and understand things, his need to touch and feel everything and take it in with passion and emotion and tears and tumultuousness. I know I'm crazy because of him.

PLAYBOY: Did you inherit the ability to act, or did you study it?

BARRYMORE: I never studied. Neither did they. They knew they were supposed to go into the theater, because their parents were theater actors. My grandfather actually wanted to do other things, but his soul stuck him into acting. He had other needs, but he found his way to acting—though he ended up getting lost. All of my relatives were in amazing movies and played amazing characters. Even my dad and my brother were in a bunch of Seventies films. I think about my dad and my brother and wonder why they seemed to fight being actors. I don't understand it. I feel more connected to the generation before, the idea that this is who I am, who I'm meant to be. My dad never accepted that.

PLAYBOY: By all accounts, you've had an unorthodox father-daughter relationship with him. For a while, he was living in a guesthouse on your property. Is your relationship better?

BARRYMORE: I'm still helping him, I'm still trying. It's frustrating because I sometimes wish my family would just take care of me, even though they can't. Sometimes I feel like I don't know them. Why am I fighting so hard for people I don't know? They gave me life, so I actually should know them better than anyone else, but I don't. Still, I feel a draw, a

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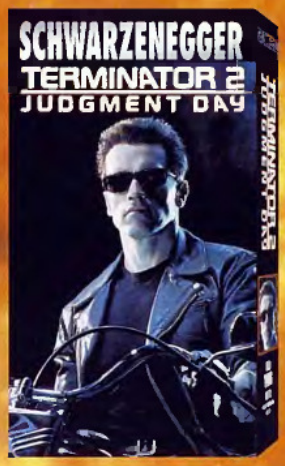

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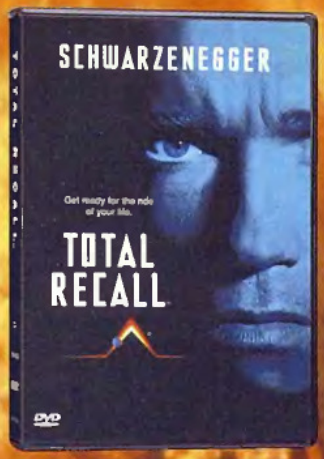

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responsibility, a guilt and a passion that drive me beyond what my head sometimes tells me. My heart always overcomes it, and I want to try to make his life better.

PLAYBOY: Is he still living with you?

BARRYMORE: No. He never lives anywhere for too long. He's a fucking nomad from hell. Right now I think he's in a VA hospital and then he will go off on his own again in a couple of weeks. All he has ever done is live separate and by himself and in different homes. That's the way he likes it. He doesn't want any possessions. More power to him. It's not the way I want to live, but I'm trying not to judge him. He's definitely not a father. I just have to accept that.

PLAYBOY: Has he ever been a father to you?

BARRYMORE: No. He's taught me things. I have moments with him that I cherish, but no. He talks about "kicking the bag." He says you carry things around with you like a bag and the bag gets heavier and heavier. He says, "Don't you want to kick the bag sometimes?" I love that. He says, "The brain is like a monkey in a cage." Sometimes I can see this monkey gripping the bars, going, "Eek, eek," wishing it could get out. I love that, too. So I have moments with my father that are so profound, but overall he's not my father. He's just a trippy and interesting person I get to have beautiful interludes with. He never acts, but in a way he acts all day long. He's a philosopher—he's a crazy man, a genius.

PLAYBOY: Do you seek him out or does he simply show up on occasion?

BARRYMORE: He just finds me somehow, which is interesting because he didn't when I was younger. He didn't call me as much as he calls me now.

PLAYBOY: He sounds childlike.

BARRYMORE: He is. He's a proverbial child. But he wants to be independent and he's like a bird that can't be caged. There's something that isn't childlike about that. It's a weird dichotomy. It's can be frustrating, but I accept him as he is.

PLAYBOY: Your relationship with your mother is also unconventional. In some ways, it seems as if she keeps turning up—like a bad penny.

BARRYMORE: That's the best way that I've heard it described so far.

PLAYBOY: Did you get involved when she was arrested recently in Manhattan for possessing a handgun?

BARRYMORE: No. I didn't want to be and I appreciated that she didn't involve me. She is very independent and doesn't ask for anything, which I respect.

PLAYBOY: Did you discuss the incident with her?

BARRYMORE: I called to say, "I don't judge you. If anything, I think it's funny. You seem like a teenager out on a weekend, posting signs for a band." The gun part isn't so teenage to me, but she is a small woman living in New York and feels the need to protect herself. Do I judge that? Absolutely not. Do I understand it? No. It was Mother's Day and I felt the need to call and say, "Hey, you're probably kind of wacky because everybody is printing this about you, so just know that I don't judge you."

PLAYBOY: It wasn't the typical Mother's Day greeting.

BARRYMORE: I guess it's better than the nothing I said to her for five Mother's Days in a row. We haven't talked a lot since I was 16.

PLAYBOY: When past Mother's Days came around, did you think of her?

BARRYMORE: I did. I felt just shittiness. She gave birth to me and probably made herself look like a total jerk for pushing her daughter to be an actress at such a young age. I understand all that stuff about her. But we just needed to take a break and figure some stuff out. Suddenly nine years passed. It must be painful to watch movies and have that be your only connection to your daughter. She deserves more than that. She deserves to know that the person she gave birth to likes her. She shouldn't assume I don't. And I don't feel that way. We don't have a mother-and-daughter relationship, but we may somewhere down the line have a friendship. But I'd need to take that slow.

PLAYBOY: That's a gracious attitude, especially after she tried to auction off some of your childhood possessions on the Internet.

BARRYMORE: I asked her about that after I read it in the media. She said she'd done it for Gilda's Club, which is a cancer charity. She didn't ask me—she just went ahead and did it. I wasn't really in contact with her so I don't know if she could have reached me anyway. But it was really awkward. At the time I made a bet that nobody would buy the stuff. First of all, I'm too humble to believe that anybody wants anything of mine. Second, the fact that it came from my mother affected people's feelings about it. So nobody bought anything.

PLAYBOY: Does that old stuff mean anything to you?

BARRYMORE: A few years ago it wouldn't have, but the older you get the more you appreciate things from your past. I'd give anything for the Ms. Pac-Man machine that my godfather, Steven Spielberg, bought me for my sixth birthday. I'd give anything for the stained glass picture that my grandfather on my mother's side made of my face. I don't know where it is. I never had any possessions from my family, because everything was sold off. Now they're starting to come back to me. I have amazing picture books now from my grandfather. I now have a whole altar with pictures of my family. Sometimes I'll walk into a restaurant and some beautiful old lady will stop me and say, "I knew your grandfather. I have a story about him." And I'll be totally tunnel-visioned into this woman's story. I

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know that's my grandfather giving me a message right then and there.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned that your mother took heat for putting you in the business so early. Did you feel any resentment later in life when you were involved with drugs and drinking?

BARRYMORE: Not at all. The resentment came from other people. It started when I was seven and she began taking me to clubs. People always question Hollywood moms—they always think they are pushing their kids. But people didn't know that when I was three, in our living room, I had the most profound moment of my life, telling my mom I wanted to be an actress. So I'm glad she brought me into this world. She knew from my father and my heritage that it must be the right thing. For me, it was something spiritual, but of course, people on the outside weren't seeing anything spiritual. They were seeing it as some mother pushing her daughter at too young an age and robbing her of her childhood.

PLAYBOY: Later, she also got a bad rap for taking you out clubbing.

BARRYMORE: She just wanted to go to the clubs and I happened to love it. It was a blast. Being at Studio 54 when you're seven years old was pretty wild. I don't know if that's the way a mother should be, but I fucking had a great time. I'm glad I got to experience all that I've experienced. I got to go to the Limelight and Studio 54 and Elaine's and I loved it. If my mom hadn't taken me, I'd never know what those clubs were like.

PLAYBOY: But there was a price. Soon she was putting you into rehab. When you got out, you were no longer the cute little girl. You couldn't get work, either.

BARRYMORE: What was hardest about that was that it was so public. A lot of people fuck up, do crazy shit and keep it to themselves. Because I was young and it was in public, it was awkward until I embraced it and thought, Hey, this is my life. I'm not going to sit around and hate my life.

PLAYBOY: Were you out of control?

BARRYMORE: Certainly to my mom I was out of control. She probably created a bit of a monster. Definitely. I was doing what I wanted at 12 and 13. I'd say, "I'm going out to go party." All of a sudden, she was trying to be a mom. She was trying to tell me what I could and couldn't do. But I didn't see her that way.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember when your parents were together?

BARRYMORE: Never. My dad was totally off and doing his thing. He didn't want to be there. When I was a kid I couldn't understand why. I do believe that I have a chance at having a real family in this lifetime. I never learned about it, though. I never really had a childhood. I was around adults at the time. I had hardly any friends my age. We were all sexually experimenting, trying to figure it all out. At that age, we were like, What is life all about? My favorite book when I was eight was *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—But Were Afraid to Ask*. I was not afraid to ask. I wanted to know.

PLAYBOY: What drove you to seek legal emancipation at 15?

BARRYMORE: I just knew that my mom and I weren't having and had never had the traditional mother-daughter relationship. I was out of the institution that I'd been in for a year and a half, and it had changed my whole life. At the time I didn't know it was for the better, but it was. I thought it was bad: Why is this happening to me? Why do I not get to see clouds for a year and a half? Don't I get to experience all the things normal kids do? There was no going out to see football games or movies.

PLAYBOY: Were you angry when she institutionalized you?

BARRYMORE: I was angry. Sure. Weirdly enough, I thought she was robbing me of my childhood when she put me in there. When she was taking me to clubs, I didn't think she was robbing me of my childhood. Suddenly, I'm with a bunch of 14-year-olds who are going through the same things, struggling with their parents, trying to find their identities, experimenting with sex and drugs. But when I got out, I wasn't curious about any of that anymore. I spent the next three years sober. I didn't drink or take a drug. I still don't take drugs.

When you've been locked up in a mental institution, people are going to ask questions. It was OK, because I didn't have to act perfect all the time.

PLAYBOY: Were you addicted to drugs?

BARRYMORE: I tried drugs when I was 13, but not to the extent that people think. I tried some drugs a few times. Since I was 14, I haven't done any drugs. I never tried heroin or acid. I don't even know about stuff like that.

PLAYBOY: Were you sexually active at that early age?

BARRYMORE: I was sexually curious—damn curious—but I wasn't acting on it.

PLAYBOY: When you broke away from your mother, were you in strong financial shape from the movies that you had starred in?

BARRYMORE: No. I lived in a little apartment near Park LaBrea and I was working at a coffee house called the Living Room. I'd go in at six A.M., meet the muffin man, clean toilets and make the salad dressing for the day.

PLAYBOY: That's quite a comedown from Studio 54.

BARRYMORE: In a weird way, it was exciting. When I was young and going out to the clubs, I would play house at my home during the day. I'd play store, like all kids did. Working was like getting to play store for real. I was into it. I worked at Music Plus and I loved that, too. I got to deal with music and movies and I was the best pitch person for videos. I could tell you every story line and every actor in a movie.

PLAYBOY: Now you're one of the better-paid actresses, making about $10 million a picture. That's a lot of money for someone who only a few years ago struggled to make rent. Is the money important to you?

BARRYMORE: Not at all. I still own the cheapest car of all my friends. I'm so envious of my friends who drive Porsches, but I drive a $30,000 Mitsubishi Montero that's a piece of shit. Sorry, Mitsubishi, but my car has already broken down on me several times. Still, I'm not ready for a Porsche. Don't know if I'll ever be, though I certainly enjoy riding in them. I might walk into a music store and buy 15 albums, but I really believe I will die having a ton of money in the bank, not having spent a penny of it. I don't want luxurious things. I don't dress in fancy clothes. I don't buy fancy cars. I don't live in fancy homes. I never spend money on stuff unless I give it to charity. I'm not flagrant or frivolous.

PLAYBOY: What finally ended your salad-dressing and toilet-cleaning career?

BARRYMORE: My boss gave a speech that caused me to change my life. He said, "You're not happy and you suck doing this. You're scrubbing the goddamn glass of the muffin case with the abrasive side of the brush so people can no longer see the muffins in there. Quit, Jesus Christ. Don't make me fire you. Please go out and follow your dreams, for the love of Christ."

I said, "All right. I will." I was 15. It's when I started going back on auditions. I went for a year and didn't get a job. Sometimes people would be a little weird and rude. Mostly they doubted my capabilities, though I knew I was capable. I understood why people thought I had to prove myself, though, so I bit the bullet and went in there and did it. I realized I had a new chance at life. I wanted to go out there and work hard for it. I never brought along the baggage of "I've been a star in this business."

PLAYBOY: Many child stars never have adult careers. Were you at all worried you'd be one of them?

BARRYMORE: I had bigger things to worry about. I'd been locked in a mental institution. I felt lucky even to see a stoplight. You don't get to live life for a year and a half; you're locked up at a volatile time when everything is hitting you. It

(concluded on page 202)

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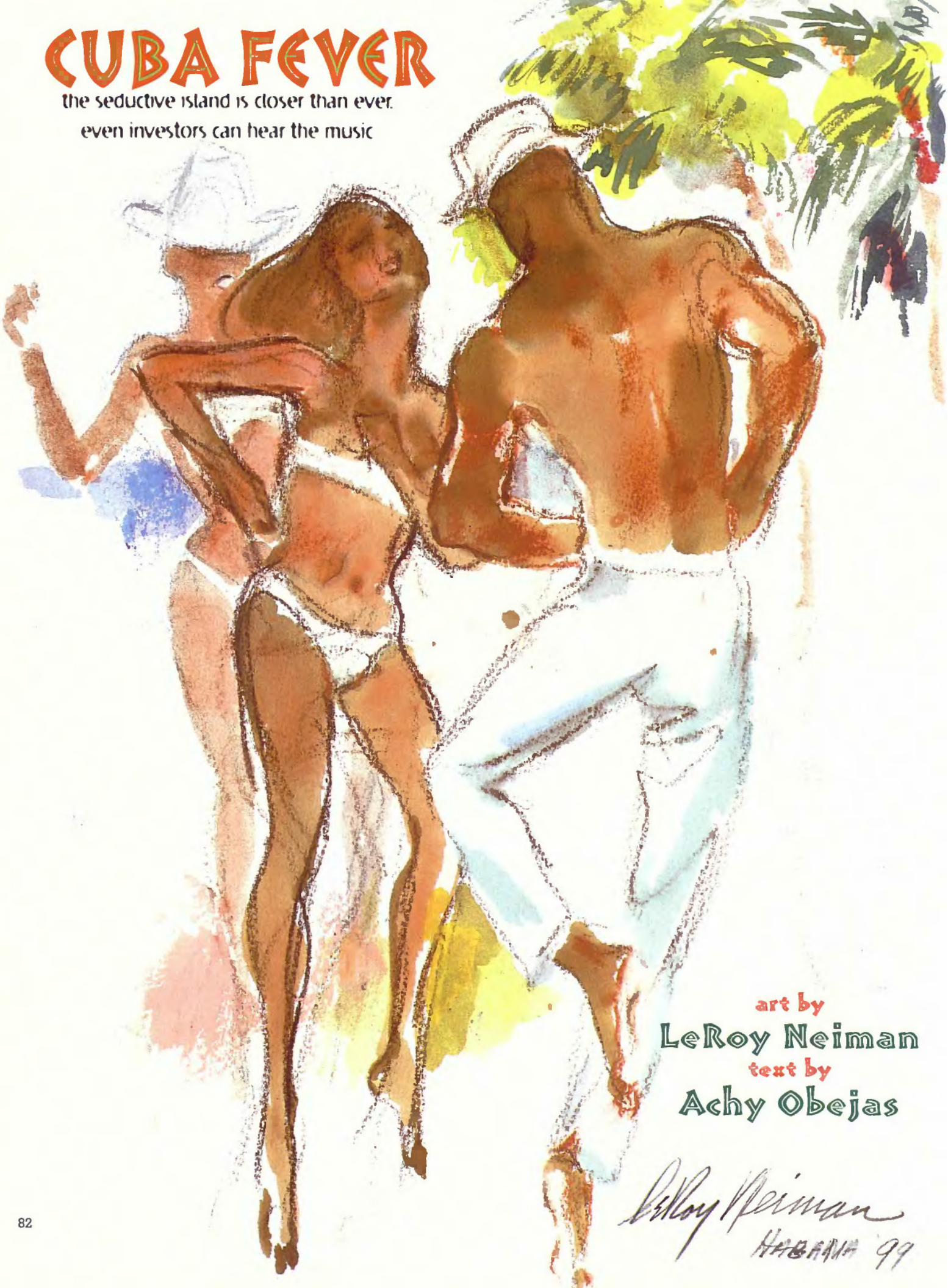
CUBA FEVER

the seductive island is closer than ever.
even investors can hear the music



art by
LeRoy Neiman
text by
Achy Obejas

LeRoy Neiman
HABANA 99

Cuba is hot, Cubo is ready, Cuba is coming. Anticipation is high for an explosive reconnection with the fabled island of pleasure and eroticism. With an eye on the next phase in Cuban–American relations, we sent LeRoy Neiman to find Cubo's heart. He found it beating rhythmically. "Music was everywhere," Neiman says. Below, dancers in the lounge at the Hotel Nacional in Havana. Opposite, a couple salsas on the beach in Havana.

It is just past two in the morning, but the dusty streets in the central Cuban town of Jaguey Grande are jammed with people. This is a flat village. Not one of its modest colonial-style buildings is above two stories in height; there's nothing that even the most optimistic guide could call a tourist attraction.

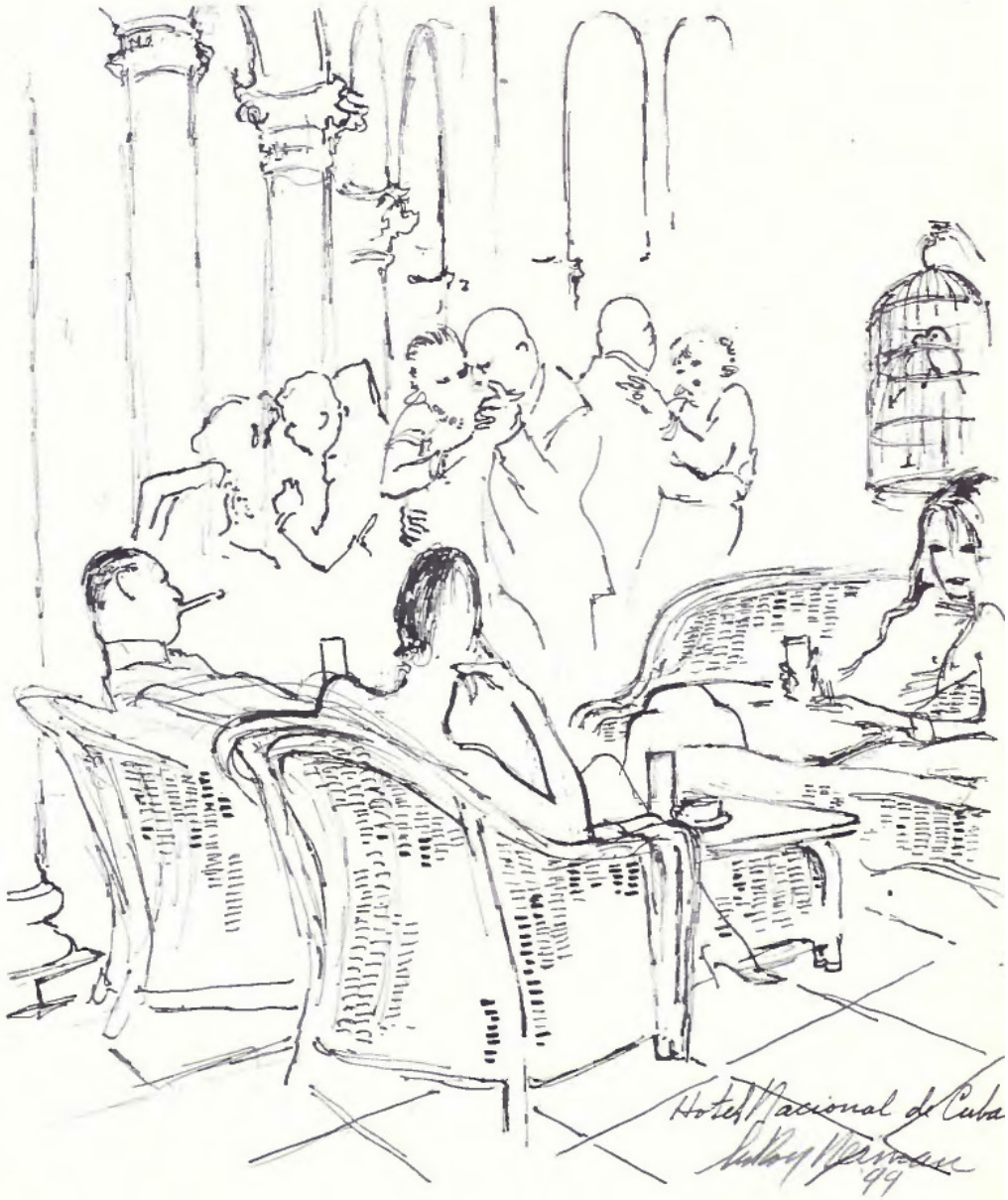
With the national TV stations shut down for the night, no movie theaters or nightclubs anywhere in sight and few homes with VCRs or air-conditioners, young men and women mill about the town square, drinking and flirting under a velvety sky. They stroll or ride around on Chinese- or Cuban-made bicycles. Dogs curl up under the trees, their tongues dangling, panting from the heat.

"Hey, Juan, you got a room to rent, buddy?" a man asks from the backseat of a dark-blue Toyota compact with a license plate that reads TURISMO, identifying it as a rented vehicle. The car is leased to one of the passengers up front: a Cuban American tourist and her local cousin. As a Cuban citizen and resident, the guy calling out to Juan couldn't legally rent it, regardless of how deep his pockets.

"Me?" asks Juan, whose mustache drips foam from a just-opened beer. Juan is drunk, teetering in the middle of the street.

"Yeah, you," the man says good naturedly. He's the town's unofficial housing coordinator, the first to rent to foreigners. In Jaguey Grande, everyone knows one another—where they live, what they do for a living, how many relatives live abroad and how many extra beds they might have at home.

"Look," says the man inside the car, nodding at the customers he's delivering to a room on the other side of town, "I have to take care of these folks and then I've got a batch of Japanese tourists—Japanese tourists! I need every room I can find. Will you let me know?"



The Japanese, it turns out, are the talk of Jaguey Grande. The couple in the car mean money. They're on their way to the home of a regional-tourism official who is not licensed to rent rooms but will do it this one time as a favor—and for $25 U.S. a night. When they arrive, they'll find that the room has its own entrance, its own bathroom with an atypical hot-water shower, a set of thin but fresh towels folded on the bed, an air-conditioner and a tape player on the dresser with cassettes of Marc Anthony and the Buena Vista Social Club.

But the Japanese—the mother lode of arriving tourists—are practically an invasion. Even as the housing guy sets off to deal with these visitors (who've arrived after two days of flights including a stopover in Mexico), the very first direct commercial flight from Japan to Cuba is arriving at José Martí International Airport in Havana.

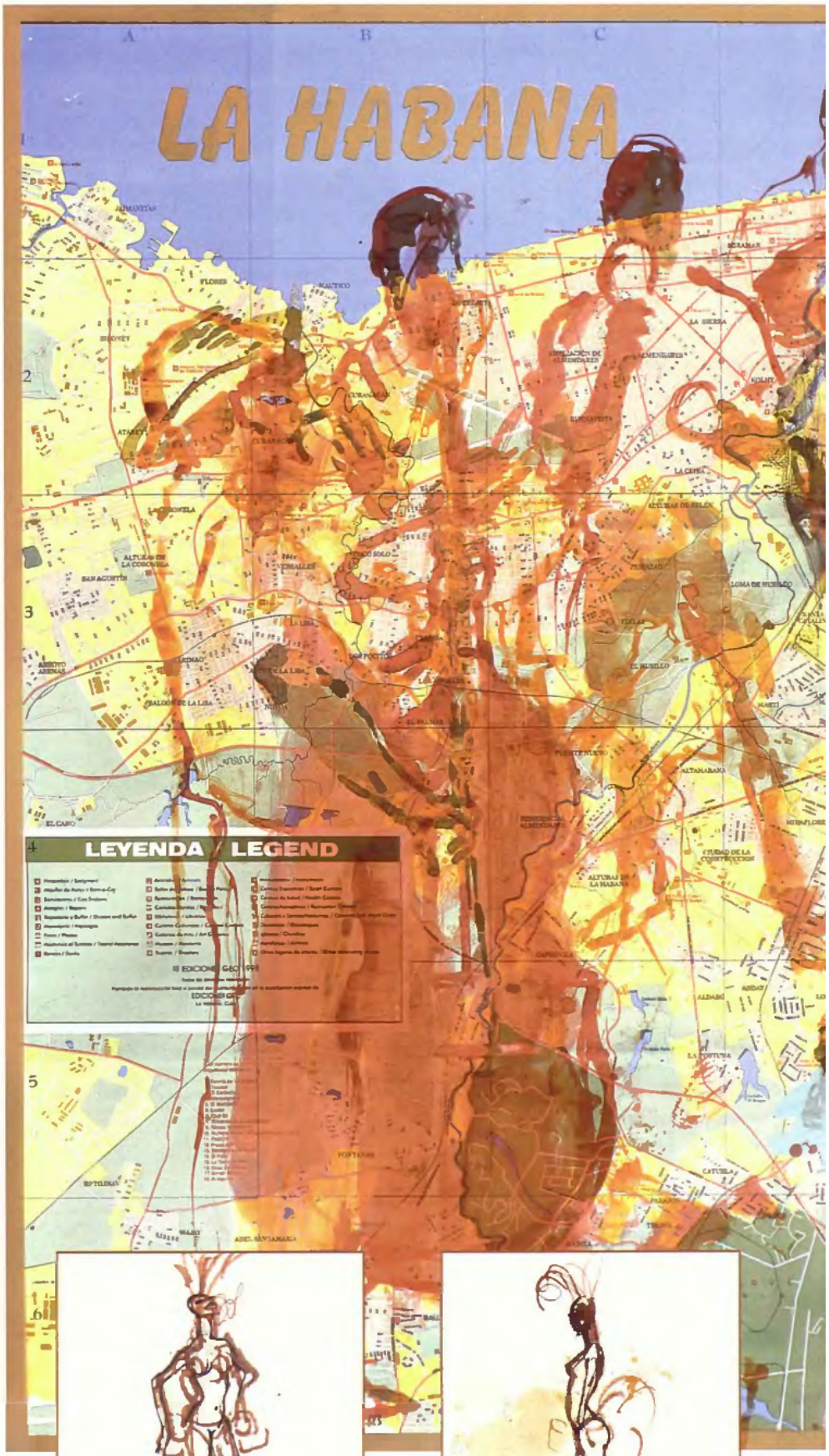
Though Cuba does well with Canadian and European tourists and an increasing number of visitors from the U.S., it has recently targeted Japan in a bid to obtain more foreign currency. According to Cuban tourism statistics, of the 1.7 million tourists who visited the island in 1999, Japanese accounted for about 5000, and officials would like to see that figure at least double.

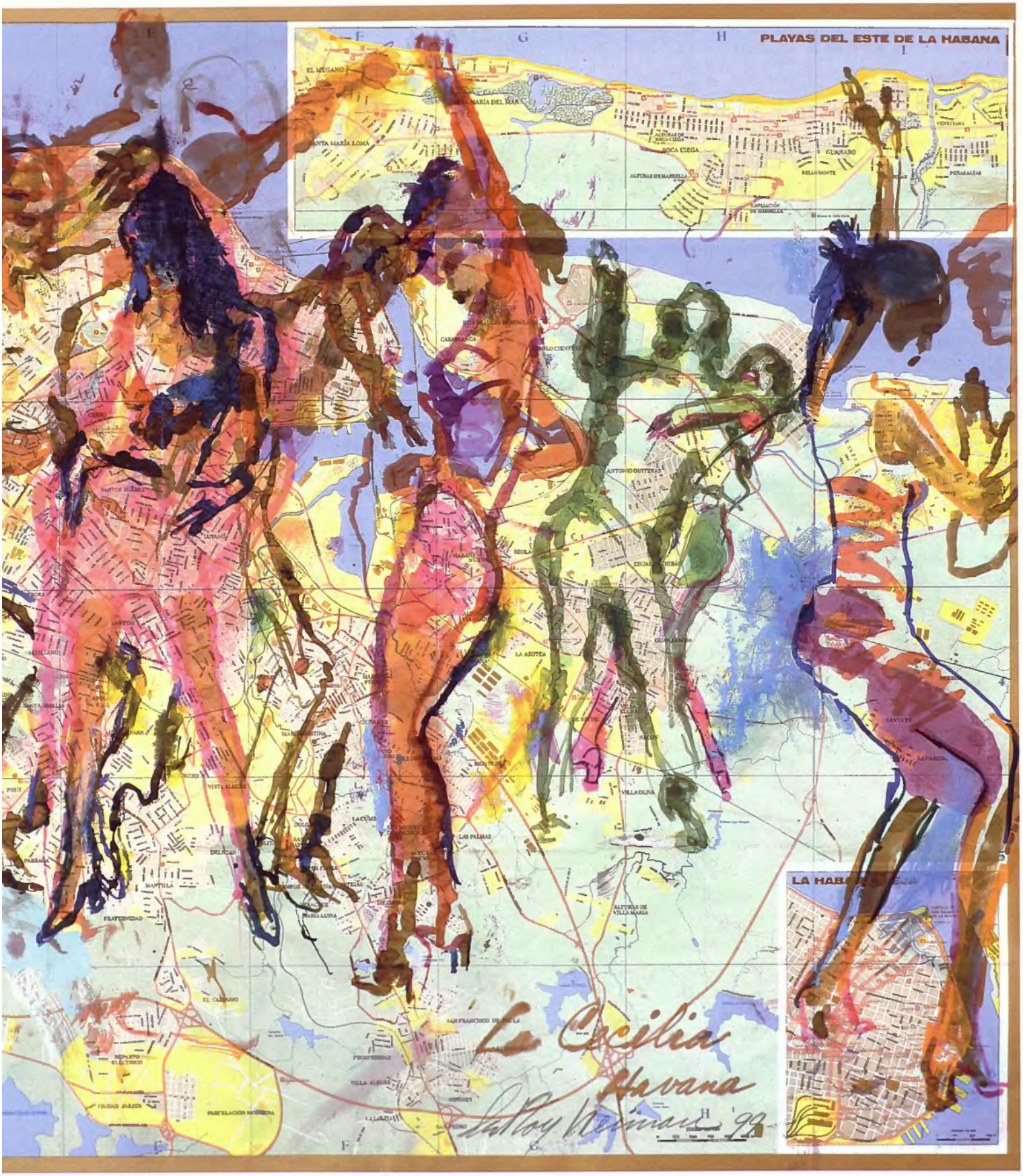
"You speak Japanese?" Juan asks Jaguey Grande's housing guy before he drives off. The guy shakes his head, grinning. "Don't need to. They speak English," he says. "Just like those Germans who stayed all last month, they all speak English. See, we're ready for when the Americans get here."

And then he laughs and laughs.

Tensions between Washington and Havana may have hit a peak during the Elián González crisis last year, and both Democrats and Republicans have promised to continue isolating and harassing Fidel Castro. But on the streets of Havana and even the rural roads around middle-of-nowhere Jaguey Grande, the U.S. and Cuba are closer than they've been in decades.

People talk openly about things American, and odd occurrences—such





Neiman focused on capturing the essence and flavor of Cuban music in his paintings and sketches. "Music has more communication than art ar literature," he says. "Everyane understands it." Oppasite, upper left: Instrumentalists pedaling along the sweep of the Malecán pramenade, which frants the coastline of Havana. Many Cuban musicians travel fram place ta place to entertain audiences and ta accampany dancers. Impramptu bands are aften created when musicians get together. Above: Dancing at La Cecilia, a club that Neiman visited. Neiman, wha painted what he heard, describes the live music as a "blend af an African beat with the up-tempo strains of the Spanish guitar." Clubs are a big part af Cuban nightlife—far taurists; mast Cubans can't get in.

as Japanese tourists—are interpreted as portents of good relations with the U.S., even as a kind of rehearsal. These days, despite Fidel Castro's recharged anti-U.S. rhetoric and the protest plaza recently built in front of the U.S. Interests Section (the American embassy in all but name), it is neither unusual nor unpatriotic to hear Cubans talk freely about a time when the two nations might have normal relations, including unfettered travel and mutual economic interests. On the streets there are constant rumors about secret deals to end the four-decade-long embargo, and the animosity.

Cubans—both officially and unofficially—are planning for that eventuality. In Varadero, the country's premiere beach resort, the majority of tourists are Spaniards and Italians, but the signs are in English. GROCERY, reads the marquee above a convenience store, BEACH indicates the route to the sea from a hotel, POOL points the way to

"It was like summertime in Harlem," Neiman says. "You can see the poverty. People wear old clothes and drive old cars, but there was a terrific vitality everywhere I looked." Above right: Two boys push a polished 1949 Olds convertible that has run out of gas. Top left: A token sign of hierarchy in Cuban society—a head chef dons his own distinctive red toque. Neiman captured this image at Hemingway's hangout, La Bodeguita del Medio, a regular stop for Papa during his time in Cuba. Right: People dance the salsa on a cobblestone street. Neiman was struck by the mix of races dancing, united by the seductive rhythms of the music. "Salsa is a masculine dance," he says. "Cuban men really know how to lead these beautiful, desirable women."

Habana '99

chlorine. Restaurant menus often have English translations with American fare such as pancakes and hamburgers.

At the old Du Pont mansion, once a symbol of capitalist decadence, the nearby golf course has been refurbished to tournament specifications with the idea that a Tiger Woods may one day grace its immaculate fairways. "Soon," says the official receptionist at the visitor center half seriously, "very soon." Already, she says, the Japanese love it. A billboard boasts: "Eighteen more reasons to love Cuba: Varadero Golf Club." Among the many T-shirts sold at the local shops is one that shows Cuba with a golf club laid across it. Photos of Che Guevara golfing pop up on postcards.

American tourists should feel right at home when they get here. Subtitled Hollywood films are frequently showcased Saturday nights on state-run television. Illicit video clubs carry American movies long before they're available at Blockbuster. Last July, *Gone in 60 Seconds* and *Coyote Ugly*—the latter not yet released theatrically in the U.S.—were offered at $2 apiece in a modest video club in Havana's working-class neighborhood of El Cerro.

Throughout the island, American music is heard constantly from state-run radio as well as Miami commercial broadcasters—not just the U.S.-sponsored propaganda station Radio Martí. Translations (and English originals) of American literary classics such as Ernest Hemingway and popular fare such as John Gray's *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus* can be found on any bookseller's shelf out on the plazas, along with previously censored titles by expatriate Guillermo Cabrera Infante and the never officially banned but controversial books of Zoe Valdes.

The Internet also fuels interest in things American, particularly among Cuban youth. In Havana, though Internet access is limited to the most privileged, e-mail is available to only a select few and computers aren't legally sold to most of the citizenry, everybody wants to learn how to operate one. The emphasis is on business programs solidly based in capitalism. The black market is booming, with PCs ranging from $400 to $1000. Scores of individuals are making a living under the table, tutoring, consulting and making repairs.

The government itself has recently opened two cybercafes: one, at the venerable Hotel Nacional, is primarily for its guests; at the other, in the old capitol building, tourists—and some clever Cubans—can get online for $5 an hour. That's expensive for most natives, who typically earn $12 to $15 a month, but on any given day, a good number of customers are Cubans communicating with relatives abroad, or doing business and research. (Unlike China, Cuba does not appear to completely block unfriendly websites; unless it was a fluke, it took only a couple of tries to connect to the Cuban American National Foundation, the exile lobbying group that was deeply involved in the Elián mess.)

"When they create a Yahoo Cuba—like Yahoo Argentina—I will be ready," says Felix Santos, who goes to the cybercafe to develop his Internet skills. Though he doesn't say so, because he can't legally get on while using his own name and ID, he goes in with tourists who sign him in.

The Internet, like so much of the language of tourism and the new economy in Cuba, runs in English. New words—el mouse, e-mailiar, la shopping, biznez—have crept into the island's vernacular.

AMERICAN TOURISTS SHOULD FEEL RIGHT AT HOME. HOLLYWOOD FILMS ARE SHOWCASED ON STATE-RUN TV. ILLICIT VIDEO CLUBS CARRY MOVIES LONG BEFORE THEY'RE AVAILABLE AT BLOCKBUSTER.

"I come to surfiar," Santos says without a hint of irony or guile.

Rogelio Gonzalez (not his real name), who won entry to the U.S. via the annual visa lottery and is now waiting for a Cuban exit permit, says, "Young people are desperate for the Americans to get here."

•

But not everyone is in such a rush, and some people—especially the elderly and the peasantry—are actually somewhat wary.

"When we have trade with the Americans, what will happen?" asks Francisco Sanchez from Cojimar, just outside Havana. "They can force countries to do things. I don't want to lose what we have. My wife, she has had two surgeries. Do you know how much we paid for them? Nothing. And look at how much of a fight the U.S. government is putting up not to have free health care. They won't respect our system, I know it."

Cuba's much-vaunted medical system—though plagued with a lack of supplies and want of new technologies—is what Cubans know will be most threatened by a U.S. presence. But there is also a fierce pride in what Cubans see as independence from the behemoth to the north. "Look at how big they are, and how little we are," says Irma Morgado, a 74-year-old widow from Ciego de Avila who lost a son during Cuba's military intervention in Angola. "No matter what they throw at us—I don't trust them, they're treasonous—we survive, we keep going."

Still, even Cubans like Sanchez and Morgado understand that the country is changing. To anyone but the most willful Castro foe, the evidence is everywhere that Cuba is doing better. Roads that two years ago were worse than minefields are now smoothly paved. Traffic in Havana is motorized again, with sleek American antiques battling rush hour alongside bikes, corporate Mitsubishis and tourist-rented Japanese compacts. The mangy dogs that roamed the city a few years ago, abandoned by owners who could no longer take care of them, are virtually gone, and the lines at the dollar-only veterinary clinic require hours of patience. Business on Montes Street—where locals reign and tourists are an oddity—is brisk. Cubans themselves look healthier, more substantial.

Perhaps the most significant sign of better times is the construction going on throughout the island. Though new hotels still rise like spaceships in places like Varadero, what's impressive is how much rehabbing there is at the private level. Whether in Havana's posh Miramar neighborhood or in the central city of Santa Clara, Cubans are adding second floors to their homes, refurbishing porches, putting in new bathroom tiles.

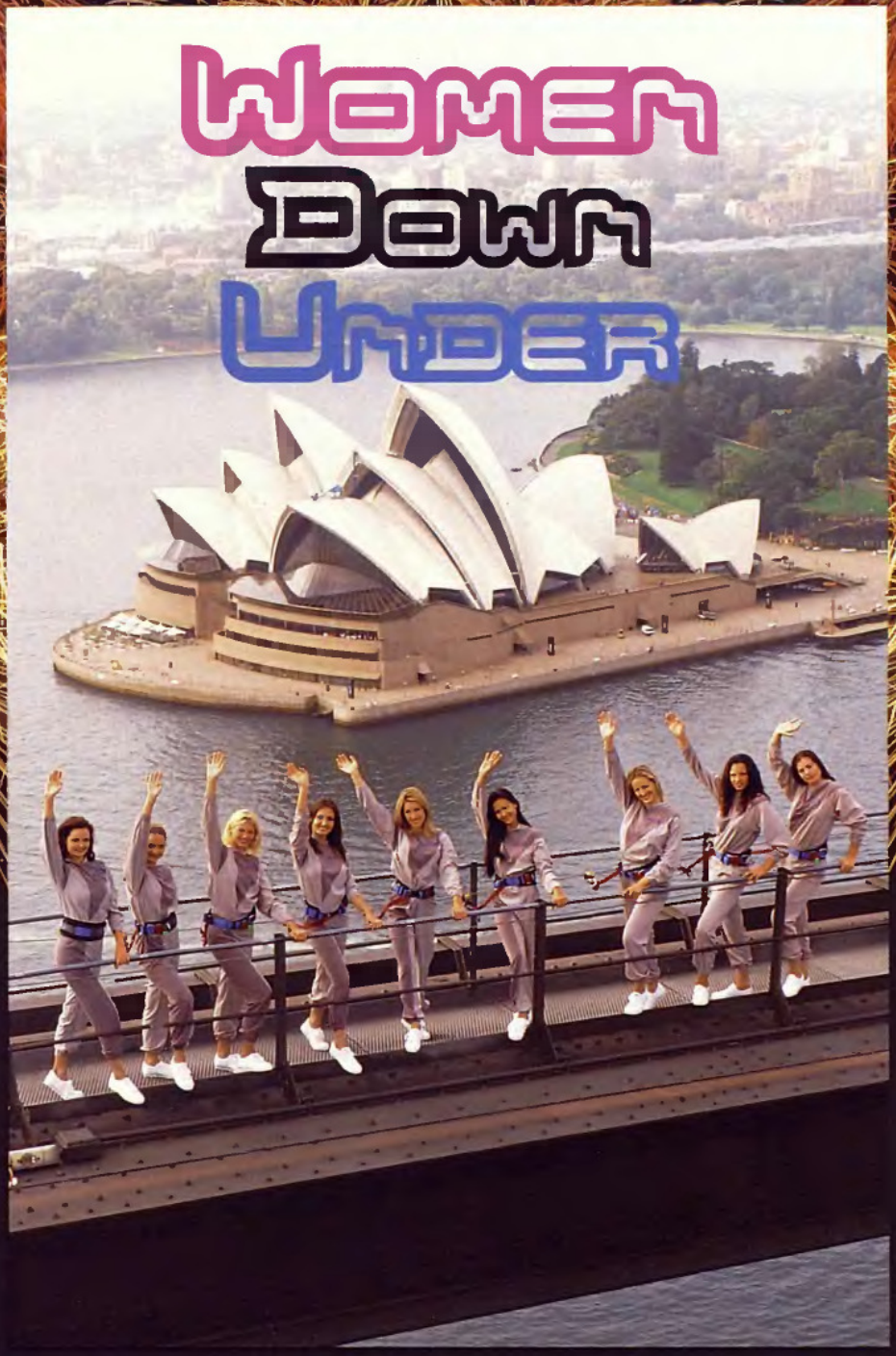
Not far from a small white pantheon in honor of Hemingway in Cojimar—the fishing village in *Old Man and the Sea* and the departure point for the 1994 raft exodus—a neighbor is building a pool overlooking the bay.

Whether it's bricks or paint, the building materials are usually stolen or illicitly acquired on the black market. Ask anybody where he got the concrete for the new patio floor, and the answer's always the same: a shrug and a story of a stranger who came by and just gave it away or sold it for pennies. And then, of course, a wink.

(continued on page 220)

"This one's guaranteed to make it feel like Christmas."

Women Down Under



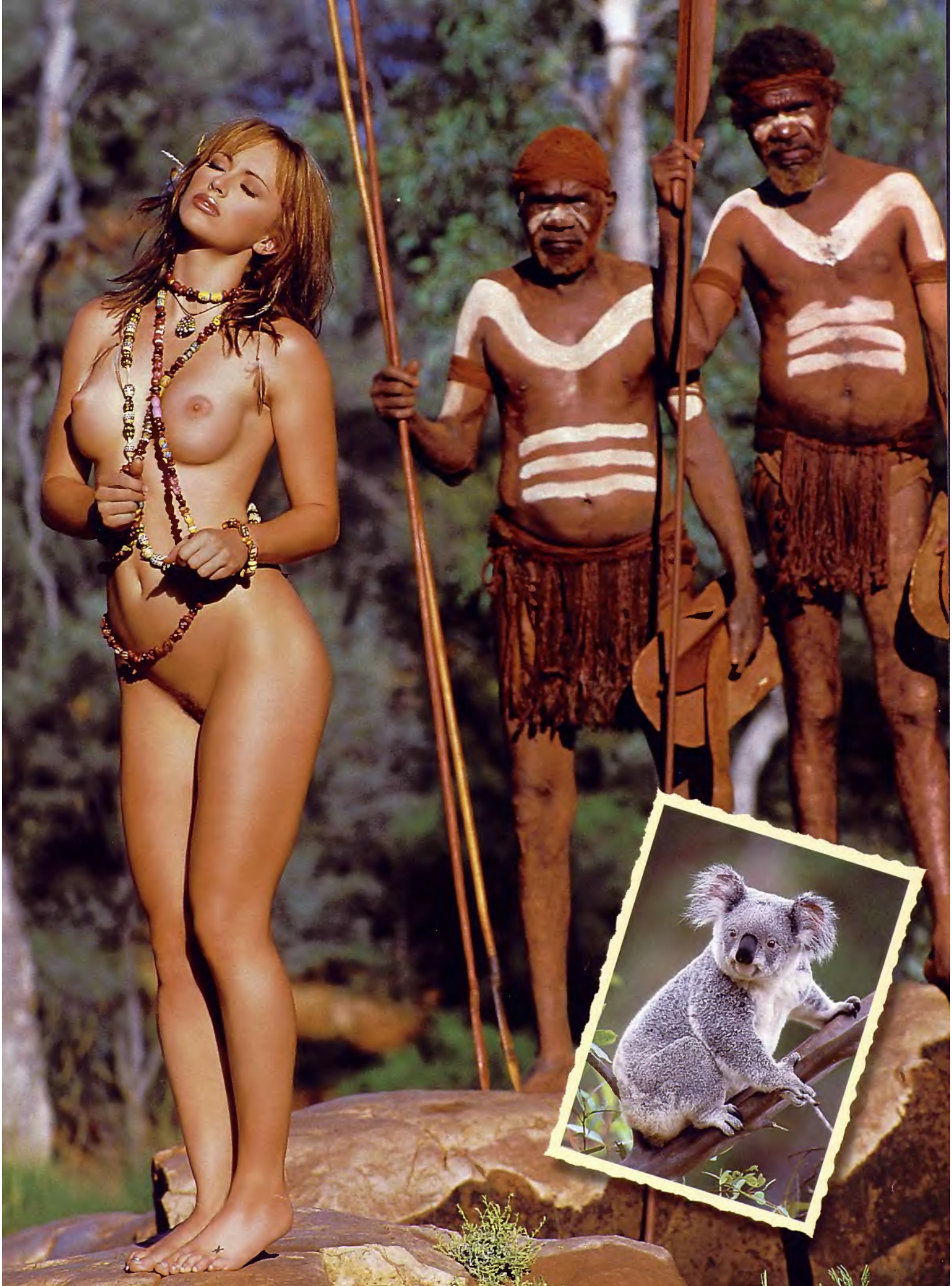
join us as we go a-waltzing matilda, michelle, rachael, samantha . . .

Things are a little different in Australia. There, trees lose their bark, not their leaves. In Australia, swans are black and mammals have pockets. The English once used it as a prison colony, but over time, Australia reinvented itself into a collage of the best of the rest of the world. You want great beaches and unparalleled diving? Try the Great Barrier Reef. A sophisticated urban setting? Try Sydney, with its harbor, nightclubs and top-notch restaurants. Animals with amusing names? They have kangaroos, kookaburras and koalas. You want attractive, well-educated, thoughtful and fun-loving girls? Australia is the place. And since this continent is an increasingly popular destination for travelers, we went on a walkabout so we could prove our point to you.

Our hospitality committee waves from the Sydney Harbor Bridge: Michelle Johnston, Rachael Ingram, Samantha Bolton, Imogen Bailey, Gloria Howearth, Radana Povolny, Bree Maddox, Melissa Hallstrom and Joanne Ziegeler. Opposite, Tina likes company when she shops.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Lucy Halliday (above) used to sneak looks at her father's PLAYBOYS, which he hid beneath his bed. Here she's decided it's better not to hide anything. When not kicking it up on the beach, Joanne Ziegeler (left) manages a clothing store in Queensland. Somantha Jane Redman (opposite), who won Miss Active Wear 2000, makes a good impression near the Outback town of Alice Springs.



Natasha Buttle (above right) takes a break fram her modeling career to indulge in some water sports. She says her ambition is to make the cover of PLAYBOY. We've already put in a good word for yau, Natasha. The busy Michelle Johnstan (apposite, top), who madels and owns a catering business, caols off in sweltering Alice Springs. Melissa Hallstrom (right) says her goal is to be "healthy, wealthy and wiser." Here she performs an abdominal workout to prepare for a career in entertainment. Twenty-six-year-ald Simone Suthiwart-Narueput (above) had a casmopolitan childhaad. Her uncle was an ambassador, and her family once governed a province in Thailand. She wants to be an actress.

Kelly Anne Walls (opposite, upper left) is a dance instructor and performer, and she seems to have attracted an audience among the Spank set. She wants to become the next Madonna. In 1998 Alaska native Divini Bean (opposite, center right) left the U.S. for Australia, where she plans to get involved with real estate. Here she bones up on that popular transplanted game, cricket. Readers will be more vigilant about daily flossing when they learn that Radana Povolny (opposite, lower left) will someday be a dental assistant. When she's not studying business management, the independent and self-employed Imogen Bailey (left) writes songs.

SPANK

FREMANTLE

Gayna Rowling (above right) relaxes in her childhood bedroom. She's a costume designer in Sydney. Bree Maddox, Olena Karpina and Melissa Hallstrom (right) demonstrate the best way to flag down a helicopter. Tisha Eve Williams (below) shows off her patriotic surfboard. At the moment she's a model, but she's studying to be a lawyer. We'd heard that one of Sydney's most lively hotspots is the Embassy nightclub. Rachael Ingram, Samantha Bolton, Imogen Bailey and Gloria Howearth (above, from left) dress up the place and make it sparkle.

VH-ATH

SIZE MATTERS

THIS 35TH ANNIVERSARY

LIMITED EDITION

LAVA LAMP IS

ONE BIG TURN-ON

Platform shoes are back, so why not Lava lamps? Those psychedelic mood-setters have surged in popularity just in time for their 35th anniversary. In honor of the occasion, Lava World International has created a king-size limited edition of its motion lamp. At four feet tall, it takes about eight hours to heat and weighs in at 100 pounds. Only 35 will be made and sold. With a price of $3500, this is a night-light reserved for only the most ardent Lava lovers. If you want more information, go to lavaworld.com.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIOU

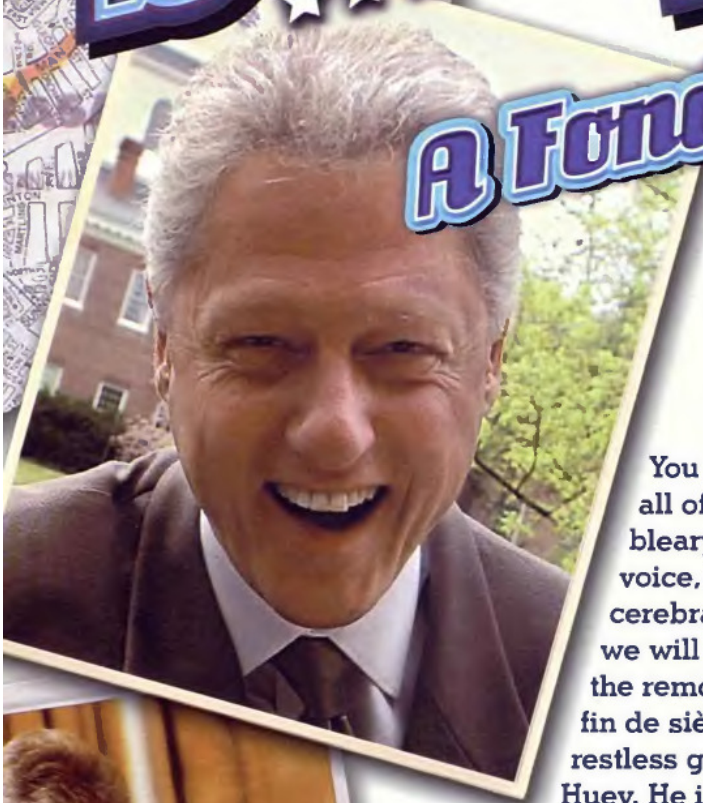
"I don't understand. I see by my notes that you were very cooperative last year."

SLICK WILLIE

A Fond Farewell

zip up your trousers, mr. president, and turn off the lights when you go. the white house will never be the same again

by jamie malanowski



You may love him or you may hate him, but all of us will miss him when he's gone. His bleary bedroom eyes, his husky, sugary voice, his celerity as he slides between the cerebral and the seductive; weeks from now we will seek out those features, but we will punch the remote in vain. Bill Clinton looms above fin de siècle America as a large and restless giant—part prodigy, part Baby Huey. He is everything we like and loathe about ourselves. Only when he's gone will we realize that we never had it so good.

This may be more true for Clinton's enemies than for his friends. Clinton's friends, after all, are the ones who had to put up with all his embarrassing antics and elliptical defenses. They are the ones who mastered the footwork of "the definition of sex" fandango and "the definition of 'is' is" cha-cha. Not since the Polish cavalry rode out to meet Panzers has a side been so pathetically underarmed.

Clinton's enemies, on the other hand, feasted. They got to beat him like a rented mule. They accused him of everything from rape to murder to hanging pornographic ornaments on a Christmas tree. They spent five years and $50 million investigating a land deal in which nobody made any money; a suicide, which after three probes remained a suicide; and a series of mostly *(text concluded on page 238)*

WITH ENEMIES LIKE THESE, WHO NEEDS FRIENDS?

No one, not even James Bond, has ever had better enemies: clever, capable and ultimately self-destructing. Just as in "The Sopranos," Clinton's enemies paid for every flaw. The prissy Starr, the operatic Gingrich, sour Tom DeLay, stingy Dick Armey, slick Trent Lott, bombastic Bob Barr—together and singly they had all the personality of a high school vice principal. (Don't forget preppie George Bush! Dark Bob Dole! The mysteriously diabolical Richard Mellon Scaife!) Many of their errors loom larger in the Clinton story than do his achievements. Here are their top seven mistakes:

WORLD EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
Star
Dems' front-runner lied to America, says his former lover
MY 12-YEAR AFFAIR WITH BILL CLINTON
PLUS THE SECRET LOVE TAPES THAT PROVE IT!
MISTRESS TELLS ALL
We were lovers from 1977 to 1989

1 **NOT CUTTING AN EARLY DEAL WITH MONICA LEWINSKY.** Shortly after the Monica Lewinsky story breaks, Clinton teeters before a full-fledged rush to judgment. Commentators are already burying him. For the small price of full immunity, Ken Starr can have Lewinsky's testimony; with it, Clinton's allies will almost certainly desert him. Instead, Starr pussyfoots. By the time Starr cuts the same deal six months later, the moment of opportunity is lost.

2 **SHUTTING DOWN THE GOVERNMENT IN 1995.** A case of political jujitsu: A year after their landslide midterm victory, congressional Republicans have wrung innumerable concessions from Clinton. Instead of declaring victory, they demand more. When he balks, they shut down the government in a huff. Whoops! Suddenly they seem irresponsible, while Clinton seems strong. The pressure of the standoff eventually gets to Newt, who collapses in tears. Clinton, meanwhile, is reborn. (Interesting side note: During the shutdown, eager intern Monica Lewinsky delivers the president a memorable pizza.)

3 **BUCHANAN SPEAKS.** Instead of a celebration where everyone remembers how fun the Gulf war was, the 1992 GOP convention gets taken over by loser Pat Buchanan, who declares a culture war. "It probably sounded better in the original German," comments Molly Ivins. Bush gets no bounce, spends the campaign on the defensive.

4 **LINDA TRIPP, POSTER GIRL.** A lesson for history: If you want to bring down a president, relying on a grasping harpy who is double-crossing a troubled friend is not the way to seize the moral high ground.

5 **NEWT WHINES.** The arcane budget battle of 1995 is interrupted when Yitzhak Rabin is assassinated and official Washington flies to the funeral. Upon their return, Gingrich complains about leaving by the back door of *Air Force One*. The Republican side suddenly has a face, and it is childish and petulant.

6 **GEORGE BUSH BLOWS IT.** Trailing Clinton going into their second debate, Bush is asked how he personally has been affected by the recession and proceeds to botch the response. Clinton then dramatically steps into the crowd and demonstrates that he cares. Later the camera catches Bush looking at his watch. What time was it? A quarter past over.

7 **BOB DOLE FALLS OFF THE STAGE.** OK, to be fair, the railing collapsed. This doesn't actually cost Bob the election, but it neatly symbolizes his problem: wrong guy, wrong place, wrong time, on his ass.

Annual federal deficit for 1992:
$290 billion

Projected federal surplus for fiscal year 2000:
$232 billion

Unemployment rate, January 1993:
7.3%

Unemployment rate, July 2000:
4%

Dow Jones industrial average on January 20, 1993: 3242

Dow Jones industrial average on August 4, 2000: 10,707

Sound Bites

"i did not have sexual relations with that woman"—and other mouthfuls from the clinton era.

"Excuse me for speaking while you're interrupting."—James Carville

"He was thinking with another head."—Gennifer Flowers

"I'm really sorry for everything that's happened. And I hate Linda Tripp."—Monica Lewinsky

"I'm not paranoid; I'm not delusional. I'm normal."
—Linda Tripp

"What's the charge? What's the charge?"—Dee Dee Myers

"We're not going to hear from Monica Lewinsky, we're not going to hear from Kenneth Starr. What are we going to do at these hearings, play records?"—Barney Frank

"What sort of girl do you think I am?"
— Monica Lewinsky

"Yes, Bill Clinton is a big flirt. He flirts with men. He flirts with women. He flirts with pets."—Dee Dee Myers

"People say to me, 'Are you scared of Ken Starr?' He'd better be scared of me, because I'm on my way back."—Susan McDougal

"The statute of limitations has long since passed on my youthful indiscretions."
—Henry Hyde

"I was under that very desk 35 years ago, and I could tell you there's barely room for a three-year-old."
— John F. Kennedy Jr.

"You drag $100 bills through trailer parks, there's no telling what you'll find. I know these people. I went to school with them. I necked with them in backseats. I spent nights with them."—James Carville on Clinton's female accusers

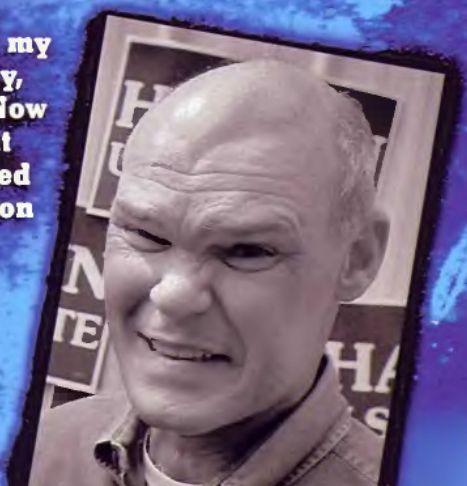
"She kept it as a souvenir. How sick is that?"—
Lucianne Goldberg

"At this moment I do not have a relationship with a personal computer."—Janet Reno

"Sometimes I feel like a fire hydrant looking at a pack of dogs."—Bill Clinton

"I have to kick his ass every morning."
—Hillary Clinton

"I gave Bill a huge piece of my heart for many, many years. Now it appears that the man I loved was cheating on me, too. Left and right."
—Gennifer Flowers



THE CLINTONISTA QUIZ

1. How did Bill Clinton like to refer to former Massachusetts governor and 1988 presidential candidate Michael Dukakis?
(a) The Boss from Boston. (b) The Brain from Braintree. (c) Pain in the Assachusetts. (d) That little Greek motherfucker.

2. How did Bill originally describe to Hillary his relationship with Monica? (a) He said he counseled her, nothing more. (b) He said they were intellectual soul mates, nothing more. (c) He called her the White House fluffer girl, nothing more. (d) He said, "Wink wink, nudge nudge, say no more."

3. Hillary was known to have talks with Eleanor Roosevelt's ghost. What, according to Hillary, did Eleanor advise her?
(a) "Grow skin as thick as a rhinoceros'." (b) "Blame everything on a vast right-wing conspiracy." (c) "Next time, marry a guy in a wheelchair." (d) "Indulge in some hot girl-girl action."

4. One of Bill's college-era lovers said that during sex he liked: (a) To leave on the lights. (b) To analyze voter turnout in key Republican precincts. (c) To quote Jefferson to stave off climax. (d) To smoke cigars, call foreign leaders and then masturbate into the sink.

5. According to longtime Clinton girlfriend Dolly Kyle Browning, what was Bill's nickname for Hillary?
(a) Rosebud. (b) The bitch who fucked up universal health care. (c) Rider of my coattails. (d) The Warden.

6. What did an angry Hillary say after she threw a Styrofoam coffee cup at Bill and hit him?
(a) "God, Bill, what lousy reflexes." (b) "Do you want sugar with that or what?" (c) "What were you expecting me to throw, panties?" (d) "Now maybe the dirt will stick."

7. At a tension-filled moment in his 1990 governor's race, Bill Clinton caught the attention of advisor Dick Morris by doing what?
(a) Urging Hillary to call him a "Jew bastard." (b) Dropping his pants and saying, "Kiss it." (c) Analyzing election results in key Republican precincts. (d) Punching Morris.

8. What was Monica Lewinsky's pet name for the president?
(a) El Presidente. (b) Master of His Domain. (c) Lollipop. (d) Butthead.

9. During the investigation, it was rumored that Kenneth Starr was having an affair in Little Rock. Why did this make Starr angry?
(a) He is serious about his wedding vows. (b) His wife is serious about his wedding vows. (c) His paramour reportedly looked like Paula Jones. (d) No one believed it.

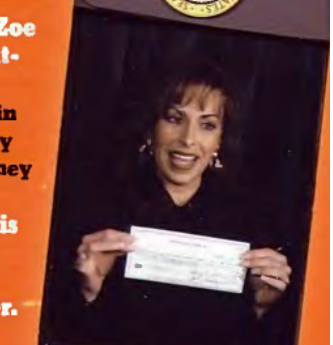
10. During the discussions over Clinton's 1993 Economic Recovery Act, when Clinton was trying to get Senator Bob Kerrey's vote, which of the following lines of persuasion was not uttered by Bill Clinton?
(a) "If you want to bring this presidency down, then go ahead." (b) "Maybe I ought to go back to Little Rock." (c) "Fuck you!" (d) "Pwease, Bobsy Wobsy, give us your wittle votems."

11. What ultimately led to the resignation of Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders?
(a) She supported the teaching of masturbation in schools. (b) She supported masturbation in schools. (c) She supported mutual masturbation in schools. (d) She couldn't keep her hands out of her pants at cabinet meetings.

12. Seemingly headed for a big job in the Justice Department, old Clinton friend Lani Guinier lost his support because of her writings. What was wrong with them?
(a) She used smiley faces to dot her i's. (b) Extensive use of Ebonics. (c) Unimaginative, derivative, clichéd and way too girlie. (d) Talked about "minority empowerment."

13. How did Hillary Rodham Clinton turn $1000 into $100,000?
(a) Heard about a little start-up called Microsoft. (b) She let Paulie Walnuts put some of her money to work on the street. (c) Luck—the Final Jeopardy category was "Famous Presidential Mothers With Skunk Streaks in Their Hair." (d) Sorry, she's sticking to that cattle futures story.

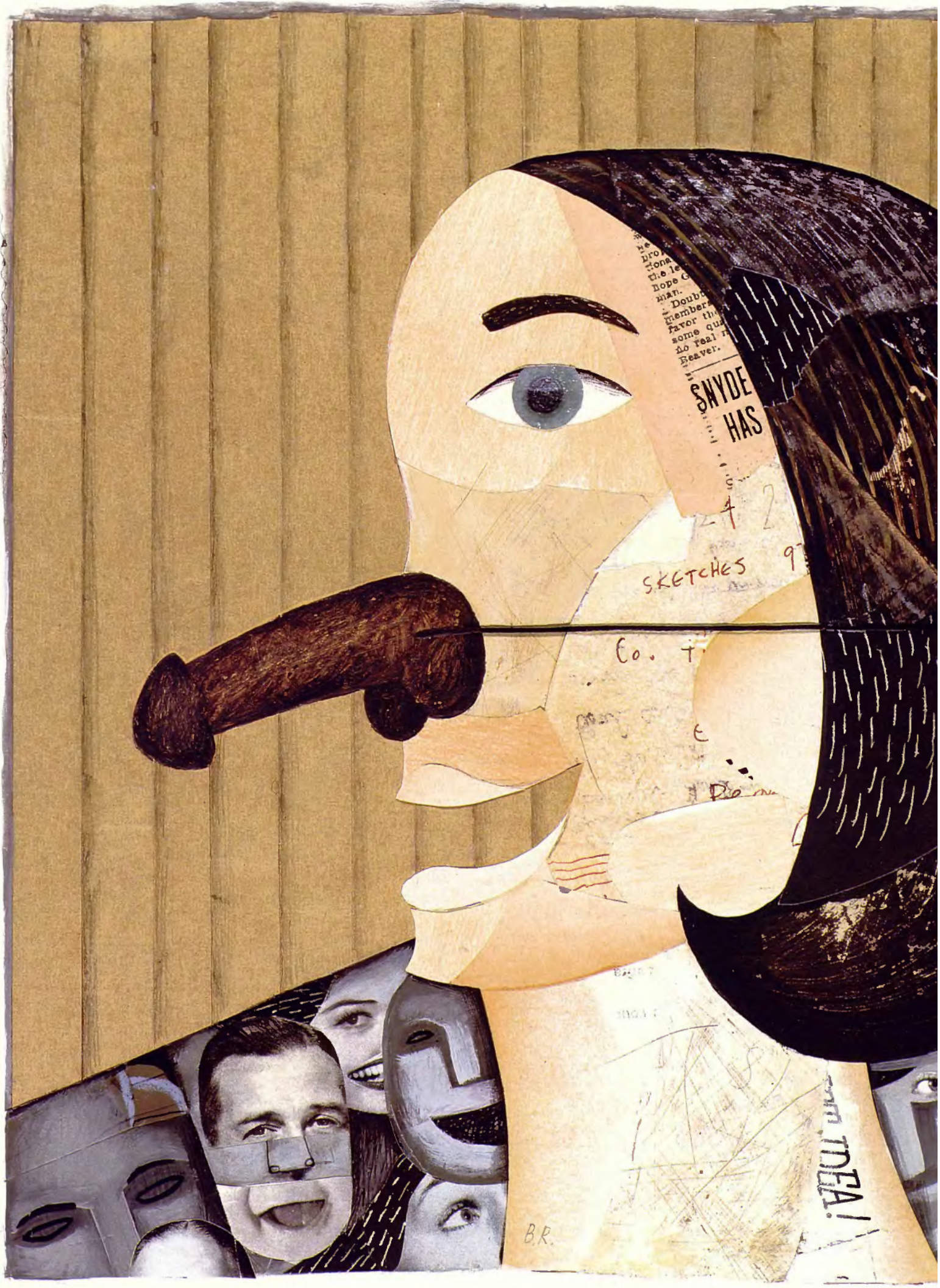
14. What kept Clinton from naming Zoe Baird or Kimba Wood to the post of attorney general?
(a) He found out they went to law school in Grenada. (b) He found out they had nanny problems. (c) They wouldn't kiss it. (d) They were dating Dick Cheney's daughter.



15. When Clinton started to deliver his February 1993 speech about health care before Congress, the wrong version was loaded into the Teleprompter. What did Clinton do?
(a) Masturbated into the sink. (b) Sang selections from the Judy Garland songbook. (c) Gave his State of the Union address again, and no one noticed. (d) Coolly carried on until the problem was fixed.

1. D 2. A 3. A 4. A 5. D 6. A 7. D
8. D 9. D 10. D 11. A 12. D 13. D
14. B 15. D

★★★★★★★★★★★★


SNYDE
HAS
SKETCHES
B.R.

SATURDAY NIGHT LEWD

EIGHT FEMALE COMICS TALK ABOUT SEX, SEX AND MORE SEX

BY
PAUL KRASSNER

I first met stand-up comic Beth Lapides in 1992. She had been doing a joke in her act about running for first lady: "It's such an important job. And how does she get it? Sleeping with the president." Then it occurred to her that "it would be a lot better to actually run than to just keep saying this joke. To do a sort of joke in action." And she put her career on hold so she could conduct her mock campaign. It was a "full-disclosure campaign," she told me. "I've smoked pot, not just to try it, but because I liked it. I inhaled, I exhaled, I used my entire respiratory system."

In 1993, Lapides became the mother of alternative comedy, giving birth to the Un-Cabaret, where comedians would talk about their experiences rather than their standard shtick. It opened for a three-week run at Luna Park, a Hollywood nightspot, and has been there ever since. Traditions have developed in the process. The annual Sex Show, for example. Here are highlights from the true confessions of female comics the past couple of years at the Un-Cabaret Sex Show, with Lapides providing the mortar between the bricks. After attending numerous times armed with my tape recorder, I came to feel like I was eavesdropping in the girls' locker room.

JUDY TOLL

I am a huge whore, and I'm also a really huge hypochondriac, so it's such a drag because I've actually been tested for AIDS more times than I've had sex. The last time that I had any real sexual activity was in March, and it was on the way home from my girlfriend's wedding. I was so depressed because I was engaged, she got engaged after me, and then mine fell apart and she got married. It was *(continued on page 112)*

ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN REA

Playboy's CHRISTMAS Gift GUIDE

spend it while you've got it

Hitachi's DVD-RAM camcorder, above right, uses rewritable DVD-RAM discs that enable you to skip ahead to favorite scenes or review what's been recorded. Each disc stores two hours, or about 2000 still images ($2000). Right: This machined-aluminum Aphrodite AvantGarde stereo system by TAG McLaren houses a CD player that delivers terrific sound, plus an FM-MW-LW tuner with radio text capability ($5500). It's connected to the company's 100-watt Calliope speakers ($3000 a pair). Below: Deutsche Optik's FotoSniper looks like it's right out of a James Bond film. The system includes a Russian-made Zenit 35mm camera fitted with a 300mm telephoto lens. It's mounted on a pistol grip with a removable shoulder stock ($599, including an additional lens, plus filters and a case). Next to it is Nikon's new Coolpix 880, a 3.34-megapixel digital camera that features a 2.5x lens and 11 scene-mode settings ($800).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

Top left: Sterling-silver cocktail shaker ($925) and jigger ($225), both from Classic Shaker. Persimmon-wood Smart Driver with a graphite shaft, from Louisville Golf ($375). Faber-Castell ballpoint pen, made of stainless steel and a race car's gold-embossed brake hose, from Porsche Design (about $150). Jorg Hysex carbon fiber pocketknife, from Swiss FineTiming ($400). Bowmore Voyage, a 112-proof Islay single malt (about $125), and the Pure Glass by La Maison du Whisky ($44 a pair). Left: Pioneer's DVR-2000, a DVD recorder that can be connected to your camcorder or television ($2500). Below: Blancpain Air Command self-winding chronograph ($9900), in a leather case ($300), both from Swiss FineTiming. Bottom right: Motorola's 3.86-ounce Talkabout T900 PIC receives e-mail, sends messages, and more ($200, plus monthly fee). Right: The Cobra ESD 9850 radar detector can alert you to seven speed-monitoring systems with info shown on its liquid crystal display ($250). Above: *Hollywood Candid: A Photographer Remembers* ($35), and *Nude Sculpture: 5000 Years* ($39.95).

The Avalanche 1.0 by GT Bicycles, above, is the model used by Playboy's X-treme Team in competition ($1200). Above left: Custom Shoei motocross helmet from Troy Lee Designs International ($1100). Helmets can be customized and cost from $200 to more than $1000. Next to helmet: Motocross racing goggles by Oakley ($60). Left: French Foreign Legion toy fort by Marlborough of England and Legionnaire toy soldiers and accessories by Mignot of France, from Bryerton's Military Miniatures ($1250); fort and Legionnaires can be purchased separately. Below: Harley-Davidson's Roadhouse Collection eight-foot pool table with mahogany finish, leather pockets and a slate bed ($4395).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 240.

Above: Bong ond Olufsen's BeoLob 1 twin six-foot loudspeokers ($7000) and BeoSound 9000 six-disc CD ployer ond radio ($4000). Above right: This 3.3-inch-deep Plasmavision SlimScreen 42" monitor by Fujitsu con hong on o woll or sit on o stond ond feotures inputs for HDTV, DVD ond computer ($16,000). Right: Felissimo's leather notebook organizer (about $400) hos o pocket, into which we've slipped a Nokio brushed-oluminum 8890 GSM cell phone that operotes worldwide (obout $1000). Below right: Beretta colfskin picnic cose with chrome-ond-leother thermoses, o sandwich compartment ond chrome cor-seot hooks ($675). Below: Compaq's iPaq is o computer for web browsers who don't need a full PC. It connects to the Internet via a 56K modem, ond the 10-inch monitor ond keyboord toke up minimol spoce ($600).

LEWD

(continued from page 107)

so depressing that on the way home I stopped off at my ex-fiancé's house and accidentally blew him.

Since I really have no sexual activity, I discovered something a few days ago that has changed my life forever—my new favorite porno video. Oh, my God, it's all Camp Pendleton marines jerking off one after the next, with this sleazy gay porno film director in the background who has somehow convinced them that if they do this he'll put them in porno movies with beautiful women. And they just do it. I can't get enough of it. And the weird thing is, none of them shows any expression. I guess they're so young they can just do it like that.

The director plays a porno video for them, so that's in the background and you hear "Ooh! Ooh!" But you just focus on the marines, that's all. So they're all watching the porn video—maybe it's the first one they've ever seen—and they're just doing their thing, and then when they come, nothing changes in their expression. Except for one guy, who goes, "Ah, here it comes, baby, ah, you fuckin' bitch, *you fuckin' bitch!*" One guy and that's it. He's kind of my boyfriend.

BETH LAPIDES

I actually read two things this week. I read in *Vogue* that sleep is the new sex, and I had ten hours two nights ago, so I am *high*. And I can't believe it took them this long to figure that out.

And then I read in *LA Weekly* that sex is the new religion. But if sex is the new religion and sleep is the new sex, then would that make sleep the new religion? Or religion the new sleep?

JULIA SWEENEY

I don't know if I happened upon it or what, but at the age of three I knew how to masturbate. So I would say, "Mom, I can do this thing that makes your whole body shake!" And then I would show her what I could do. And I'd go, "Oooh!" And then my mother would go—this fucked-up Irish Catholic—"I don't think you should do the thing that shall remain nameless."

When I was five and in first grade, on weekends I would masturbate—I didn't call it that, I didn't know what I was doing then—and I would come like 12 times in an hour. I'd just go *bam! bam!* And it was so much fun, and I kept trying to teach people how to do it. This was just the greatest thing, and I couldn't understand why everyone else didn't spend their weekends masturbating.

And then finally my mother sent me to a doctor, and they called it "hanging." My mom would say, "She's hanging again," because I would kind of hang on like a doorknob, and it was so intense and so much fun and it was really great. And then the doctor would say, "You're too young to be hanging on things." I never got what he was talking about. I never really felt like it was bad, even though they were telling me that. I just continued.

Then I got to high school, and suddenly the nuns got up and told us, "You shouldn't masturbate." And, of course, I didn't know what they were talking about. I did not correlate it to what I was doing. When I masturbated, I thought, I'm running down the street and somebody's running after me. My fantasy was like, "Oh, my paper's due tomorrow." I didn't even know it had anything to do with sex. I didn't know at all.

So the nuns would get up and say, "Masturbation is terrible, and it's a sin," and I would say, "Yes, it is." Of course, they didn't describe what it was. And I thought, Masturbation is terrible and you shouldn't do it. And I thought that until I was 17. And then I read *Our Bodies, Ourselves*, and I had this moment where I went, "Oh, my God, I have been masturbating my entire life."

Then I thought, I'm supposed to be aroused sexually and then I'm supposed to come? I couldn't figure out how those went together.

So it took a very long time for me to have a psychological meeting of the idea of being sexually aroused and coming at the same time. Now, I actually do. Once I connected with the idea, they *connected*, believe me. I would read stuff about women not being able to come, but my whole thing is trying *not* to come. It's a good problem.

BETH LAPIDES

Yoga is a very sexy way to work out. I think that anyone who pretends that yoga's not about sex is just lying to you, and if they're saying, "It's very spiritual," well, it's not as if spirituality and sex aren't connected.

Also, there are women in yoga class who wear leotards without any underpants—which is very yogic, apparently—except I can totally see their assholes. And I guess that's cool.

SABRINA MATTHEWS

I recommend engaging in recreational lesbianism. Don't worry particularly that you're going to hurt some lesbian. Probably you're not. Because we all have a straight woman at some point in our lives. It's something we have to do. When we sign the contract, they say, "Paragraph 4-E: This woman's going to come along, she'll be curious, and, you know, you're going to be first in line at the buffet that Sunday if you do her."

But, on the other hand, if you are curious, and you're a woman, and you meet a lesbian and you sort of come on to her and she says, "Oh, I've already had my straight woman," don't be offended, because one is our quota, and then we're done. Really, ask any lesbian. I'm not making this shit up.

When I moved to San Francisco, it was such a mind-fuck. Everything was freaky to me, like there were leather-clad women with tattoos. I called a friend who had moved to San Francisco a little earlier, thinking, OK, this will be my sort of oasis, and this is someone who can help me transfer to this really open sexuality that I may one day interpret as a paradise. But today it's just really freaky and terrifying, and I'd rather just drink in the corner at the bar.

I called her, and I had to leave a message on her answering machine. She called me back like ten minutes later. She said, "I'm really sorry but I recently got my nipples pierced, and I was changing my nipple ring, and the pain was so intense that the endorphin rush made me pass out, and I couldn't take your call."

BETH LAPIDES

I hear a lot of people talk about their sexuality in terms of Catholicism and guilt and everything, but you don't hear that many people talk about their sexuality in terms of Judaism. And there's a reason. I think my sexuality is connected to Judaism in a big way.

For instance, I have a dildo, and it's black, and we keep it in a drawer with the yarmulkes. We use them equally as much. Also, I think my sexuality blossomed on the bar mitzvah circuit, quite frankly. I went from one bar mitzvah party to another.

And—this is a weird beginning sexual experience—I was at an all-girls' summer camp, and we had socials with the boys' summer camp, and I snuck off with a boy from the dance into the woods or the tennis court or wherever you might go. I remember that he was feeling me up—that'd be second base—and he was going, "Yeah, the Jewish girls are the best." Suddenly, I did not feel sexy. I was like, "Take your hand off my breast." That's so weird. Isn't that like saying black men have the biggest dicks?

MARGARET CHO

I was living with this guy, and one night he was fucking me up the ass, and I'm laying there, and fortunately

(continued on page 200)

THE SCROTUM MONOLOGUES

the vagina monologues has been a big theatrical hit. we offer the male response

humor By Jonathan Reynolds

his underappreciated Calamansi Cauldron with a force that, over time, dehydrated and exhausted him. Eventually, Andy collapsed in a field near Boåt, and the fox ripped him to bits, beginning with his wrist. Needless to say, Andy's is not an isolated instance.

[*Slow fade to black. Audience crosses its legs*]

•

[*Lighting indicates seriousness of science. My concern grows*]

Although the tightenings and retractions, the ghastly castrations and big drops in temperature should fill our so-called history books, others have seen to it that they don't. Instead, the scrotum is branded as little more than a really ugly container for Man's Click-Clacks of Savagery. The psychological effects on at least one gender have been lacerating—and permanent. A group of leading professors at Johns Hopkins University has posited the Scrotal Effect, which, they theorize, has had more influence on world events and early male death than any other cause. Women don't realize that every time they say something even slightly caustic, or threatening, or demeaning, the scrotum reacts, either contracting or swelling. The resultant temperature change causes blockage of male fluid, which diverts to or expels from either the violent lobe or the silly, defeated lobe of one of the more important parts of the brain. House cats do not have the same *(concluded on page 234)*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CARLOS CARTAGENA

LEWD

(continued from page 107)

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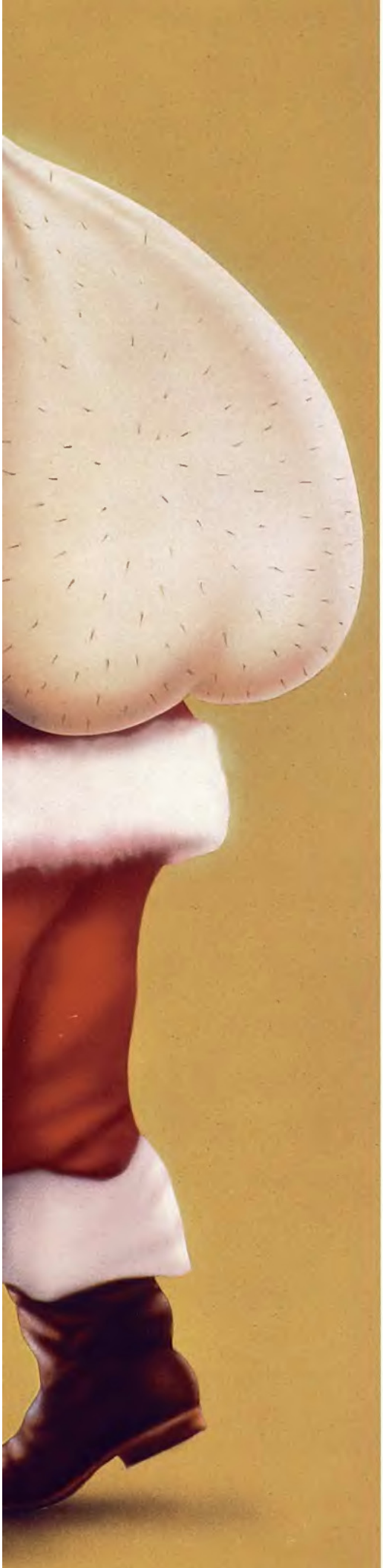

THE SCROTUM MONOLOGUES

the vagina monologues has been a big theatrical hit. we offer the male response

humor By Jonathan Reynolds

[*Warm lights. I enter*]

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome.

Here's a playful question I've asked all over the world during this wildly successful tour of my show: What would I call my scrotum if I could give it a name? I asked dozens of men—and women—this festive question, and the responses were as varied as the individual lines etched on the scrotal sac itself: Bristle-Boy, Governor Marbles, Taut Little Wonder, Tub o' Greatness, Tapioca Suitcase, Click-Clack, the Pouch for my Captain Queegies, Santa's Real Booty, Fetching Wrinkle Face, Clabber-Clabber, Grab 'Ems, Fuzzy Ole Guy, Balthazar, Charlie and Mismo. Isn't the liberation of saying these words empowering?

For centuries, scrotal nicknaming has been a subject discussed only in whispered undertones behind the occasionally velvet-lined doors of the unafraid. But now, as the millennium continues, every American should have the right to be free from the fear of naming and nicknaming private parts. In fact, please stand now and join me in liberating unison: [*Audience stands and chants*] SCRO-TUM! SCRO-TUM! SCRO-TUM SCROTUM SCROTUM! SCRO SCRO SCRO SCRO! TUM-TUM TUM-TUM! [*Audience sits*] Thank you. See? Feel the insulin flow, the blood pound? You can sense the terror evaporate from the theater like an ether. Am I right?

•

[*Lights to somber pink. I sit on a stool*]

Throughout the yellow-leaved annals of recorded time, my Scrotum and I have been through hell, thick and thin. Minimized by Praxiteles, pretty much ignored by Luther, vilified by Tipper at countless state dinners, the scrotum has few champions. Homer was an early exception. Blind though he was, he considered it "that pouting purse of pellets so easily vulnerabled." And in the Fifties the Robert Shaw Chorale indicated some appreciation of the scrotum's essential decency in its recording *We Love Our Shrinking, Tightening Cue-Ball Alembic*. But those instances are few and far between.

[*Lighting more stark. I stare out*]

The human toll from scrotal assault has been incalculable. My brother Andy, aside from just liking to say the word scrotum over and over, knew firsthand the humiliation scrota feel. In the early Nineties, through no fault of his own, he was chased through Denmark by a surprisingly persistent red fox. Each time Andy felt he had escaped, the fox would appear in the last-place-but-one that he (Andy) had looked, as in a dream, constricting his underappreciated Calamansi Cauldron with a force that, over time, dehydrated and exhausted him. Eventually, Andy collapsed in a field near Boåt, and the fox ripped him to bits, beginning with his wrist. Needless to say, Andy's is not an isolated instance.

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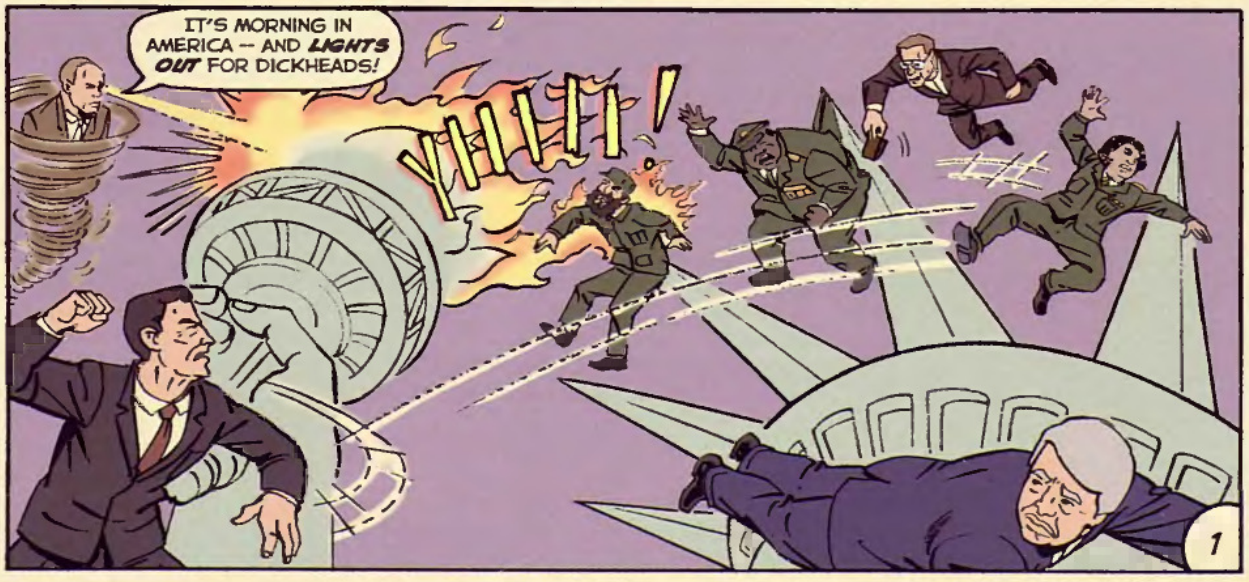
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CARLOS CARTAGENA

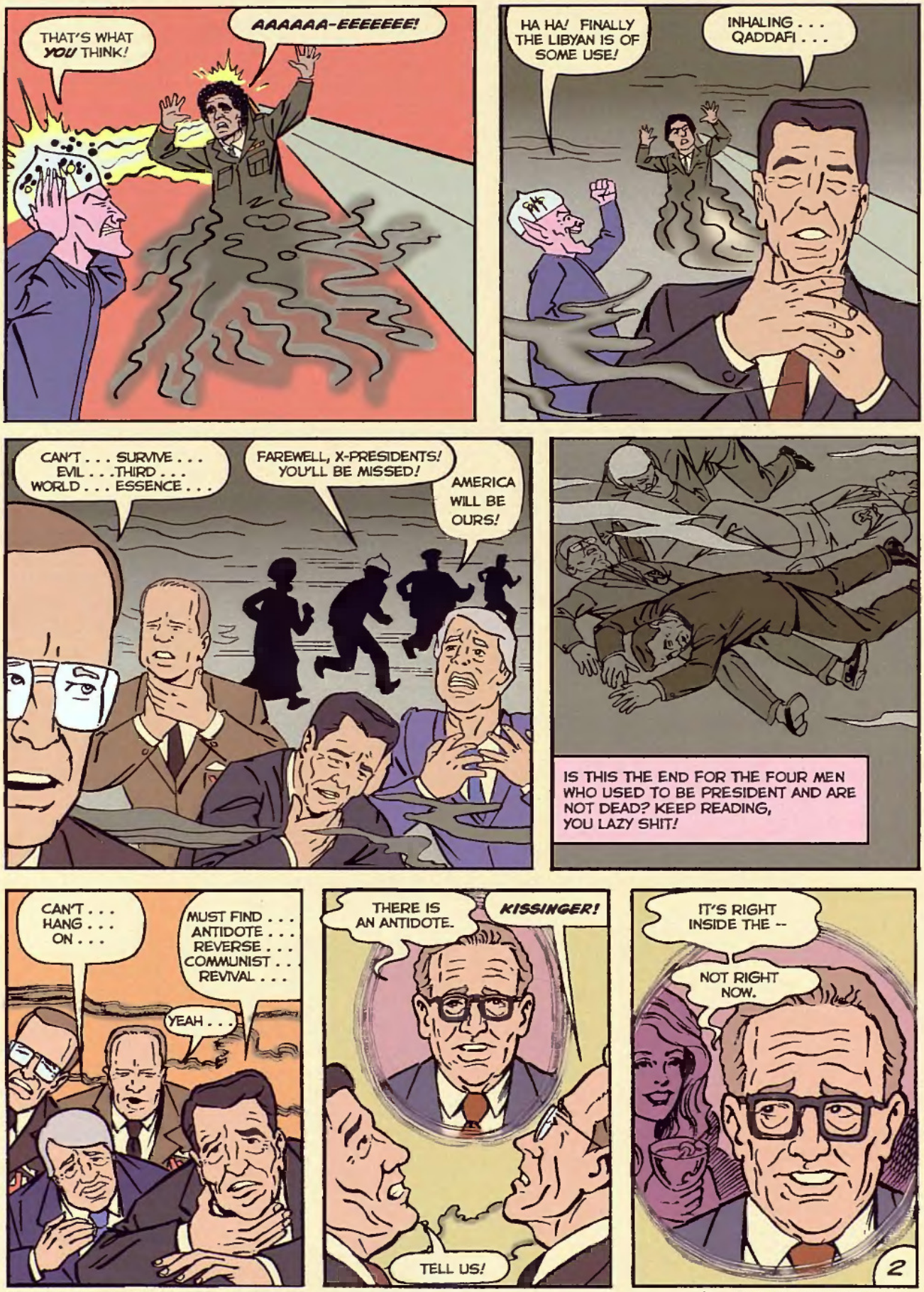
STRUCK BY A HURRICANE-POWERED DOSE OF RADIATION WHILE APPEARING AT A CELEBRITY GOLF TOURNAMENT, OUR FOUR FORMER PRESIDENTS ARE CHARGED WITH POWERS AND STRENGTH RENDERING THEM ALL THE MORE EXTRAORDINARY! THE FABULOUS FOURSOME FOR RIGHT AGAINST MIGHT!
X-PRESIDENTS
WRITTEN BY ROBERT SMIGEL/ ADAM MCKAY
ART BY WACHTENHEIM/MARIANETTI ANIMATION

THE FBI HAS NO CLUE AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY...
CNN
GOOD WORK, ELECTROBRAIN! WE SHALL DRAIN LADY LIBERTY OF HER AMERICAN INGENUITY!
HA! AMERICA'S WILL IS BROKEN!
EXCELLENT!
THAT CIGAR IS THE DEVIL!
IT'S GETTING OLD, BIN LADEN.

THE X-PRESIDENTS!

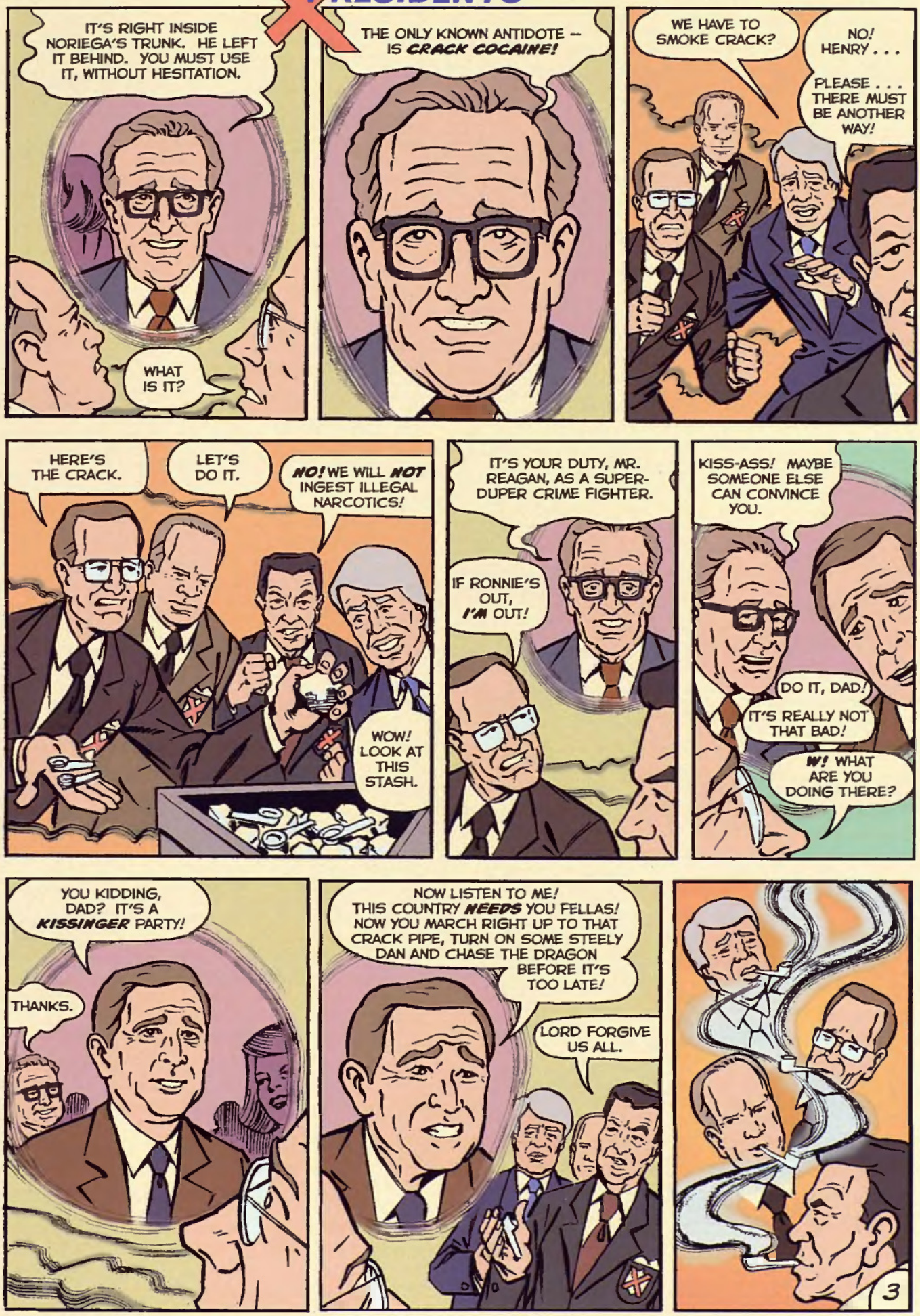
WELCOME TO OPERATION DESERT WHUPASS!

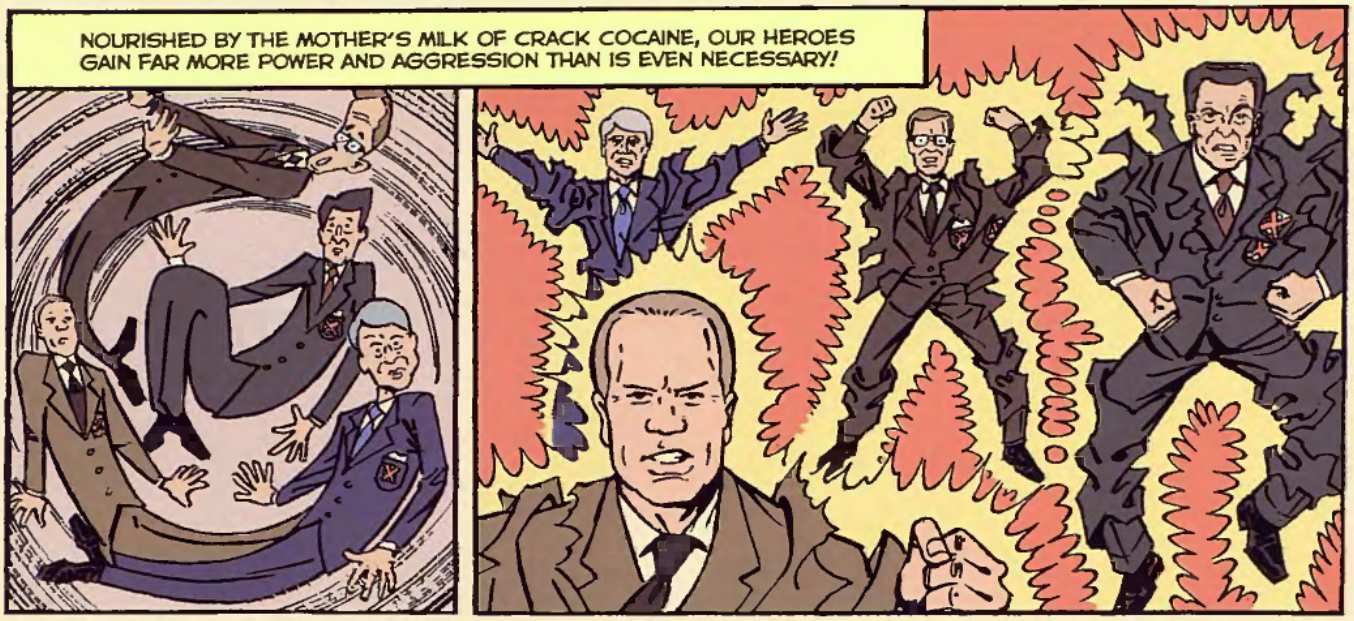

IT'S MORNING IN AMERICA -- AND LIGHTS OUT FOR DICKHEADS!
YHHH!
1

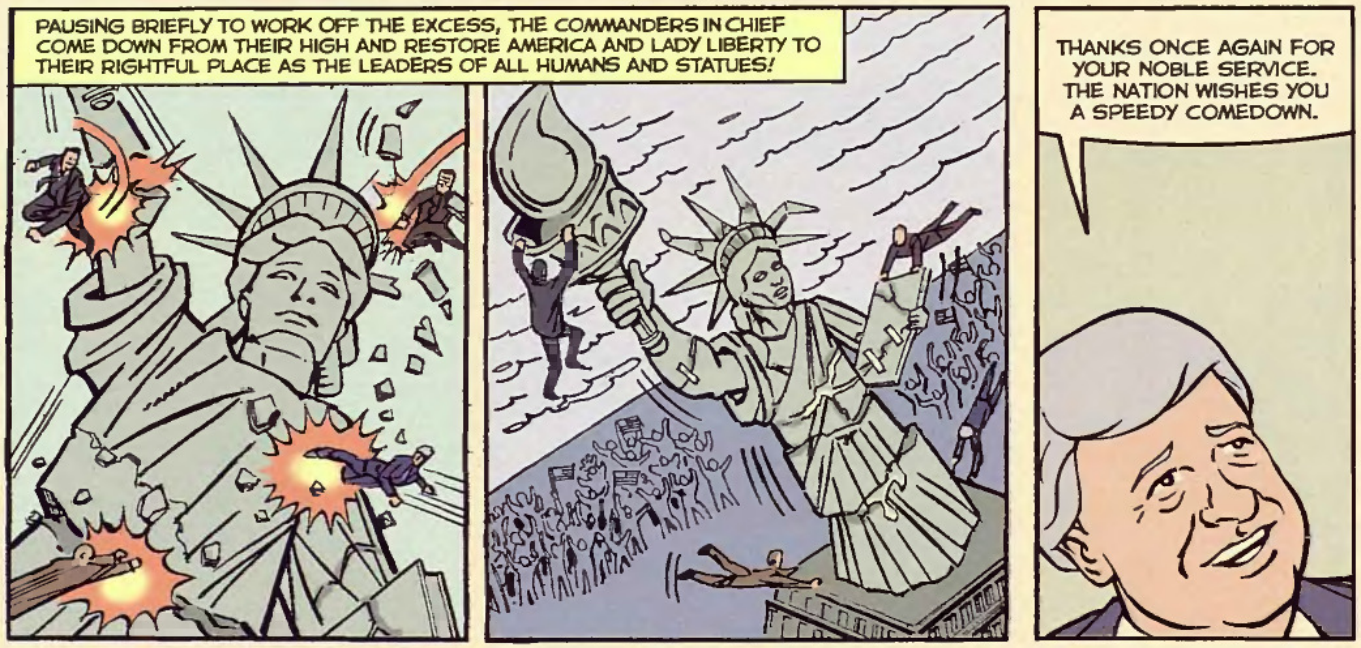

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
AAAAAA-EEEEEEE!
HA HA! FINALLY THE LIBYAN IS OF SOME USE!
INHALING . . . QADDAFI . . .
CAN'T . . . SURVIVE . . . EVIL . . . THIRD . . . WORLD . . . ESSENCE . . .
FAREWELL, X-PRESIDENTS! YOU'LL BE MISSED!
AMERICA WILL BE OURS!
IS THIS THE END FOR THE FOUR MEN WHO USED TO BE PRESIDENT AND ARE NOT DEAD? KEEP READING, YOU LAZY SHIT!
CAN'T . . . HANG . . . ON . . .
MUST FIND . . . ANTIDOTE . . . REVERSE . . . COMMUNIST . . . REVIVAL . . .
YEAH . . .
THERE IS AN ANTIDOTE.
KISSINGER!
TELL US!
IT'S RIGHT INSIDE THE --
NOT RIGHT NOW.
2

X-PRESIDENTS, No. 279, Sept. 2000. By Robert Smigel and Adam McKay. Published monthly by RANDOM HOUSE COMICS GROUP, Random Blvd., New York, N.Y. 10001. Seymour Fennenbaum, Editor. Bob McAdoo, Editorial Director. My Son-in-law, Waste of Space. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT SPARTA, Ill. under the Find Some Use For Sparta, Ill. Act of March 3, 1874. Subscriptions: U.S., $49.95 for 12 issues. CANADA, $85.95 for 12 issues. Screw you, Canada. We don't want you. All other foreign, eat me. You're not getting a copy. For advertising rates address Richard A Lehman & Co., New York, N.Y. Tell them you'd like to advertise and would like to know the rates. Ask them if there's a way the rates could be sent to you, or perhaps just read over the phone. Better yet, let me call. You'll just fuck it up. Copyright National Broadcasting Casserole, Inc. 1997. All rights reserved under the Pan-American and Sino-American Copyright Conventions and Slave Trade Cooperations. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are absolutely hilarious. Kudos to all involved. No actual persons, living or dead, will buy this book.

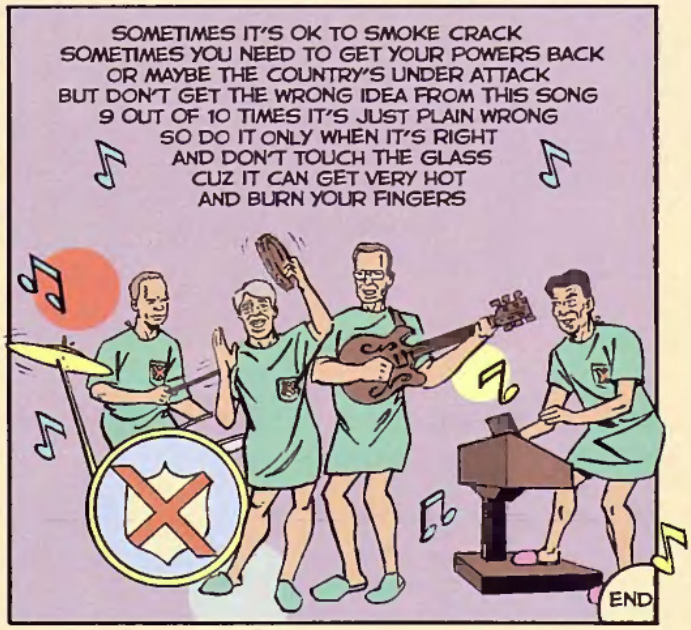
"This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor is a mutilated condition, nor affixed to a dead raccoon, nor rolled up for use as a dildo, nor with the words 'Andrew says hi and to call him' written on it, nor with a photo of Castorhea tucked inside the pages, nor with any smartass comments about my son's boyfriend, nor on the blanket of some Indian guy on the street or any foreign guy whatsoever."


IT'S RIGHT INSIDE NORIEGA'S TRUNK. HE LEFT IT BEHIND. YOU MUST USE IT, WITHOUT HESITATION.
WHAT IS IT?
THE ONLY KNOWN ANTIDOTE -- IS CRACK COCAINE!
WE HAVE TO SMOKE CRACK?
NO! HENRY . . .
PLEASE . . . THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY!
HERE'S THE CRACK.
LET'S DO IT.
NO! WE WILL NOT INGEST ILLEGAL NARCOTICS!
WOW! LOOK AT THIS STASH.
IT'S YOUR DUTY, MR. REAGAN, AS A SUPER-DUPER CRIME FIGHTER.
IF RONNIE'S OUT, I'M OUT!
KISS-ASS! MAYBE SOMEONE ELSE CAN CONVINCE YOU.
DO IT, DAD!
IT'S REALLY NOT THAT BAD!
W! WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?
YOU KIDDING, DAD? IT'S A KISSINGER PARTY!
THANKS.
NOW LISTEN TO ME! THIS COUNTRY NEEDS YOU FELLAS! NOW YOU MARCH RIGHT UP TO THAT CRACK PIPE, TURN ON SOME STEELY DAN AND CHASE THE DRAGON BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
LORD FORGIVE US ALL.
3


NOURISHED BY THE MOTHER'S MILK OF CRACK COCAINE, OUR HEROES GAIN FAR MORE POWER AND AGGRESSION THAN IS EVEN NECESSARY!


PAUSING BRIEFLY TO WORK OFF THE EXCESS, THE COMMANDERS IN CHIEF COME DOWN FROM THEIR HIGH AND RESTORE AMERICA AND LADY LIBERTY TO THEIR RIGHTFUL PLACE AS THE LEADERS OF ALL HUMANS AND STATUES!
THANKS ONCE AGAIN FOR YOUR NOBLE SERVICE. THE NATION WISHES YOU A SPEEDY COMEDOWN.

WE'VE LEARNED THAT WITH GREAT POWER COMES GREAT RESPONSIBILITY.
OH. NOW YOU TELL ME.
BETTY FORD CENTER
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA


SOMETIMES IT'S OK TO SMOKE CRACK
SOMETIMES YOU NEED TO GET YOUR POWERS BACK
OR MAYBE THE COUNTRY'S UNDER ATTACK
BUT DON'T GET THE WRONG IDEA FROM THIS SONG
9 OUT OF 10 TIMES IT'S JUST PLAIN WRONG
SO DO IT ONLY WHEN IT'S RIGHT
AND DON'T TOUCH THE GLASS
CUZ IT CAN GET VERY HOT
AND BURN YOUR FINGERS
END

OK
Menu
OK
4 GHI
2 ABC
7 PQRS
5 JKL

phone Sex humor

by richard lewis

being in love means never getting a busy signal

ALTHOUGH THE ear, nose and throat guy dismissed it out of hand, I was still convinced that the sleazy advertising executive whose phone number I got at a bar in Soho—where we met and made out briefly while standing next to the jukebox—was the sole reason for my inner-ear infection, and that I had contracted it only moments after my orgasm during phone sex with her the night before. It came as no surprise, really. Because when Charlene came over the phone, she shrieked in a way I had thought until that moment was reserved only for struggling young actresses in the middle of a desperately-off-the-mark audition for a role in some exploitative horror flick.

If the truth be known, I believe that I deserve any hearing problems I get from this charade of intimacy. I really do. I'm nothing but a "phone-orgasm junkie-monkey." That's how an ex-girlfriend labeled me at an emergency counseling session just hours after she caught me (in our bed, alone) fucking someone else (verbally)—or so she thought. She barged into our bedroom with the force of the LAPD on an ill-advised drug bust, flaunting the Polaroid camera she had niftily grabbed on the run from the hall closet, all the while screaming like some aboriginal chieftain.

At any rate, you can imagine my soon-to-be-ex-girlfriend's embarrassment when she caught me in bed whacking *(concluded on page 196)*

COLLAGE BY JANET WOOLLEY

Blair Witch Bombshell

erica leerhsen casts her spell

If you plan to see *Blair Witch 2: Book of Shadows*, prepare to have a stake driven through your heart. Of the movie's many surprises, the debut performance of Erica Leerhsen is the most striking. A few years ago Erica was skipping across the stage as Ariel in *The Tempest* at Boston University's School of the Arts. One giant leap later, this sylph found herself whirling around a sapling on the set of *Book of Shadows*. "It was freezing," she says. "They put heated Astroturf under my feet. I've never been so naked in the woods for so long before in my life." Since she plays a modern-day witch, we asked her about Wiccan love. "I always take the role of seducer," she says with the confidence of a 24-year-old who's never been told no. "I cast a romantic spell with a long, drawn-out date, starting with drinks. I'd talk about sex and my past experiences to create an air of excitement. Actually, I'm not necessarily romantic. I'm more wild. One of the cards in my deck is a mutual seduction of someone else, a third party. I'd paint a fantasy of that, then drop in that I've been there. That's a trick I'd use to figure him out, gauging his reaction. Some guys are overly enthusiastic about it and that blows it for me." Spellbound? If you want to break out of the trance, they're selling cures at the multiplex for $8 a pop.

"I don't know about 'faithful,' but the 'come' part we like."

success for miss december comes wrapped in a tall package

CARA MIA!

Miss december Cara Michelle has always stood a head above the rest. The statuesque 6'2" native Hawaiian knows it's all in the genes. "My height comes from my German background," she says. "My mom is 5'9", my dad is 6'4", and my brother and sister are both over six feet tall. I'm used to people staring and making comments about me. It bothered me when I was younger and less secure, but now I don't even notice."

One would think everyone gets noticed on an island as small as Hawaii's Molokai, which Cara describes as having "about 6500 people, one high school, one town." But the 22-year-old home-schooled beauty spent only one year in a traditional high school environment. "The basketball coach would not leave me alone," she explains. "I was the tallest person in the school except for the captain of the boys' basketball team." Did this make dating an uphill battle? "I didn't have a boyfriend," she says. "I had braces and frizzy hair and weighed a hundred pounds—just dorky. I grew up with my horses, one of which won a prize in a rodeo. I was the only one who could ride him because he'd dump everyone else. He was like my best friend."

Cara explored the other fruits of her tropical playground, spending her time surfing, sailing and scuba diving, but she got antsy for a change of pace. "I traveled to New York on a modeling job when I was 14," she says. "Once I got my first check after I got home, I said, 'What am I doing here? The whole world is waiting!' That's how I became a handful."

After modeling lingerie and swimwear in New York, Milan, Greece and Istanbul for four years, our nomad temporarily

Although she's our Miss December, Howoii-born Cara only recently experienced a white Christmas. "I moved to New York during the blizzard of 1996 and froze my butt off," she says. "I didn't even know how to dress for it. I'm like, 'What is going on?'"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA

Cara is not starry-eyed about fame and fortune. "I dated someone who had two jets and houses all over the world," she says. "I got a peek into that world, and I realized that unless you're grounded, money just brings confusion into your life. I'm looking for something much simpler."

settled in Boston to earn a degree in liberal arts from Fisher College. "My mother believes that I'll never stay anywhere for more than six months," Cara says. "I always seem to abandon my apartments and move in with people I just met. Traveling this much makes long-term relationships difficult because you walk in and out of friends' lives constantly and can't really keep in touch with the people you meet all over the world. My phone bill is big enough as it is already!"

But Cara might not have to worry about that phone bill for long—she's been busy writing songs and has even landed a few walk-on parts in some high-profile films. "I got a part in *Crocodile Dundee in LA* for one reason: When the director saw me, he nearly fell out of his chair. He said, 'Oh my God, you look like Elle Macpherson's little sister. I don't care if you can act or not, you've got the part.' I just wish my bank account looked like hers!" Cara also appears in *Bedazzled*, starring Elizabeth Hurley and Brendan Fraser. "It was my big debut," she jokes. "I flick my panties onto Brendan Fraser's head as he's walking through a nightclub and ask him to call me."

Although she thinks she should learn to finish one thing before starting something new, Cara has never been afraid of meeting new challenges. "I throw my heart, soul and body into whatever I decide to do. I just go for it."

MISS DECEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Cara Michelle

BUST: 34c WAIST: 26 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 6'2" WEIGHT: 135

BIRTH DATE: Feb. 1, 1978 BIRTHPLACE: Hawaii

AMBITIONS: To do the best I can at everything I decide to do – To give 100%!

TURN-ONS: Genuine affection, kisses and cuddles in the morning. Ice cream in the middle of the night.

TURNOFFS: lame tall-girl comments, overactive egos, macho "tough guy" acts, judgmental people, men who don't respect their mothers, drunk ramblings.

MY FAVORITE WAY TO LET LOOSE: I burst into song! I grew up singing in church and now work with a guitar player (coming up with new songs) whenever I get the chance. It's a fun way to express myself and unleash havoc!

MY LIFE PHILOSOPHY: In everything be thankful to God. Experience everything now and save yourself the midlife crisis later!

My very first Pro photo Shoot at 13 yrs.

My dog, with a much more stylish hairdo than mine!

No girl can grow up in Hawaii without learning to shake her Hula Hips!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man came home from work, sat in his easy chair in front of the TV and said to his wife, "Gimme a beer before it starts." Fifteen minutes later he said, "Gimme another beer before it starts." A few minutes later he again asked for beer.

"Don't you think you've had enough?" his wife complained. "It hasn't been half an hour since you got here and you've already had two beers. You're nothing but a drunken couch potato!"

The husband rolled his eyes. "Now it starts," he moaned.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Just as John and his wife started to make love, their six-year-old son burst into the room. "What are you doing, Dad?" he asked.

"You know how you've always wanted a brother?" the father asked. "I'm putting a brother inside your mom and he'll join our family in nine months." The boy thanked his parents and closed the door.

The next evening the dad found the boy in front of the house, crying. "What's the matter, son?"

"Dad, you know how you were putting a brother inside Mom for me?" the kid said. "Well, the mailman ate him this morning."

What are the three words you really don't want to hear while you're making love? "Darling, I'm home."

A young man was sitting on a train across from a blonde wearing a miniskirt. Despite his efforts he was unable to stop staring, and to his delight he soon realized she wasn't wearing any panties. The blonde noticed his stares. "Are you looking at my pussy?" she asked.

"Yes," the embarrassed man said. "I'm terribly sorry."

"It's quite all right," she said. "It's a very talented pussy. Watch this—I'll make it blow a kiss to you." Sure enough the pussy blew him a kiss. The man inquired what else the wonder pussy could do. "I can also make it wink," she said. The man stared in amazement as the pussy winked at him. "Come sit next to me," she said. When he did, she said, "Would you like to stick a couple of fingers in?"

"Wow!" the fellow exclaimed. "You mean it can whistle, too?"

A group of conservationists was trying to convince Wyoming ranchers to use more-humane methods of controlling the coyote population. Rather than shooting them, they proposed the animals be captured alive and the males castrated and released.

"That's a really fine idea," one rancher said. "But I don't think you understand the problem. These coyotes ain't fuckin' our sheep, they're eating them!"

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: An older Jewish man married a young woman, and though they were very much in love with each other, the wife could never achieve an orgasm. They decided to ask the rabbi for advice.

The rabbi listened to their story and made the following suggestion: "Hire a strapping young man. While the two of you are making love, have him wave a towel over you. That will help the wife fantasize and should bring on an orgasm."

The couple did as the cleric suggested, and as they made love the fellow sensuously waved a towel. But despite a lengthy lovemaking session, the wife was still unsatisfied. They were willing to try anything, so after a brief discussion they decided to reverse positions, with the young man in bed and the husband waving the towel.

The young man got to work with great enthusiasm and the wife soon had an earthshaking orgasm. The husband smiled. "You see, young fella," he said triumphantly, "that's the way to wave a towel!"

A blonde was standing in front of a soda machine muttering, "You are a dumb-looking button. You don't have much of a future, either. You're going to be replaced by a much better looking button."

"What are you doing?" her girlfriend asked.

The blonde quickly pointed to the sign on the front of the machine that read DEPRESS BUTTON FOR ICE.

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.

"Aw, Santa baby. Don't y' remember? You used t' get down there 'n' do that cute li'l doo-wop thing!"

buddy dreamed of kaytalugi and its man-hungry, insatiable naked women. willis knew islands where having sex was like shaking hands

fiction By Paul Theroux

AND NEVER plump your foot straight into your shoe in the morning," Willis said. Anyone could tell from the way he parted his lips and leered that he knew he had a meaningful gap between his two front teeth.

We waited for more, the five of us—Sandford, Ruddle, Peewee, Buddy and me—but I was on duty. Saturday night, quieter than usual in Paradise Lost, my wife, Sweetie, bowling with her team in Pearl City. At the other, quieter side of the bar, men whispered to their wives, or girlfriends—romance on the lanai, under the hula moon.

"I did it once in the Philippines," Willis went on. He sipped his drink, sucking it through the gap.

Drunks can be smilingly patient. Everyone was drunk but me. This was one of those evenings, like a meeting of chiefs, Buddy and his pals not listening, just taking turns to talk. Tran the bartender kept the glasses filled.

"There was a centipede inside," Willis said at last. "That cured me."

"That's in the book," Buddy said.

The book was *The Sexual Life of Savages* by Bronislaw Malinowski. Buddy had bought it for the title alone, believing it was racy. Discovering that it was anthropology, describing village life in the Trobriand Islands, he boasted that it proved he was an intellectual, and flashed it like a badge, saying, "I'm real area-dite." He said he had plenty he could tell Malinowski, but when I mentioned that the man was dead, he shouted, "I should write a fucking book! You'd help me, wouldn't you?"

"Sure."

Buddy's favorite section of the book described the island of Kaytalugi, populated entirely by man-hungry women who went about naked. The island was to the north of the Trobriands, two days' rough sailing, but it was worth it: The women were voracious and insatiable. They waited on the beach, and when men arrived the women pounced upon them. Buddy loved the part about the women using the men's fingers and toes when their penises were limp. Boys were sometimes born to the women of Kaytalugi, but they were fucked to death before they grew old. Buddy dreamed of going to Kaytalugi, as intensely as the men of the Trobriands.

"I am in the Philippines once. Nice place," Tran said, pouring gin, jerking caps off beer bottles, and no one heard what he said for his being an employee.

"I've seen *(continued on page 172)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE MCKEAN

"Oh, very well—but don't wake your father or me and be sure to share everything you get with your little sister!"

playboy's college basketball preview

OUR ANNUAL ROUNDUP OF THE BEST TEAMS AND PLAYERS

Playboy All-America forward Shane Battier will help Duke wrest another national championship, its first since 1992.

sports
By GARY COLE and DAVID KAPLAN

For a while now, college basketball has been losing its best players as early entrants into the NBA. We were thankful that Magic and Isiah gave their schools and fans two years each before turning pro. Michael, Hakeem and Shaq gave us three. There was always more talent to recruit, new stars to be made. However, when Kevin Garnett jumped directly from high school to the Timberwolves in 1995 and Kobe Bryant skipped college in 1996 to join the pros, there was no comparable talent on the college scene to take their places. The enormous entertainment and commercial success of March Madness may have masked the problem, but as more players leave college early or go directly to the NBA from high school, the quality of college basketball has deteriorated.

This past June, 27 university and two more high school players chose to play for money instead of college. Eleven gave up two years of eligibility; three gave up three years; two passed on all four. Were they wrong? Darius Miles and DeShawn Stevenson, the two high school players, weren't. They went third and 23rd in the first round and are young millionaires. Next year, the two best high school players in the nation will likely be the first two picks in the 2001 NBA draft. College basketball will take it on the chin again.

If Magic, Isiah, Michael and Shaq were seniors in high school this year, would any of them play college basketball? How about Chris Webber, Jason Kidd, Allen Iverson? Or Karl Malone, Larry Bird or Hakeem Olajuwon? Chances are most would go pro, or if they did play college ball it would be for a short period of time. With the best college players staying for only a year or two, coaches are forced to recruit harder. The temptation to shortcut the rules becomes even greater.

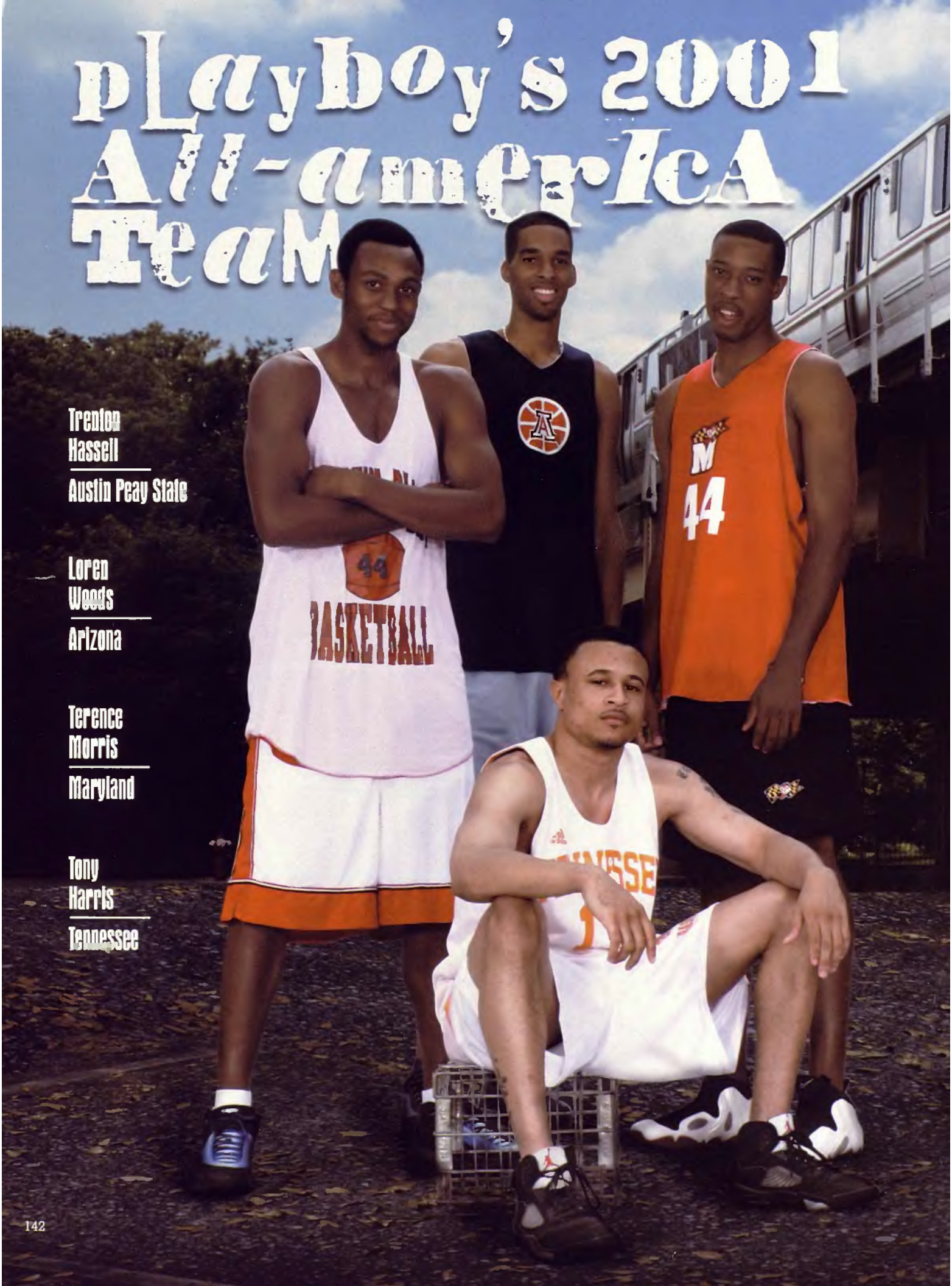
Should the NBA establish a minimum age rule for draft eligible players? Can the NCAA improve the lot of college players, providing them with minimum stipends and liberalizing rules that result in hardships for players from poor families? The NCAA fat cats will tell you over martinis and jumbo shrimp cocktails that there simply isn't enough money to go around. And coaches with million-dollar contracts point to the value of a college education as they interview for an even higher paying job. But without some sort of transfusion, college basketball will only continue its decline.

Of course, the biggest news of the hoops year was Indiana's firing of Hall of Fame coach Bobby Knight. Knight survived at IU as long as he did because he was a great teacher of the game and charismatic fodder for the media, didn't cheat and graduated his players. His assistant Mike Davis inherits one of Indiana's most talented teams in years, but it's impossible to predict whether the Hoosiers can recover sufficient equilibrium to be a factor on the national scene—or even in the Big 10. Knight himself may not go quietly into the night, because he wants to be the all-time winningest coach in college basketball. Our guess is that after a fishing trip or two, he will land a job to reach that goal, at the same time giving ESPN enough soundbites to carry them for another decade. However, even without Knight and that long list of blue-chip underclassmen turned pro, there's still a season to be played. Let's take a look at which teams have the talent and moxie to make it all the way to the Final Four in Minneapolis.

(1) DUKE

The Blue Devils have seven former McDonald's All-Americans on their roster, more than any other school in the country. That deep talent base combined with one of the greatest

playboy's 2001 All-America Team

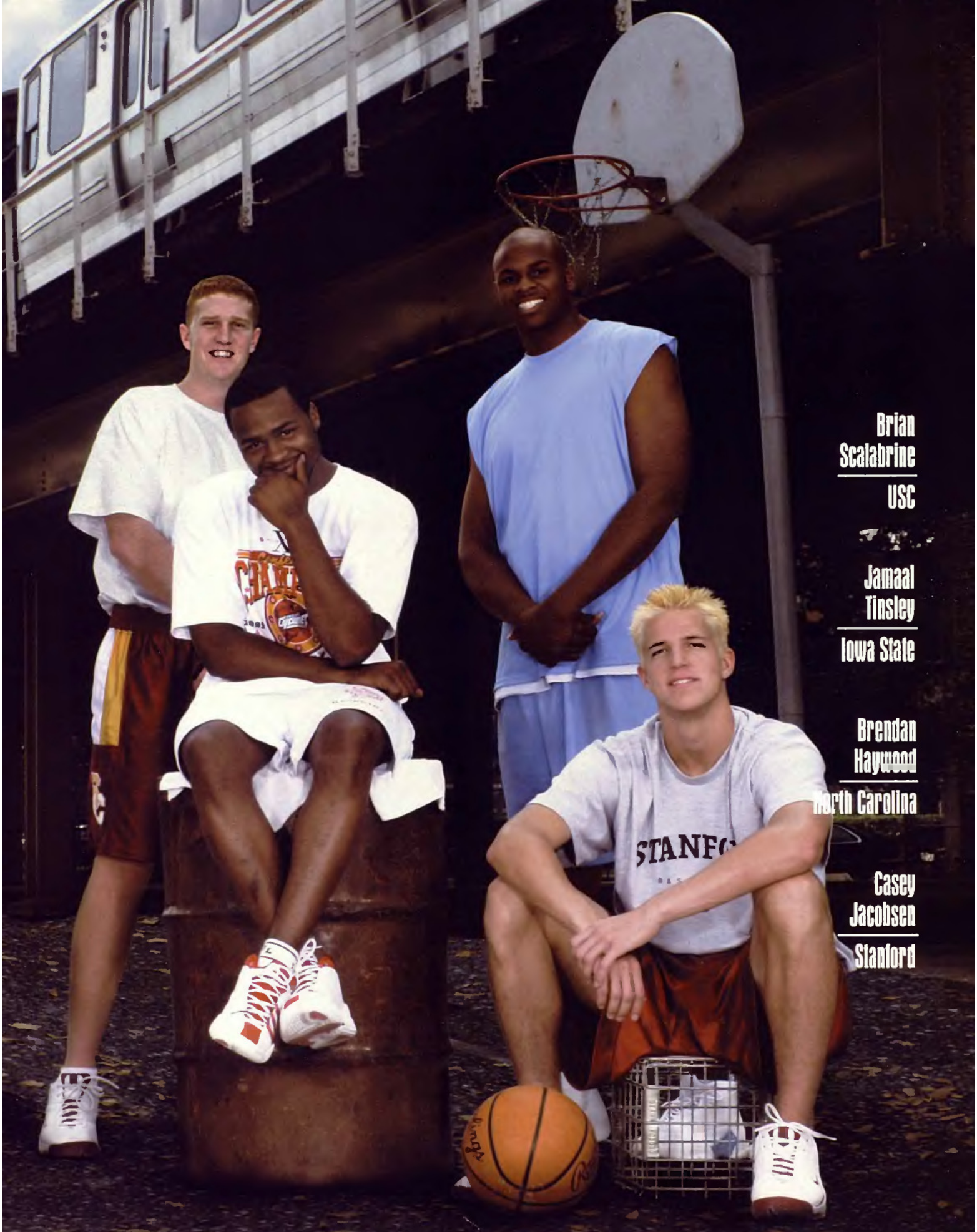


Trenton Hassell
Austin Peay State

Loren Woods
Arizona

Terence Morris
Maryland

Tony Harris
Tennessee



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

playboy's Top 30

(1) DUKE
(2) ARIZONA
(3) MARYLAND
(4) ILLINOIS
(5) TENNESSEE
(6) NORTH CAROLINA
(7) MICHIGAN STATE
(8) KANSAS
(9) SETON HALL
(10) UCLA
(11) KENTUCKY
(12) STANFORD
(13) NOTRE DAME
(14) VIRGINIA
(15) WISCONSIN
(16) DEPAUL
(17) FLORIDA
(18) WAKE FOREST
(19) UTAH
(20) ARKANSAS
(21) CONNECTICUT
(22) IOWA STATE
(23) USC
(24) DAYTON
(25) NORTH CAROLINA STATE
(26) MISSOURI
(27) CINCINNATI
(28) GEORGETOWN
(29) IOWA
(30) MISSISSIPPI STATE

coaches in the history of college basketball, Mike Krzyzewski, makes Duke our choice to cut down the nets next April. Yes, the Blue Devils lost ACC Player of the Year Chris Carrawell to graduation, but they added a future superstar in guard Chris Duhon of Slidell, Louisiana, who will make an immediate impact in Durham. In addition, sophomore swingman Mike Dunleavy is fully recovered from a bout with mononucleosis that sidelined him for part of his freshman campaign; he should emerge as a star this season. Inside, Duke is big and strong, with 6'8" Shane Battier a legitimate candidate for National Player of the Year. He'll have help from 6'9" Carlos Boozer and 6'6" Nate James. Add standout point guard Jason Williams, and you have a team that should be booking rooms for the Final Four—plus an extra seat on the charter home for a championship trophy.

(2) ARIZONA

With four trips to the Final Four and a national championship on his résumé, Lute Olson knows all about coaching great talent. But this year's edition of the Wildcats could be Olson's finest. All five starters from last season are back, and each averaged double figures in scoring. The Arizona offensive attack begins with center Loren Woods, a 7'1" intimidator who can score in any number of ways and is a future NBA lottery pick—if he avoids the back problems that plagued him last season. The Wildcats' guards are as good a pair as there is in college basketball, with Jason Gardner running the show from the point and Gilbert Arenas providing scoring and a high-wire act from the wing guard spot. Flanking Woods at the forwards are swingman Richard Jefferson, who can score in transition as well as from the perimeter, and power forward Michael Wright, who scores in the paint, rebounds, defends and is one of the premiere players in America. In addition, Arizona's bench is deep, with size and athleticism up and down the roster. Add it all up, throw in the fact that the Wildcats were upset by Wisconsin in the second round of last season's NCAA tournament, and you have a team hungry to regain the height. If they do, Olson should have another ring on his finger.

(3) MARYLAND

In an era when players leave school early or never attend college at all, it's refreshing to see a surefire lottery pick turn down the millions and return to school as a senior. That's what 6'9" forward Terence Morris did to help his teammates win a national title. With every scholarship player from last season returning, Maryland has enough experience to live up to its ranking. Morris is obviously the focus of coach Gary Williams' offense. Not only can he run the court in transition, but he also crashes the boards hard at both ends of the floor. Defensively he's an intimidating shot blocker. With star guard Juan Dixon (who averaged 18 points per game) and center Lonny Baxter (who tossed in nearly 16 points per game along with nine rebounds per game and 2.3 blocks), you have a triumvirate of talent. Added to this group is transfer Byron Mouton, the scoring guard from Tulane, where he was the Green Wave's best player. He sat out last season and is good enough to earn a starting spot. Coach Williams is extremely popular with the Maryland faithful. His legend should grow when he takes the Terrapins to the Final Four for the first time ever.

(4) ILLINOIS

This year's edition of the Fighting Illini was supposed to be the team that launched Lon Kruger back into the spotlight. Illinois could end up in the Final Four, but the coach will be Bill Self, who bolted Tulsa for the prestige and opportunity to win a championship. Kruger, who called this team the most talented he had ever assembled, left Champaign for the NBA and a fat contract with the Atlanta Hawks. Now Self will try to mold the cast of players into a national championship contender. Nine of the team's top 10 scorers return, including star guard Cory Bradford, who averaged 15 points per game and has unlimited range from the perimeter. Inside, the Illini will look to 6'9" Marcus Griffin, a dominant force in the paint, along with 6'10" Brian Cook, a former McDonald's All-American. The bench is loaded with size, and swingmen Sergio McClain and Lucas Johnson add much-needed toughness. If Self can get this group to adapt to his up-tempo style, Kruger may regret going to the pros.

(5) TENNESSEE

The Vols were a perennial doormat until coach Kevin O'Neill arrived from Marquette and began recruiting busloads of All-Americans to Knoxville. O'Neill left for Northwestern, but his replacement, Jerry Green, picked up where he left off. With more stars, the Vols have caught the national spotlight the past two seasons. Now Green is aiming for the Final Four. The offense, however, has to overcome the assist-to-turnover ratio of 481–520 that plagued the 1999–2000 club. Besides point guard Tony Harris, swingman Vincent

(continued on page 188)

"Relax, Ebenezer. I'm the ghost of Christmas yet to come."

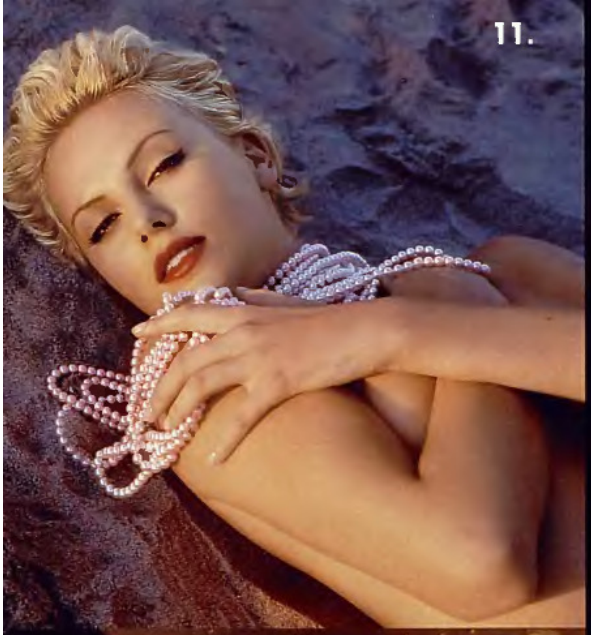
SEX STARS 2000

PLAYBOY has never been much for astrology, but we can't help notice the millennial change in the cosmos. How else explain the sexual energy of those burning bodies with staying power, like Halle Berry and Cameron Diaz? How else explain some of the delightful behavior to affect our celestial darlings, such as the urge to get nude? From Caprice to Charlize ("I love to go naked," she proclaimed) to Mena Suvari, everyone who dared, bared it. Jennifer Lopez did it in a dress; Hilary Swank did it as a boy. Along with Britney's navel-baring crop tops, it promises a new century of skin. Or should we say sin—and thank Angelina? Oh brother. Lastly, no one knows what astral influence possessed Darva Conger to marry her multimillionaire on national television. The fallout—for us, at least—was heavenly.

1.

2.

1. **HILARY SWANK** Switch hit
2. **ANGELINA JOLIE** Tattoo you
3. **HALLE BERRY** *X*-hilarating
4. **CAMERON DIAZ** Charlie girl
5. **RUSSELL CROWE** Roamin' hero
6. **CINDY MARGOLIS** Download diva
7. **BRANDE RODERICK** *Baywatch* this
8. **GEORGE CLOONEY** The *Perfect* star
9. **MENA SUVARI** All-American
10. **JENNIFER LOPEZ** What an *Angel*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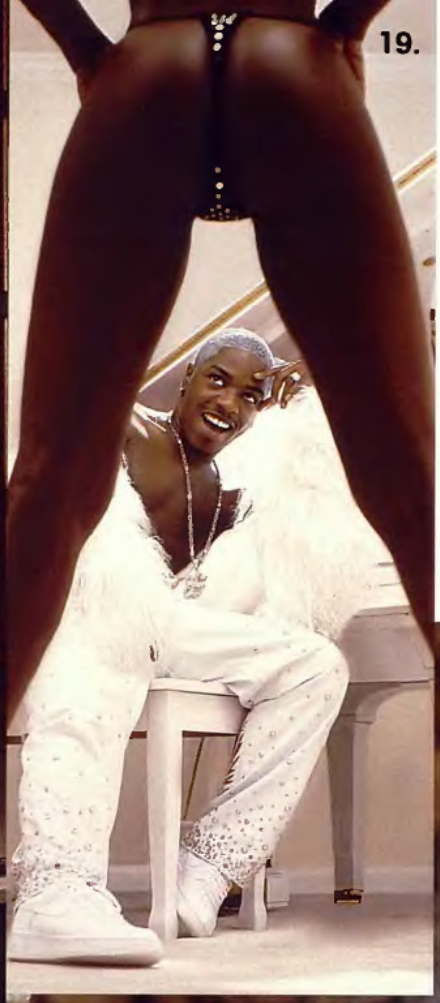


19.

20.

21.

11. **CHARLIZE THERON** Skin is in

12. **CHYNA** Body slam

13. **SALMA HAYEK** Go sizzle

14. **HEATH LEDGER** Hunky Aussie

15. **TYRA BANKS** *Coyote* beautiful

16. **TIGER WOODS** Lord of the links

17. **SANDY AND MANDY BENTLEY** Hef's honeys

18. **BRITNEY SPEARS** Oh, baby, baby

19. **SISQÓ** It's a thong thing

20. **KRISTIN DAVIS, SARAH JESSICA PARKER, KIM CATTRALL, CYNTHIA NIXON** *Sex and the City*'s fab four

21. **PAMELA ANDERSON** Free at last

18.

22. **CAPRICE** Singing our song

23. **ELIZABETH HURLEY**
She devil

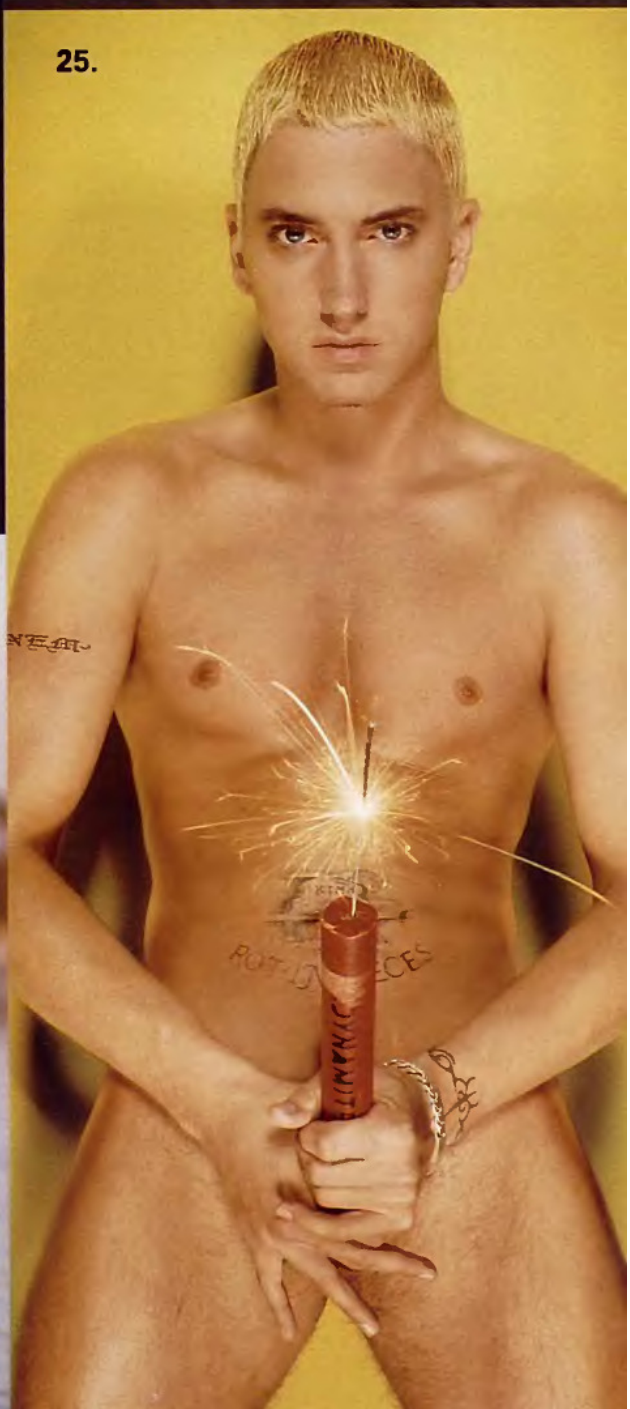
24. **JAIME BERGMAN**
Beach Playmate

25. **EMINEM** Blasting off

26. **MARIA GRAZIA CUCINOTTA**
Mama mia, all mia!

27. **JODI ANN PATERSON and VERNE TROYER**
Maxi-she, mini-he

28. **DARVA CONGER**
Thank you, Rick Rockwell



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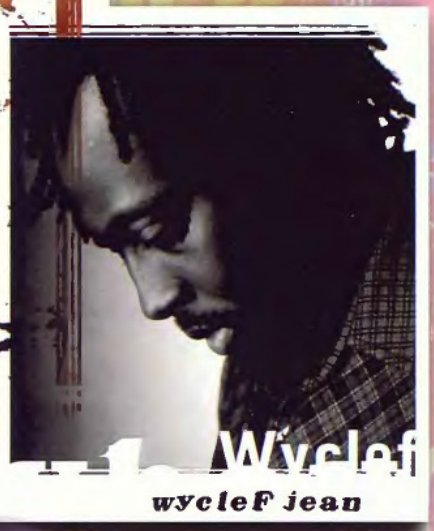


Playboy Jazz & Rock Poll 2000

the year in music

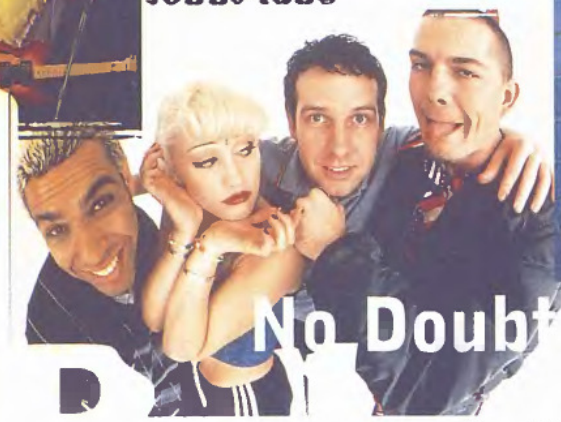
by Dave Hoekstra

This year in music was hardly ho-hum. Popular music in 2000 was a hybrid of belly-jeweled teen sensations, boy-toy bands, old-fart reunion tours, cutie-pie country, postmodern blues and rap dramatics. Digital distribution through Napster and MP3 made the world smaller. Musical genres both meshed and clashed; some styles were new and others were rehashed.

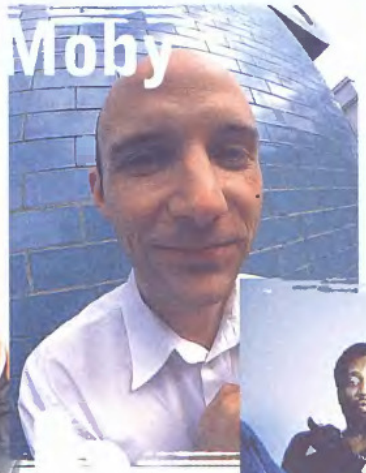
Cultural and musical counterpoints created the biggest sparks in rap. On "The Marshall Mathers LP," Eminem juxtaposed lyrical, poetic raps against violent themes. He spewed angst on race and drugs. He is a master, spot-welding rhymes and cadence with cunning word *(continued on page 204)*

Eminem became the scary-era Elvis for a new generation

jonny lang



no doubt



moby

wu-tang clan

"Britney Spears succes
randy girl power most r
the Spice Girls."

detach here

Rock

FEMALE VOCALIST

- ☐ Macy Gray
- ☐ Annie Lennox
- ☐ Jennifer Lopez
- ☐ Madonna
- ☐ Aimee Mann
- ☐ Sinéad O'Connor
- ☐ Carly Simon
- ☐ Britney Spears
- ☐ Gwen Stefani
- ☐ Tina Turner

_____

MALE VOCALIST

- ☐ Marc Anthony
- ☐ Richard Ashcroft
- ☐ Beck
- ☐ Jon Bon Jovi
- ☐ Kid Rock
- ☐ Lenny Kravitz
- ☐ Dave Matthews
- ☐ Bruce Springsteen
- ☐ Sting
- ☐ Rob Thomas

_____

GROUP

- ☐ Foo Fighters
- ☐ Hanson
- ☐ Korn
- ☐ Limp Bizkit
- ☐ Metallica
- ☐ North Mississippi Allstars
- ☐ Pearl Jam
- ☐ Red Hot Chili Peppers
- ☐ Sleater-Kinney
- ☐ Third Eye Blind

_____

INSTRUMENTALIST

- ☐ Clarence Clemons
- ☐ Flea
- ☐ B.B. King
- ☐ Jonny Lang
- ☐ Moby
- ☐ Carlos Santana
- ☐ Richard Thompson
- ☐ Lars Ulrich
- ☐ Chris Whitley
- ☐ Alvin Youngblood Hart

_____

ALBUM

- ☐ *Battle of Los Angeles*—Rage Against the Machine
- ☐ *Binaural*—Pearl Jam
- ☐ *Brand New Day*—Sting
- ☐ *Chocolate Starfish*—Limp Bizkit
- ☐ *Fold Your Hands Child*—Belle and Sebastian
- ☐ *Music*—Madonna
- ☐ *On How Life Is*—Macy Gray
- ☐ *Return of Saturn*—No Doubt
- ☐ *Songs from an American Movie*—Everclear
- ☐ *Supernatural*—Carlos Santana

_____

Mail your entry no later than December 15, 2000.

Rap-R&B

FEMALE VOCALIST

- ☐ Bahamadia
- ☐ Mary J. Blige
- ☐ Toni Braxton
- ☐ Mariah Carey
- ☐ Da Brat
- ☐ Eve
- ☐ Janet Jackson
- ☐ Lil' Kim
- ☐ Pink
- ☐ Kelly Price

_____

MALE VOCALIST

- ☐ D'Angelo
- ☐ DMX
- ☐ Dr. Dre
- ☐ Eminem
- ☐ Wyclef Jean
- ☐ Brian McKnight
- ☐ Mos Def
- ☐ Nas
- ☐ Sisqó
- ☐ Carl Thomas

_____

GROUP

- ☐ Bone Thugs-N-Harmony
- ☐ Cypress Hill
- ☐ De La Soul
- ☐ Destiny's Child
- ☐ En Vogue
- ☐ Lucy Pearl
- ☐ Outkast
- ☐ Roots
- ☐ Slum Village
- ☐ Wu-Tang Clan

_____

ALBUM

- ☐ *Dr. Dre 2001*—Dr. Dre
- ☐ *The Ecleftic*—Wyclef Jean
- ☐ *Tha G-Code*—Juvenile
- ☐ *The Heat*—Toni Braxton
- ☐ *Jazzmatazz: Street Soul*—Guru
- ☐ *The Marshall Mathers LP*—Eminem
- ☐ *Mountain High, Valley Low*—Yolanda Adams
- ☐ *Voodoo*—D'Angelo
- ☐ *Where I Wanna Be*—Donell Jones
- ☐ *The Writing's on the Wall*—Destiny's Child

_____

"Old rock acts didn't need reissu
goes on forever for Bob Dylan, w
anybody—even Phil Lesh."

fully played into the
cently exploited by

Concert

- ☐ Ricky Martin
- ☐ Tim McGraw and Faith Hill
- ☐ Jimmy Page and the Black Crowes
- ☐ Phish
- ☐ Rhyme and Reason 2000
- ☐ Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band
- ☐ George Strait Country Music Festival
- ☐ Summer Sanitarium
- ☐ Tina Turner
- ☐ Up in Smoke Tour

soundtrack

- ☐ *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me*
- ☐ *Big Momma's House*
- ☐ *Coyote Ugly*
- ☐ *High Fidelity*
- ☐ *M:I-2*
- ☐ *Music From the Motion Picture Magnolia*
- ☐ *Next Friday*
- ☐ *Nutty Professor II: The Klumps*
- ☐ *Romeo Must Die*
- ☐ *Shaft*

projects. The road
o will tour with

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PLACE STAMP HERE

Playboy Jazz & Rock Poll 2000

P.O. BOX 11236
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE ZIP CODE

detach here

RETURN ENVELOPE

detach here

Hall Of Fame

- ☐ Clash
- ☐ Sam Cooke
- ☐ Aretha Franklin
- ☐ Dizzy Gillespie
- ☐ Al Green
- ☐ Merle Haggard
- ☐ Carole King
- ☐ Jerry Lee Lewis
- ☐ Joni Mitchell
- ☐ Van Morrison
- ☐ Ozzy Osbourne
- ☐ Charlie Parker
- ☐ Ramones
- ☐ Lou Reed
- ☐ Smokey Robinson
- ☐ Run-DMC
- ☐ U2
- ☐ Muddy Waters
- ☐ Jackie Wilson

SINGLE OF THE YEAR

_____

_____

_____

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VIDEO OF THE YEAR

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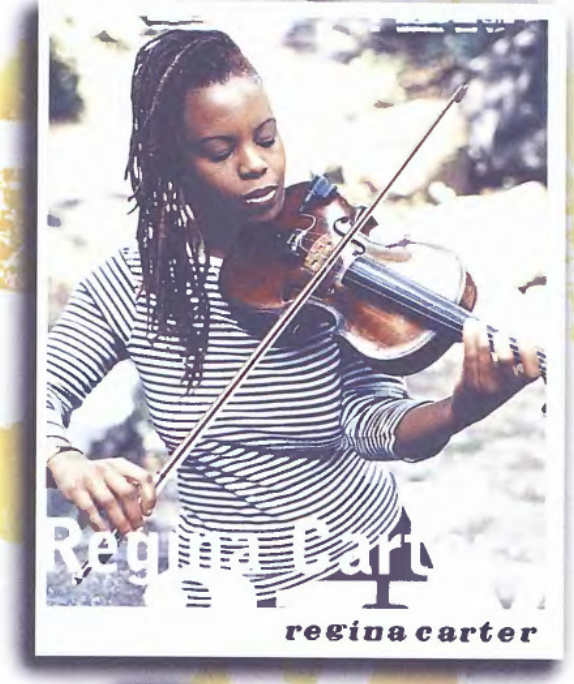
"The last time teen music ruled the world like this (1971, with the Osmonds and the Jackson 5), the natural counterreaction helped stoke the careers Carly Simon, Alice Cooper and Steve Miller."



Jazz

FEMALE VOCALIST

- ☐ Patricia Barber
- ☐ Dee Dee Bridgewater
- ☐ Rosemary Clooney
- ☐ Lalah Hathaway
- ☐ Diana Krall
- ☐ K.D. Lang
- ☐ Dianne Reeves
- ☐ Diane Schuur
- ☐ Keely Smith
- ☐ Cassandra Wilson

MALE VOCALIST

- ☐ Tony Bennett
- ☐ Andy Bey
- ☐ Harry Connick Jr.
- ☐ Kurt Elling
- ☐ Jon Hendricks
- ☐ Dr. John
- ☐ Kevin Mahogany
- ☐ Frank McComb
- ☐ Bobby McFerrin
- ☐ Jeffery Smith

GROUP

- ☐ Buena Vista Social Club
- ☐ Ravi Coltrane Quartet
- ☐ Eight Bold Souls
- ☐ Bela Fleck & Flecktones
- ☐ Dave Holland Quintet
- ☐ Boney James/Rick Braun
- ☐ Pat Metheny Trio
- ☐ Greg Osby Quintet
- ☐ Tito Puente Orchestra
- ☐ Rippingtons

INSTRUMENTALIST

- ☐ James Carter
- ☐ Regina Carter
- ☐ Ornette Coleman
- ☐ Dave Douglas
- ☐ Charlie Hunter
- ☐ Joe Lovano
- ☐ Leon Parker
- ☐ Tito Puente
- ☐ Cuong Vu
- ☐ Matt Wilson

ALBUM

- ☐ ***Complete Hot Five and Hot Seven Recordings***—Louis Armstrong
- ☐ ***Dusk***—Andrew Hill
- ☐ ***Equal Interest***—Equal Interest
- ☐ ***Facing Left***—Jason Moran
- ☐ ***Invisible Hand***—Greg Osby
- ☐ ***Ken Burns Jazz: The Story of America's Music***
- ☐ ***Layin' in the Cut***—James Carter
- ☐ ***Malinke's Dance***—Marty Ehrlich's Traveler's Tales
- ☐ ***Moment to Moment***—Roy Hargrove
- ☐ ***Tonic***—Medeski Martin and Wood

Country

FEMALE VOCALIST

- ☐ Emmylou Harris
- ☐ Faith Hill
- ☐ Shelby Lynne
- ☐ Reba McEntire
- ☐ Jo Dee Messina
- ☐ Dolly Parton
- ☐ Kelly Willis
- ☐ Lee Ann Womack
- ☐ Chely Wright
- ☐ Trisha Yearwood

MALE VOCALIST

- ☐ Clint Black
- ☐ Johnny Cash
- ☐ Steve Earle
- ☐ Merle Haggard
- ☐ Alan Jackson
- ☐ Toby Keith
- ☐ Tim McGraw
- ☐ Kenny Rogers
- ☐ George Strait
- ☐ Dwight Yoakam

GROUP

- ☐ Asleep at the Wheel
- ☐ Blackhawk
- ☐ Brooks and Dunn
- ☐ Dixie Chicks
- ☐ Judds
- ☐ Kinleys
- ☐ Lonestar
- ☐ Shedaisy
- ☐ Wilco
- ☐ Wilkinsons

ALBUM

- ☐ ***Breathe***—Faith Hill
- ☐ ***Dwightyoakamacoustic.net***—Dwight Yoakam
- ☐ ***How Do You Like Me Now?!***—Toby Keith
- ☐ ***I Hope You Dance***—Lee Ann Womack
- ☐ ***Let's Make Sure We Kiss Goodbye***—Vince Gill
- ☐ ***Mermaid Avenue Vol. II***—Billy Bragg and Wilco
- ☐ ***People Like Us***—Aaron Tippin
- ☐ ***Real Live Woman***—Trisha Yearwood
- ☐ ***Transcendental Blues***—Steve Earle
- ☐ ***Under the Influence***—Alan Jackson

detach here

XMA
MER
John Dempsey

Celebrity Christmas Carols

humor By Robert S. Wieder

Alan Greenspan

(To the tune of *Hark! The Herald Angels Sing!*)

Hark! the Wall Street anglers cry,

"You've raised interest rates too high!"

Look, I'm just inflation's foe,

So, stock market, down you go.

For investors, it's been stormy;

That'll teach them to ignore me.

I warned all in '99:

"Cool your greed, or court decline."

So stop griping, gentlemen.

Or I'll jack up rates again.

Rick Rockwell and Darva Conger

(To the tune of *I Saw Three Ships*)

We saw our ship come sailing in,
When Fox TV sent out its plea:
"Agree to marry a stranger, and
You'll be incredibly famous."

The outcome sucked, drew boos and jeers,
But pumped some life into Rick's career,
And Darva did well posing here:
We made a buck—who can blame us?

At Christmas, we're annulled, it's true—
We milked the bit, and then we split
But hold your judgment, 'cause lots of you
Got hitched for reasons much dumber.

Before our morals you would dis,
Just bear in mind: If we'd found bliss
TV'd be loaded with shows like this;
Your brains would be even number.

Regis Philbin

(To the tune of *The 12 Days of Christmas*)

On the first day of Christmas, you see me on TV—
Rewarding schmucks for trivialities.

On the second day of Christmas, I'm on my morning show—
(It's better with Miss Sweatshop gone, you know.)

On the third day of Christmas, I'm back on "Millionaire"—
Though you want to, you just can't leave your chair.

On the fourth day of Christmas, I'm ratings king once more—
(That's so much more refined than ratings whore.)

On the fifth day of Christmas, I'm on Discovery—
Where a team of surgeons clears my arteries.

On the sixth day of Christmas, I'm on both more and night—
It's dawning on you: I'm too big to fight.

On the seventh day of Christmas, I'm on "Late Night" again—
Making bypass jokes with David Letterman.

On the eighth day of Christmas, again I'm in prime time—
And by now, you would rather watch a mime.

On the ninth day of Christmas, a grateful ABC
Kills Peter Jennings, gives his job to me.

On the tenth day of Christmas, now every time I ask–
"Is that your final answer?" you shriek, "Yes!"

On the eleventh day of Christmas, with way too much ado—
I play a narc on "NYPD Blue."

On the twelfth day of Christmas, my infomercial flies—
I pitch my line of shirts and shiny ties.

On the last day of Christmas, it's ominously clear—
You're doomed to "total Reege" for one more year.

Sean "Puffy" Combs

(To the tune of *O Christmas Tree*)

Who dissin' me? You dissin' me?
Damn, you know that pisses me.
Motherfucker mess with me,
His sorry ass is history.
[Chorus]
I'm Bad Boy; front my enemies.
I'm down with several felonies.
And underneath my Xmas tree?
Lots of nice new weaponry.

Oh, listen to this shit from me,
Talking like some gangster
And not the one-man industry
That I really am, sir.
[Chores]
I've restaurants and a fashion line,
Enjoy the Hamptons, drink fine wine,
And Donald Trump's a friend of mine—
Please, judge, don't make me do the time.

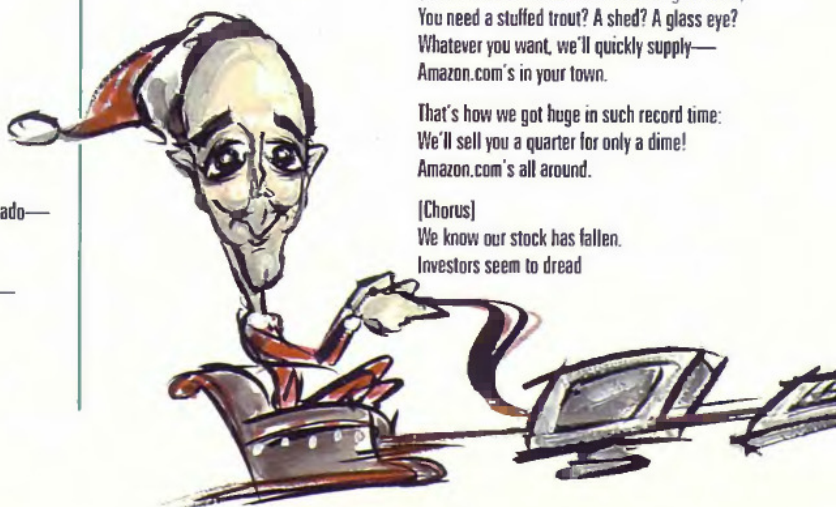
Jeff Bezos

(To the tune of *Santa Claus Is Coming to Town*)

You need a stuffed trout? A shed? A glass eye?
Whatever you want, we'll quickly supply—
Amazon.com's in your town.

That's how we got huge in such record time:
We'll sell you a quarter for only a dime!
Amazon.com's all around.

[Chorus]
We know our stock has fallen.
Investors seem to dread



Eminem

(To the tune of *The Holly and the Ivy*)

The body in my ivy
Is just some queer I hacked
Up with razor blades.
Now I think I'll trade
My young daughter for some crack.

I said my mom's done more dope than me.
Now dear Ma is on a suing spree.
And I might do time
For some thuggy crime:
It's all great publicity.

My music's filled with hatred
For a world that will not see
When I tell my wife,
"Shut! Just take your life!"
It's a cry for sympathy.

If you find my songs repulsive,
That just gives me Christmas joy:
When the grown-ups shit,
It's a surefire hit
With the average teenage boy.

There's just one little flaw in
My raging street rap act:
Though it works for me, in reality,
"Eminems" are never black.

Rudy Giuliani

(To the tune of *The First Noel*)

The worst Noel
That I've ever known:
My career plans, my marriage,
my prostate—all blown.
Chemotherapy, how swell.
And if that's not enough,
My wife did some play
Where they talk with their muff.
Pure hell, pure hell,
It's been pure hell.
Plus, I found out Dad did jail time as well.
The truth to tell,
I suspect I've been cursed:
Sharpton hired some witch doctor
And said, "Do your worst."
But what definitely hurts
Like chewing ground glass
Is knowing I could've kicked Hillary's ass.
Oh well, why dwell?
I should just wish you well.
But you know me. So this Yule: Go to hell.

Elian Gonzalez

(To the tune of *I'll Be Home for Christmas*)

I'm back home for Christmas,
Not the States, alas.
I miss that fun, when everyone
Lined up to kiss my ass.

Thanks for nada, Reno.
No mas Disney's land.
I'm getting socks and tetanus shots
This Christmas—ain't that grand?

Only one advantage
To Cuba, do I see:
That loca Marisleysis
Can't get her hands on me.

Britney Spears

(To the tune of *Jingle Bell Rock*)

"Imbecile, imbecile, imbecile rock,"
Critics exclaim. They envy my fame.
Bashing and trashing me 'cause I don't write
Or play or sing so well; such spite.

My demographic's a white girl, age 10.
Scoff all you want, she's got cash to spend.
Tell Aguilera that when you're this hot,
Grammys don't mean squat.

Boy do I get criticizing—
It gives "rock purists" fits
That I buy all the songs I sing.
(And please, no cracks about my tits.)

Holiday joy I wish to them all,
Despite all their mean harangues—
Thanks to "imbecile rock" I'm worth
20 K.D., 20 K.D., 20 K.D. Langs.

The fact that when we reach the black
They'll probably be dead.

I thought up "e-commerce," and millions got hooked.
Now I'm worth billions (well, last time I looked).
Amazon.com will rebound.

[Chorus]
Pros said, "You'll blow a fortune."
I said, "That's quite all right."
They said, "You're crazy as a loon."
Gee, maybe they were right.

At holiday time, I wish you good cheer,
And fervently hope that this time next year,
Amazon.com's still around.

John Rocker

(To the tune of *White Christmas*)

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas.
Now watch the press make hay with that!
They'll call me a bigot
Again, but frig it:
'Cause bad press can't mess with my stats.

Sports journalists can bite my ass.
If they don't like you, you get skinned.
But they don't trash assholes
Who've got great fastballs;
You're not a "sicko" if you win.

I'm sorry I said gays, Arabs
And welfare moms are all a blight.
But before I get too contrite,
I'll bet most fans think that I was right.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOE FOURNIER

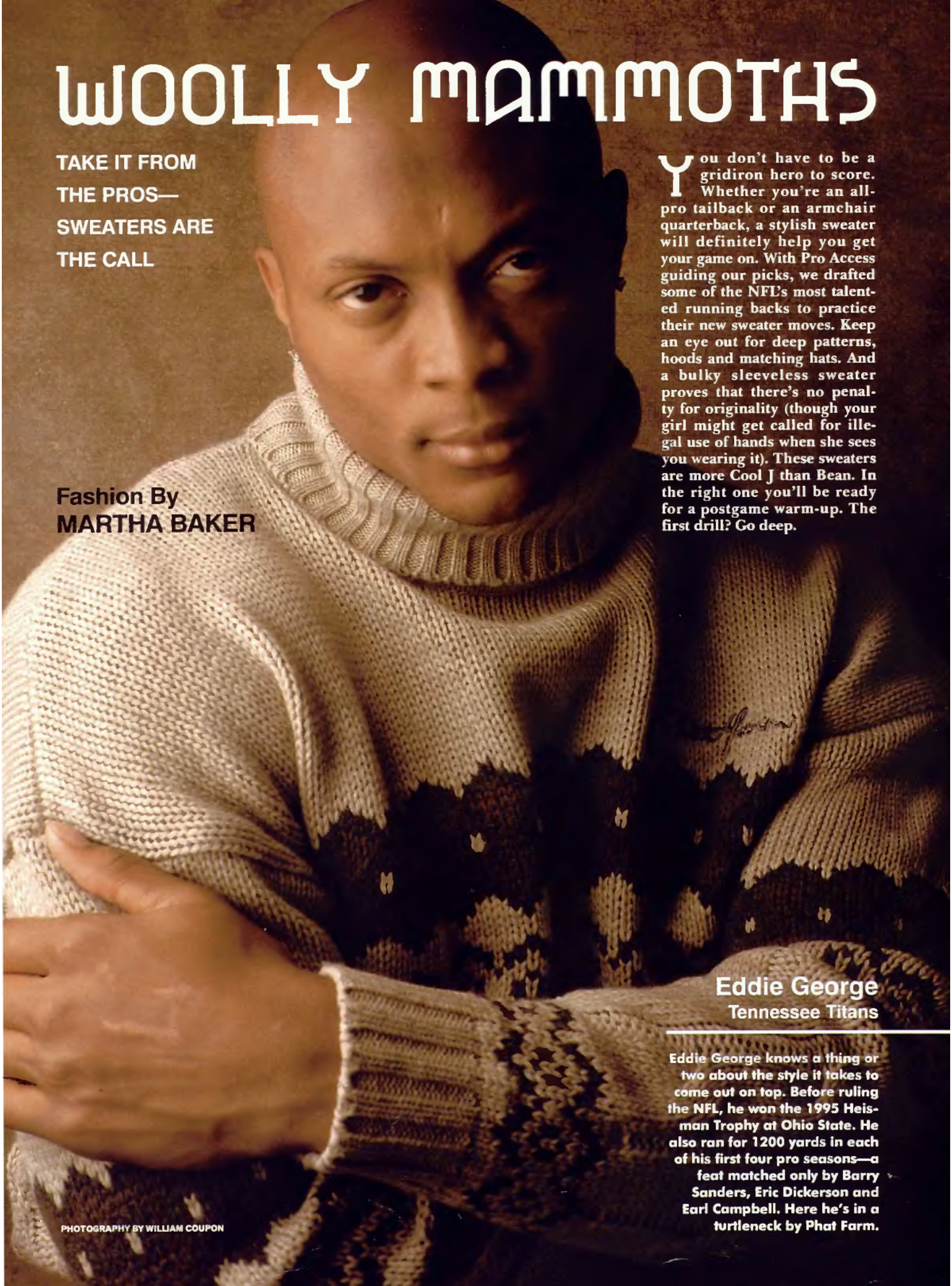
"You mean this isn't 1836 Elmdale . . . ?"

WOOLLY MAMMOTHS

TAKE IT FROM THE PROS— SWEATERS ARE THE CALL

You don't have to be a gridiron hero to score. Whether you're an all-pro tailback or an armchair quarterback, a stylish sweater will definitely help you get your game on. With Pro Access guiding our picks, we drafted some of the NFL's most talented running backs to practice their new sweater moves. Keep an eye out for deep patterns, hoods and matching hats. And a bulky sleeveless sweater proves that there's no penalty for originality (though your girl might get called for illegal use of hands when she sees you wearing it). These sweaters are more Cool J than Bean. In the right one you'll be ready for a postgame warm-up. The first drill? Go deep.

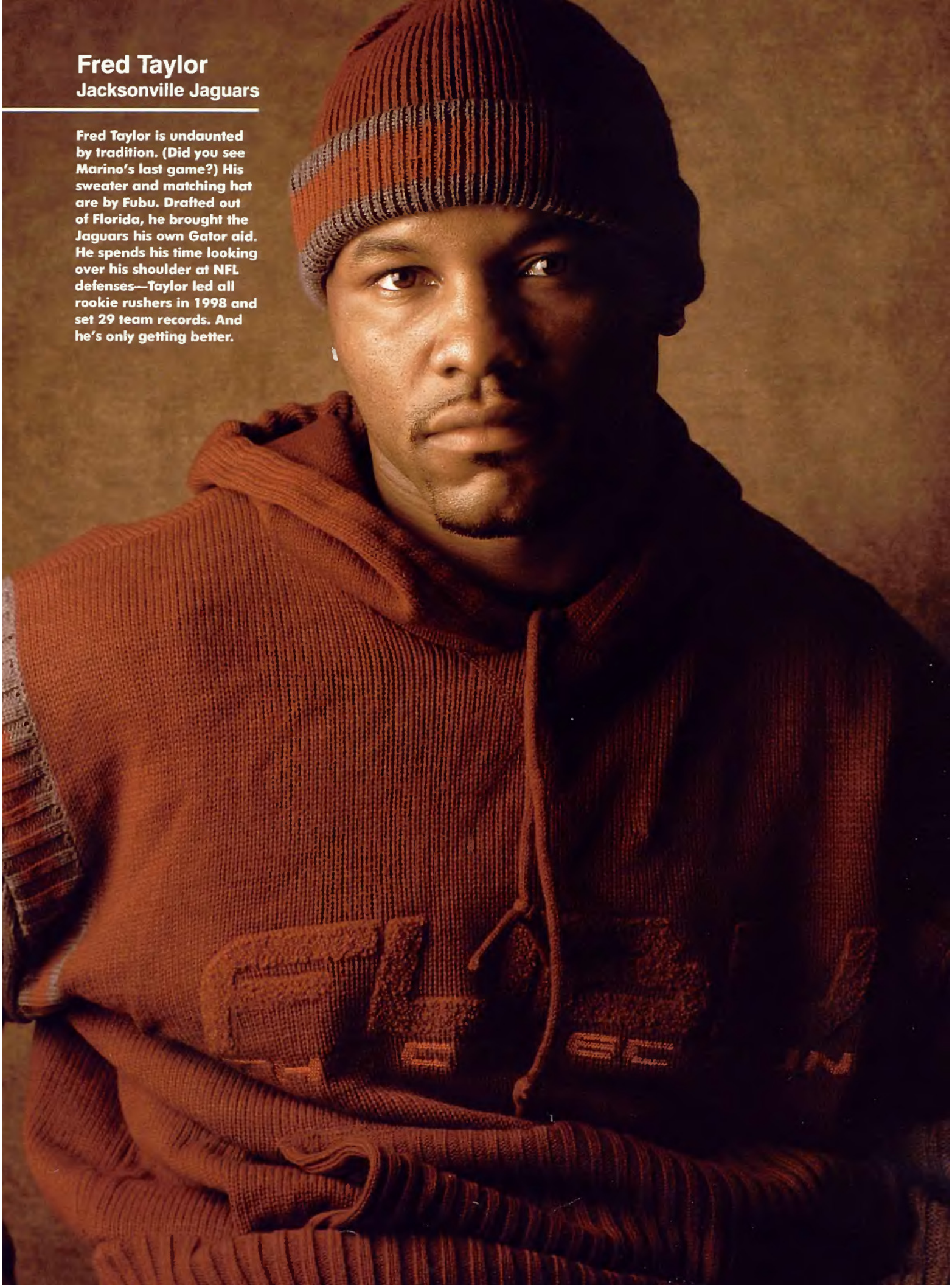
Fashion By MARTHA BAKER



Eddie George
Tennessee Titans

Eddie George knows a thing or two about the style it takes to come out on top. Before ruling the NFL, he won the 1995 Heisman Trophy at Ohio State. He also ran for 1200 yards in each of his first four pro seasons—a feat matched only by Barry Sanders, Eric Dickerson and Earl Campbell. Here he's in a turtleneck by Phat Farm.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM COUPON

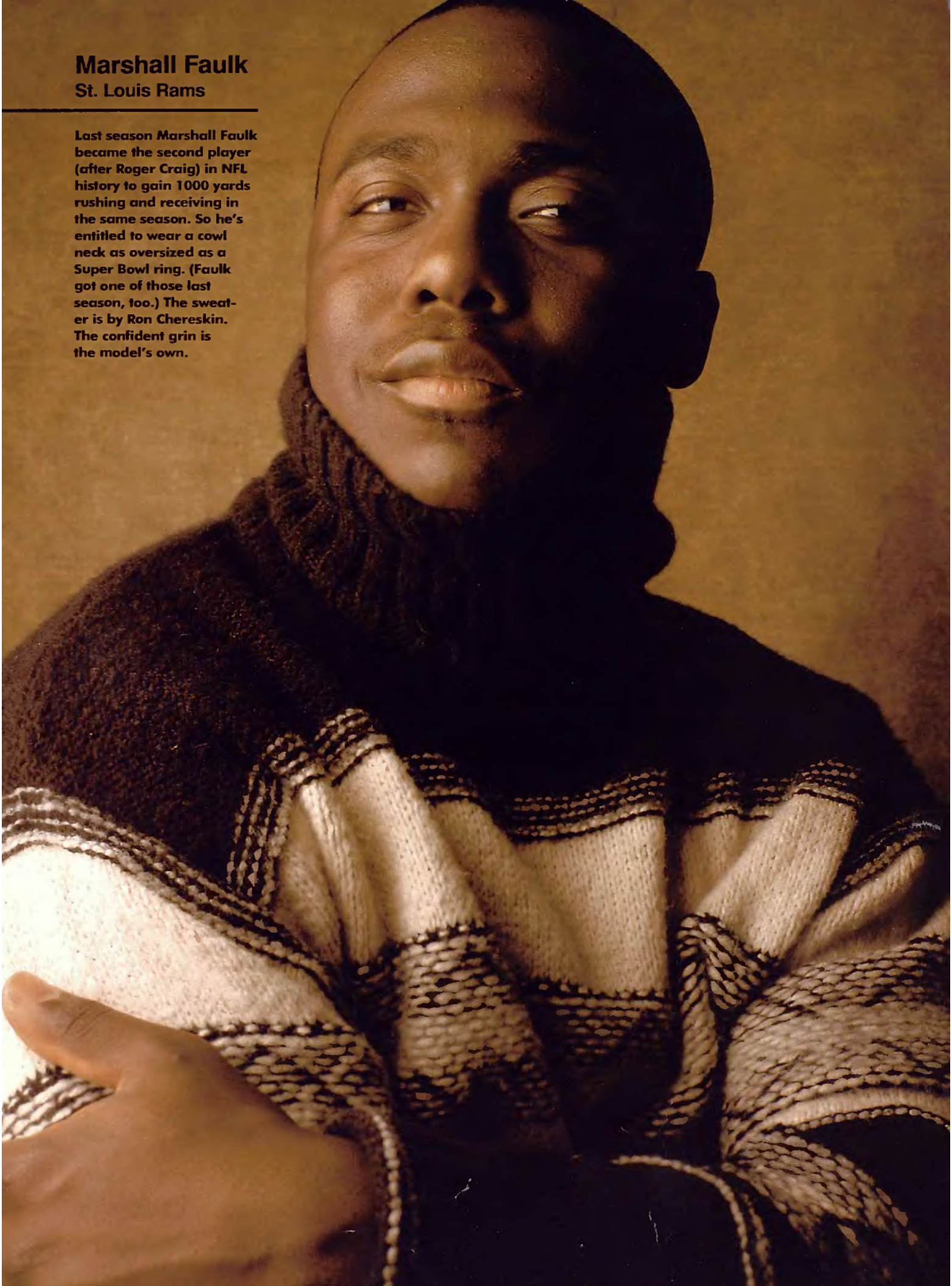


Fred Taylor
Jacksonville Jaguars

Fred Taylor is undaunted by tradition. (Did you see Marino's last game?) His sweater and matching hat are by Fubu. Drafted out of Florida, he brought the Jaguars his own Gator aid. He spends his time looking over his shoulder at NFL defenses—Taylor led all rookie rushers in 1998 and set 29 team records. And he's only getting better.

Mike Alstott
Tampa Bay Buccaneers

On this page, fullback Mike Alstott is wearing a DKNY sweater. On the field, he wears a scowl that says BCKDAFUCUP to opposing defenses. He has rumbled to the Pro Bowl three times, and his pure-power touchdown sparked the Bucs' dramatic playoff comeback against the Redskins last season. He's also Purdue's all-time leading rusher.



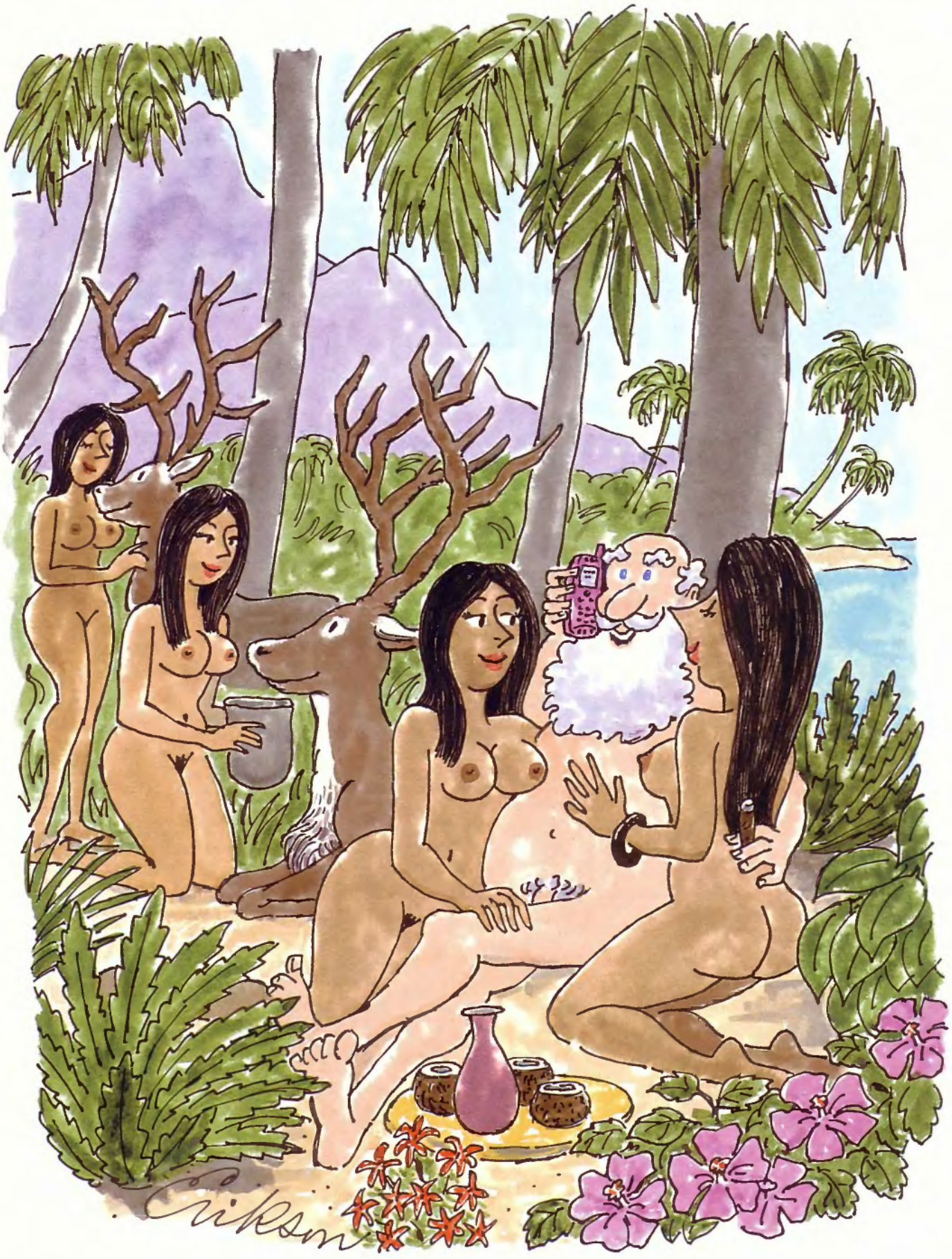
Marshall Faulk
St. Louis Rams

Last season Marshall Faulk became the second player (after Roger Craig) in NFL history to gain 1000 yards rushing and receiving in the same season. So he's entitled to wear a cowl neck as oversized as a Super Bowl ring. (Faulk got one of those last season, too.) The sweater is by Ron Chereskin. The confident grin is the model's own.

Jamal Anderson
Atlanta Falcons

Some players are called the franchise. Jamal Anderson owns a franchise—his Jam Entertainment clients include the Backstreet Boys, 'N Sync and Boyz II Men. On the field, his size and locomotive style draw comparisons to John Riggins. But whereas Riggo was a self-described Hog, Jamal is a dawg in a sweater by BCBG.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 240.



"The reindeer gave out over an uncharted island in the South Pacific and . . . well, it's hard to know where to begin!"

Centerfolds On SEX!

phone sex and other tips from goddess carrie stevens

The best sex is an adventure. I don't pretend to know the secret formula—maybe we should ask Hef—but I do know that you should start by making her laugh. You also need to prove your trustworthiness, show her respect, call when you say you will and have phone sex with her. When you can't be with someone, phone sex is the next best thing. A guy I was dating traveled a lot. He'd call from France or Taiwan, and we'd do it over the phone. We joked about it, and I'd be like, "Cool! I have never had sex in France!" The secret to great phone sex is that you can say anything you want without physical insecurities. Tell her what you want to do to her. Tell her what you want her to do to you. It's easy because you're not saying it to her face. Plus, you have plenty of time to think about how great the sex is going to be the next time you get together. It's all about suspense. Having sex in public places is also fun. A few years ago, a guy I was dating took me to see the house he was having built. It was just a frame at the time, but we went upstairs and started messing around on the floor of what would eventually be his bedroom. There was no ceiling, so we were under the stars. There were no walls, so we could see the ocean. We made out but didn't have sex. Then we decided to go back to my hotel. In the car on the way there, we were so hot that he went down on me. He took off my panties and hung them around the rearview mirror. I must say, he is a talented driver. He had his hands on the steering wheel and his foot on the pedals, but he couldn't see a thing. I guided him by saying, "A little more to the left. Wait, slow down, there's a red light. Faster. Yes! That's the right speed!" Of course, we ended up pulling over to the side of the road and climbing into the back of his SUV.

Why I'm good in bed: *I don't like to do anything halfway. If I'm going to do it, I'm going to do it right. But it takes two, so I'm only as good as I'm inspired to be.* **My first time:** *When I was 13 I began a secret five-year romance with a boy who was five years older. I fell for the line, "I love you so much that I want to share everything with you." I was probably the first person in my class to lose my virginity. Most of the other kids did it at a party or out in the woods to get it over with. My first sexual experience may have happened early, but at least I can say I was in love!*

Carrie

Jakob Dylan

our most conspicuous wallflower lets loose on belt buckles, cowboy songs and being a homebody

It was an act of reckless courage for Jakob Dylan to become a musician—and to do as well as he's done is nothing short of remarkable. He was born in 1969 and raised in Malibu, the youngest of Bob Dylan and Sara Lowndes' five children. Jakob's parents divorced in 1977 and he was raised largely by his mother, but the die had been cast—he'd begun dreaming of a life as a musician. A mediocre student, he began applying himself mightily to songwriting when he was 18, and two years later he formed the first incarnation of the Wallflowers. He recalls that "the Dylan name was perceived as a negative" during those early years when he struggled to launch the band, and the Wallflowers' self-titled debut album, released by Virgin Records in 1992, sold just 40,000 copies.

The Wallflowers' sound had changed dramatically by 1996 when their second LP, Bringing Down the Horse, hit the charts, and the band had arrived at its present lineup of bassist Greg Richling, drummer Mario Calire, guitarist Michael Ward and keyboardist Rami Jaffee (the only member who was in the original group). Produced by T-Bone Burnett, Bringing Down the Horse was a hugely successful record that went multiplatinum and spawned a handful of hit singles, including One Headlight, a memorable tune with a killer hook and loping charm that took it to number one on the charts and netted two Grammys.

The Wallflowers spent a year on the road promoting the record and were ubiquitous in the media and on the airwaves throughout 1997. At the close of that year they dropped out of sight and spent the next three years working on their third album, Breach. Recently released on Interscope Records and produced by Wallflowers manager Andrew Slater and musician Michael Penn, the record features 11 new Jakob Dylan originals and guest appearances by Elvis Costello, Frank Black of the Pixies and Mike Campbell of Tom Petty's band, the Heartbreakers.

Kristine McKenna caught up with the thoroughbred troubadour in Beverly Hills. She reports: "When Jakob Dylan walks into a room, you immediately sense the invisible force field surrounding him that seems to say, 'If you think I'm going to talk about my father in any way, at all, about anything, you're wrong.' Dylan is a startlingly handsome and well-adjusted man with a sense of humor about himself. He is, however, fiercely protective of his private life with his wife and their three children. Jakob was obviously raised with the understanding that there are some things you don't talk about to the press."

1

PLAYBOY: Was there a period in your life when you were a wallflower?

DYLAN: If you're referring to the person standing against the wall at the dance, I don't think I've ever been to a dance, so I'm more dysfunctional than a wallflower. During the years I was growing up in Malibu, going to dances just wasn't one of the things people did. Even if it had been, I probably wouldn't have gone, because I wasn't a very social person and didn't hang out at public places. I had a small number of friends and we were always at one or another of our houses.

2

PLAYBOY: As a student in high school you'd take an F in a course rather than get up in class and give an oral report. What sort of preparatory ritual do you go through now in order to get up onstage and sing?

DYLAN: It's different with performing music, because I've done my homework. Even so, when I started performing in front of people I was extremely uncomfortable, and the only reason I got through it was because I was highly motivated by the fact that I wanted to perform these songs in front of people. I'm still not always the most comfortable person onstage, because when you're in this line of work you can end up in situations that aren't too natural. Various elements can make you feel strange, whether it's somebody in the audience yelling, or you can't hear yourself in the monitors, or you're playing a fund-raiser and facing a bank of TV cameras. The conditions vary widely, as do our shows, which are very loose—in some cases too loose. Some performers dial it in a little more, but this isn't a Broadway musical we're doing, and we feel it should be somewhat spontaneous. On our last tour, for instance, we threw in covers of *Tears of a Clown* and *Tracks of My Tears*, and we took a stab at *Raspberry Beret*. We also mess around with Nick Cave's *People Ain't No Good*, which is a dark song the band really likes to play. It's hard to put a song like that over if you're playing fairs and people are petting pigs and lighting fireworks while you perform. This may be a little-known secret, but all touring bands play the fairgrounds. It's summertime and you play outdoors in small towns out in the middle of nowhere, and it can be a lot of fun.

3

PLAYBOY: What's the worst kind of gig?

DYLAN: The ones where nobody shows up. It's been a while since that's happened, but I never discount it as a possibility. With the last record our audience grew rapidly and broadened a lot. I realize a lot of those people probably came just to hear *One Headlight*, but that's fine with me. There are all kinds of fans, and I'm thrilled if some people like one of our songs enough that they go out of their way to see us perform.

4

PLAYBOY: Do you have groupies? In Gerri Hirshey's 1997 *Rolling Stone* cover story on the Wallflowers, she reported that someone threw a bra onstage during one of your shows.

DYLAN: Yeah, but she didn't see the guy who threw it. *(continued on page 214)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDEE ST. NICHOLAS

NOTHING BUT NET

By BETH TOMKIW The Internet is creeping out of your den. The process is called convergence, and the idea is to use the Net in your TV, radio, telephone and even picture frames. Electronics manufacturers hope the fusion will free your PC from the confines of your home office via a new category of online-enabled Net appliances—a streamlined version of your PC used strictly for web-browsing and e-mail. The latest Net appliances from Intel, IBM and Netpliance resemble computers but are intended for use in any typically nonwired room, such as your *(concluded on page 212)*

Clockwise from opposite top: Ceiva's digital picture frame downloads new images from a phone line to update its 10-picture memory with JPEGs posted to your personal scrapbook on the Ceiva website. The 8"x10" frame costs $250, plus a monthly service charge. In addition to its radio and alarm clock functions, 3Com's Kerbango Internet Radio lets you tune in more than 5000 web radio stations. When connected to your PC, the Kerbango can access MP3 files stored on your hard drive ($300). Netpliance's I-opener has a 10-inch flat-panel display, a full-size keyboard and a 56kbps modem, plus the ability to maintain up to four e-mail accounts ($300). The Qubit WebTablet (by Qubit Technology) is a touch screen web tablet that lets you surf and send e-mail up to 200 feet from a base station (about $500). The Philips/AOL TV component features a 56kbps modem, five-gig hard drive and wireless keyboard—as well as an onscreen television program guide. You can also use it to program your VCR and get e-mail. Instant messaging is an addictive, real-time chat application that lets you fire off messages to friends logged on to the Net via TV or computer. (AOL will soon introduce an AOL TV unit that incorporates a DirecTV satellite receiver.) Atop the AOL TV component is Simply Postage's Promail, a device that stores up to $500 worth of electronic postage and includes a digital scale for calculating postage rates ($50, plus $14.95 per month). The AudioReQuest Digital Music System is a stereo CD recorder that holds up to 300 hours of music downlooded or recorded from CD, LP, MP3 or cassette. It has a USB port for connection to a PC or portable MP3 device. And it hooks up to the TV for playlist editing and animation display ($800). Finally, atop the AudioReQuest is Pingtel's Expressa, a Java-based phone that accesses the web and e-mail, and has a graphical interface for navigating voice mail and phone books ($550). And because the phone is programmed in Java, third-party developers can create new utilities such as electronic business cards for use with caller ID, stock tickers that generate warning sounds, novelty ring tones, etc.

connected to the internet, these new appliances will do everything but wash your windows

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 240.

SAVAGES

(continued from page 138)

Each spider was a woman, each leggy centipede, the mentions of poisons and bites—women.

spiders like this," Peewee said. He made a fist and weighed it bravely, lifting it to his eyes, seeing a dangerous hairy creature. "In Tahiti."

"That's small for a spider in the Trobriands," Buddy said.

Sandford said, "Who hasn't had spiders in his boots?"

"The most poisonous spider in Australia is no bigger than your fingernail," Ruddle said, beckoning with his finger to display his bitten nail. "If you're stung you die. Nerve toxin. You're fried in five minutes."

"Goddamn rat curled up and died in my shoe in Samoa," Buddy said. "I wore the shoe all day without even noticing. It was a very small rat."

"Fungus is a lot worse than any animal. I went green between my toes from some crud I picked up in Mooréa," Peewee said.

"Ever get ulis in your crotch?" Buddy said. "I had them in Fakarava."

"Buddy loves saying Fakarava," Sandford explained to me.

Hearing that, I was reminded that they were not really talking to one another; they were talking to me, as other people did, with deadly insistence, knowing that I had once been a writer. I thought: If they had read what I had written they would never tell me stories.

Willis filled his cheeks with beer, but before he could swallow, he sneezed and spewed a mouthful, as mist, as droplets, as foam, as specks of surf, and everyone laughed at the coarseness of it, and his dripping chin.

"He's locked and loaded," Sandford said.

"You once asked me what a rat-fuck is," Buddy said to me. "This is a rat-fuck."

He was drunk, with a sense of relief—relieved to know that the others were too, and safe because of it, so it was like a brotherhood. When had I ever asked him what a rat-fuck was?

All their slurred and lispy talk of foreign places suggested bed, implied sex, and the word woman was unspoken so far yet conspicuous. There was a woman in each man's story, in the boots, in the bedroom, in the jungle hut. Each spider was a woman, each leggy centipede, the small rat was a woman, the fungus a woman, the mentions of poison and bites—women.

"This girl in Pukapuka," Ruddle said. What girl in Pukapuka? "She scratched and cut me until I was bleeding. She had these sharp little teeth. You wouldn't believe the things she did to my body."

"Yes, I would," Buddy said. "It's in the book."

"I had one of them little negritos in my room one morning," Willis said.

And he was going to say more, only then an older woman walked by, a hotel guest I recognized as Mrs. Bailey Nivens from Tucson, moving in that fastidious and balancing manner of a too-heavy woman, her hands slightly raised, like an overweight acrobat treading a tightrope—the hands giving a stateliness to her toppling gait—and Buddy and his friends fell silent, like bad boys caught boasting. She was just about their age, mid-60s, yet they looked utterly unlike her, furtive, conspiratorial, shamed by her motherly nearness. Willis swallowed his words until she went by.

"She must have came through the floor, this negrito woman—oiled her body and squeezed through. She was naked and greasy. I says, 'Get over here,' and she climbs into my rack and starts giggling."

"Amazing little people," Ruddle said. "And they fight like terriers."

"The reason she was there was we were having trouble with the locals. This was in Mindanao," Willis said. "They were stealing parts off our vehicles and hoisting our dogs. We had sent word to the negritos."

"Negrito women look like cute little girls with huge knockers," Buddy said.

"You can buy them—their families sell them. I knew a guy who outright owned one," Willis said. "Anyway, these negritos went out and killed some monkeys and cut off their heads, about 10 of them. They stuck the monkey heads on posts around the camp. We never had any trouble from the locals after that."

"Hoisted your dogs so they could eat them," Peewee said. "They marinate the dead dog in Seven-Up to get the smell off, and then stew it with potatoes and pineapple chunks."

"I've eaten that," Buddy said. He laughed in a chewing way, working his teeth. "I've eaten everything."

"Know how we used to catch monkeys when we were in New Guinea?" Sandford said. "We used to get 'em drunk."

Peewee asked, "How did you get 'em to drink?"

"We'd go buy a big bottle of the cheapest wine we could find. Then we'd go to where there were a bunch of 'em in the trees and pour it in a big flat bowl, put it on the ground, and walk away, and just sit there and watch, sometimes for hours. Sooner or later one would come down and taste it, splashing some into his mouth with his hand. Then he'd go back up into the trees. After a while, he'd come back and splash some more. There'd be others, too. Pretty soon, one of them would be jumping back and forth in the branches, and he'd miss and fall to the ground. Then we'd run in and grab him and put him in a sack, and run like hell. All the others would start throwing sticks and stones at us. If we got a real young one, the mother could be real tough. She'd hit you with a stick and knock you down."

Sandford said, "I saw a woman in New Guinea giving a monkey a bath. I don't know why, but it made me real horny."

Buddy said, "I once saw a woman breast-feeding a dog in Tonga. A little puppy."

"Most of the things you see in the Pacific were done in Hawaii once—probably right here, where we're standing."

The five of them straightened their backs and blinked through the entrance of Paradise Lost into the lobby of the Hotel Honolulu.

"I wonder if that's in the book," Buddy said, and leaned over the counter, grunting at Tran to pass him a thick book that was well-thumbed enough to be a Bible.

"Lots of times I've seen women getting it on with dogs in Olongapo—in bars. That used to be the big thing. 'Hey, Joe, you wanna see girl and dog?'"

Buddy picked up Malinowski. He moved his lips, looking prayerful as he read. "It mentions a guy who was caught sodomizing a dog. He was a laughingstock."

"Speaking of tattoos," Peewee said—who had said anything about tattoos? "That Marquesan woman I lived with in Tahiti was covered in tattoos. She used to cheat at cards. I brought her here once. She wanted a guitar. We visited my ex-wife and my mother. They couldn't believe I was with a 16-year-old. She waited on me like I was a king. I said, 'She's not my girlfriend. She's my pet.'"

"I had one of them in Zamboanga," Willis said. "She was just a kid. We used to fight and pretty soon we'd be in bed."

"That's in the book," Buddy said. "I remember one rat-fuck we had in

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Little Annie Fanny

BY RAY LAGO AND DON WIMMER
WITH ROBERT S. WIEDER

WATCHING ANNIE AND WANDA MOST HAPPILY NAIL A BIG WREATH ON THE DOOR FOR THEIR HOLIDAY GALA, THEIR BUILDINGS NEW OWNER, A GROUCH BEYOND WORDS, MADE IT PLAIN HE FELT CHRISTMAS WAS **BUNK**... FOR THE BIRDS!

MISS FANNY! MY NEW REGULATIONS ARE CLEAR!
NO HOLIDAY TRAPPINGS OR TRIM AROUND HERE!
WHY'S THE GROUCH SUCH A SOURPUSS? HIS MOOD'S SO DISTASTEFUL.
IT'S CHRISTMAS-- HE SAYS IT'S ALL TERRIBLY WASTEFUL!

A PRE-CHRISTMAS FEAST, THEN WE'LL OPEN EACH PRESENT!
I THINK NOT, MY DEAR, I'VE A PLAN MOST UNPLEASANT.
SUCH WILD OVERSPENDING ON EVERYTHING YULISH IS RASH AND IMPRUDENT AND FISCALLY FOOLISH. I'LL SHOW THEM THEIR FOLLY— WHILE EACH FEEDS THEIR FACE I'LL SNEAK IN AND STEAL EVERY GIFT IN THE PLACE!
IN CASE SOMEONE SPOTS ME I'LL DISGUISE MY REAL SELF...
AS MY HOLIDAY BUGBEAR, THAT "JOLLY OLD ELF"!
A LUSCIOUS BIRD'S READY!
I'D LIKE SOME NICE THIGH!
I'M A BREAST MAN MYSELF!
I CAN'T WAIT FOR PIE!
WHILE THEY ALL FELL TO DINING, GROUCH FILLED A HUGE BAG WITH EVERY LAST ITEM OF HOLIDAY SWAG— VIBRATORS, LUBRICANTS, SEX TOYS GALORE EDIBLE PANTIES AND DILDOS AND MORE! IN SPITE OF HIMSELF HE SOON FELT A STRANGE TINGLING, THE KIND THAT COULD GET EVEN GROUCH BELLS A-JINGLING!
HE PACKED ALL THE LOOT AND WAS MAKING TO LEAVE WHEN ANNIE, WHO HEARD HIM, GRABBED HOLD OF HIS SLEEVE
AND SPUN HIM AROUND, AND THEN GASPED IN THE LIGHT— THE GROUCH'S DOUR FACE WAS FAMILIAR ON SIGHT!
I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE FAMOUS! YOU'RE ALAN GREENSPANK! THE HEAD OF THE MAIN CENTRAL GOVERNMENT BANK!
BUT THEN WHY ON EARTH WOULD YOU STEAL ALL OUR STUFF? YOU'RE RICH AND IMPORTANT-- THINGS CAN'T BE SO ROUGH!

I HAD TO TEACH YOU A LESSON, MY DEAR-- THERE IS SUCH A THING AS TOO MUCH HOLIDAY CHEER. CHRISTMAS MEANS SPENDING! AND DEBT! AND LARGESSE! FOLKS LOSE ALL RESTRAINT! THEY THROW PARTIES LIKE THIS!
HE SCOWLED AND HE SNIFFED THROUGH HIS NASAL PROTUBERANCE,
CHRISTMAS MEANS TOTAL "IRRATIONAL EXUBERANCE"!
OH, POOH, IT MEANS SHOWING HOW MUCH WE'VE BEEN BLESSED.
THE GROUCH HAD TO NOD, AS HE GAZED AT HER CHEST.
CHRISTMAS MEANS LOVE, CELEBRATION AND BLISS, AND UNDER THE MISTLETOE MY SPECIAL KISS.
SMOOCH!!
THE GROUCH WAS QUITE MOVED... IN FACT, HE WAS FLOORED! HIS "PORTFOLIO" GREW AS HIS "INTEREST RATE" SOARED!
HAVE I BEEN TOO BEARISH ON CHRISTMAS IN FULL? MAYBE IT'S TIME TO BE MORE OF A BULL!
THE GROUCH, WHO'D ALWAYS SHUNNED PLAYING THE FIELD, NOW FOUND TO HIS JOY THAT IT DOUBLED HIS YIELD!
THOUGH THEY COST NOT A DIME, OH, SUCH "GIFTS" YOU'VE COME BEARING, NO WONDER THE WORLD LOVES THIS "SEASON OF SHARING"!
END

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG

Electra

Welcome to a christmas fantasy by one sweet nutcracker

Carmen Electra's opening scene in last summer's hit *Scary Movie* stole the show.

It's something the *Singled Out* and *Baywatch* veteran is used to doing. The spoof flick also pokes fun at her relationship with the Artist Currently Known as Prince, who discovered Cincinnati native Tara Patrick in 1991, dubbed her Carmen Electra and in 1993 released her first CD on Paisley Park Records. Then, in 1996, Carmen electrified everyone with her first PLAYBOY pictorial, in which she denied any romance with the Purple One. So what did she call him back when his name was a glyph? "I didn't call him anything because I didn't want to address him by the wrong name and upset him," she says. "You don't just yell out, 'Yo, Prince!' He's kind of like royalty."

Carmen has endured her share of emotional turmoil recently, including the deaths of her mother and sister within a week of each other and her brief marriage to Dennis Rodman. Carmen is candid about Rodman, and she's eager to set the record straight. "I met Dennis at a time when, instead of going home and taking care of my mother, I decided to hide my pain and pretend like I was a strong person and nothing could really affect me," she says. "I'm attracted to bad boys—I love the excitement and drama. But I saw the little boy in him and his vulnerable side, and that's the person I fell in love with. Later on, it became unhealthy. I had to grow up and say, 'OK, this isn't good for me anymore and I have to step back.' It doesn't mean I don't love him—I love him more than I've loved anyone in my life, besides my mother. We're still friends and he still calls me every day."

If Carmen could turn back time, would she do anything

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"Every Christmas my mom would take me to see *The Nutcracker Suite*, and I was so overwhelmed that I took ballet classes," Carmen says. "The theme of this shoot is a fantasy for me and has a really sweet element."

PRODUCED BY
MARILYN GRABOWSKI

Basketball

(continued from page 144)

Yarbrough provides scoring and offensive firepower. Up front, Charles Hathaway adds strength and rebounding power, while Isiah Victor can play in the paint as well as complete plays in transition. Green has won 67 games in his first three seasons at UT. If he guides his charges to improved discipline and can find a great shooter to keep the defense honest, it could be party time in March for the Volunteers.

(6) NORTH CAROLINA

Think there isn't pressure in college basketball? Bill Guthridge dedicated most of his adult life to the university and took the Tar Heels to the Final Four last season. But that wasn't enough. After repeated calls for his ouster, the gentlemanly coach resigned in the summer. His replacement is another member of the Tar Heels family, former player Matt Doherty, who gave up the head job at Notre Dame to come back home. To return to the Final Four, Doherty will need center Brendan Haywood to fulfill his potential. At 7′, Haywood is an outstanding athlete who can score in the paint and rebound at both ends of the floor. He's a shot-blocking force, but he needs to ratchet up his intensity. Returning on the perimeter is Joseph Forte, a big-time scorer both in transition and in a half-court attack. He was UNC's go-to guy most of last season and could be an All-American this season. Up front, returning starters Jason Capel and Kris Lang should help take the heat off Haywood. UNC's big question is who will replace Ed Cota at the point. If that position is filled successfully, and Haywood improves his game, Doherty will achieve legendary status almost overnight and his Tar Heels will have a shot at a Final Four repeat.

"Then it's settled . . . tomorrow we'll both call in sick."

(7) MICHIGAN STATE

It's hard to believe that a team could lose its two best players and still be considered a contender for the national championship. It's even harder to believe when those two players are the caliber of Mateen Cleaves and Morris Peterson, who led Michigan State to a 32–7 record and coach Tom Izzo's first title. In their absence, Izzo was able to recruit McDonald's All-Americans Marcus Taylor and Zach Randolph, both ranked among the top 10 players in the country. Taylor is a flashy point guard whose mentor is Magic Johnson; 6′9″ Randolph dominates in the paint both offensively and defensively. The Spartans also return guard Charlie Bell and frontcourt star Andre Hutson, both starters on last year's title team. Small forward Jason Richardson, a contributor as a freshman, is expected to become the next great star in Spartan basketball history. He can score from the perimeter, complete plays in transition and create scoring opportunities with steals. The big question surrounding MSU is its lack of depth on the low post. But if Randolph becomes an immediate force, and Taylor assumes control of a high-octane offense, Izzo could find himself with another deep run during March Madness.

(8) KANSAS

Most fans of Kansas basketball would admit that they fully expected coach Roy Williams to bolt Lawrence for Chapel Hill after North Carolina coach Bill Guthridge resigned. However, Williams' love for his Jayhawks is so strong that he rejected a tremendous offer to coach what should be a very talented team. This year's edition is big and strong and features 6′8″ Nick Collison, who some project as an All-American. Swingman Kenny Gregory is a fine scorer as well and should improve as he strengthens his shot selection. Senior center Eric Chenowith needs a breakthrough season to help the Jayhawks make a run at Williams' first title. Chenowith had a disappointing junior year, and needs much stronger scoring and rebounding to achieve the stardom predicted for him out of high school. At the guard spots, Jeff Boschee and Kirk Hinrich are fine shooters, but someone must assume a leadership role. With Luke Axtell and Drew Gooden, this club is as deep and talented as any in the country.

(9) SETON HALL

In his first three seasons as head coach, former Duke assistant Tommy Amaker has done a great job rebuilding the

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Holiday 2000

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Pirates and restoring the program's luster. With a tremendous roster of talent led by 2000 High School Player of the Year Eddie Griffin, a 6'9" do-everything forward from Philadelphia, it's Amaker's time to deliver. He'll get another boost from freshman point guard Andre Barrett, a 5'8" spark plug from New York City who was ranked among the top 25 players in the class of 2000. Of the returning players, 6'4" Darius Lane is the best scorer, guard Ty Shine could be a starter and center Samuel Dalembert will be counted on to provide rebounding and defense on the low post.

(10) UCLA

While most coaches recruit at the high school or junior college level, Steve Lavin did his best sales job convincing standout forward Jason Kapono to return to Westwood for another season. He was All Pac 10 as a freshman, averaging 16 points per game, and was the focus of the Bruins' attack. Look for Kapono's numbers to rise dramatically this season. Inside, Dan Gadzuric has the potential to be a dominant scorer and rebounder. Point guard Earl Watson is a fine leader who can score, but he will need swingmen Ray Young and Matt Barnes to open defenses from the perimeter or off the dribble. Freshman forward T.J. Cummings is a 6'8" high school All-American whose father is former NBA star Terry Cummings. The roster is talented, but it is imperative that Lavin's troops play with intensity every time out.

(11) KENTUCKY

The Wildcats return three starters among an extremely talented roster. Off guard Keith Bogans was considered the premiere high school player in the country, and his move into the starting lineup last season helped the team emerge as a national force. Forward Tayshaun Prince can score, rebound and pass. If he and Bogans reach the heights predicted by many, UK will have a one-two punch that will be tough to beat. Another key performer will be newcomer Jason Parker, a great athlete who can score, rebound and block shots. In the backcourt, newcomer Cliff Hawkins and returning starter Saul Smith need to improve on Kentucky's execution of its half-court offense. Smith must also raise his abysmal performance from the three-point line, where he shot just 27 percent. There is enough here for coach Tubby Smith to make a strong run in the NCAAs, but this club needs to improve its shot selection and perimeter performance to last long in the tournament.

(12) STANFORD

The Cardinal have been a national-title contender for the past few seasons, but after losing forward Mark Madsen and guard David Moseley to graduation, coach Mike Montgomery will have to

The Playboy all-Americas

Our Coach of the Year, TOM IZZO, has led Michigan State to three consecutive regular-season Big 10 championships, two consecutive Final Four appearances and last year's national championship. In five years, Izzo has compiled a record of 120–48 and reestablished the Spartans as ene of the nation's premiere basketball teams.

LOREN WOODS—Center, 7'1", 251, senior, University of Arizona. Despite missing the final eight games of the season with a back injury, he set a school mark with 102 blocks.

BRENDAN HAYWOOD—Center, 7', 270, senior, University of North Carolina. Led Tar Heels with 7.5 rebounds per game and scored in double figures in 26 games last season.

TERENCE MORRIS—Forward, 6'9", 205, senior, University of Maryland. Finished second in the ACC last season in blocked shots. Already has 1288 career points.

BRIAN SCALABRINE—Forward, 6'9", 250, senior, University of Southern California. Enters this season ninth on USC's all-time scoring chart with a 16.2 points-per-game average.

SHANE BATTIER—Forward, 6'8", 215, senior, Duke University. Led the Blue Devils in scoring last season with a 17.4 points-per-game average. Also led team in blocked shots (70) and three-point sheoting percentage (.444).

TROY MURPHY—Forward, 6'11", 245, junior, Notre Dame. Last season's Big East Conference Player of the Year, he was 10th in the nation in scoring (22.7 ppg) and ninth in rebounding (10.3 rpg).

JAMAAL TINSLEY—Guard, 6'3", 190, senior, Iowa State University. Big 12 Newcomer of the Year last season, he ranked second in the conference in assists (6.6 per game) and steals (2.7 per game).

TONY HARRIS—Guard, 6', 165, senior, University of Tennessee. Ranked second on team in scoring, with a 14.6 ppg average, and averaged 4.1 assists per game.

CASEY JACOBSEN—Guard, 6'6", 210, sophomore, Stanford University. First freshman to lead Stanford in scoring (14.5 ppg) since the 1985–1986 season, when Todd Lichti, another Playboy All-America, accomplished the feat.

TRENTON HASSELL—Guard, 6'5", 200, senior, Austin Peay State. Over the past two seasons he has averaged 18 points, 8.4 rebounds and 4.4 assists per game.

retool with three returning starters and a talented group of newcomers. Point guard Michael McDonald, the heart and soul of the club, started every game last season. He will control an offense focused on Jarron Collins, who has fine low-post moves and goes hard to the glass. Brother Jason Collins, a part-time starter, can provide additional scoring in the paint. Wing guard Casey Jacobsen led the team in scoring and shared Pac 10 Freshman of the Year honors with Jason Kapono of UCLA. Look for Jacobsen to emerge as one of the finest scoring guards in the country. To make the Cardinal's presence felt on the national stage, center Curtis Borchardt will have to overcome his injuries. Freshman guard Matt Lottich is a fine outside shooter and zone buster who can keep defenses honest.

(13) NOTRE DAME

The Fighting Irish emerged from a long slumber last season to reestablish themselves as a national contender, in large part because of new head coach Matt Doherty. However, just when it seemed that ND was poised to return to the NCAA tournament, Doherty left South Bend and assumed the reins at his alma mater, North Carolina. His replacement is former Delaware coach Mike Brey, who finds the cupboard stocked with talent. Star forward Troy Murphy returns after having bypassed the NBA draft. Murphy is a prime scorer as well as a force on the boards at both ends of the floor, and should be one of the favorites for National Player of the Year. He will get help from Oklahoma transfer Ryan Humphrey, who is a strong, solid scorer. In addition, the Irish have a solid replacement for graduated point guard Jimmy Dillon in former starter Martin Ingelsby. If Brey can mold all this talent, the fans in South Bend will have reason to get excited about March Madness.

(14) VIRGINIA

Under coach Pete Gillen, a couple of standout recruiting classes have replenished a diminishing talent base that had pushed the Cavaliers from the national rankings. Last season the Cavs earned a spot in the National Invitation Tournament, then dropped a three-overtime thriller to Georgetown (115–111). This season UVA should advance to the NCAAs as well as contend for a conference title in the powerful Atlantic Coast Conference. The club returns eight of its top 10 players, with Donald Hand the offensive force in the backcourt and Chris Williams the key scorer on the front line. A key question for the Cavaliers is who will fill in for injured point guard Majestic Mapp. Travis Watson provides bulk in the paint, while Roger Mason and Adam Hall are stellar athletes who help make Virginia's running game go. Overall, this is a team that's looking for a breakthrough season and a return to the NCAAs.

Cole's All-name Team

1. Nucleus Smith, TCU
2. Majestic Mapp, Virginia
3. Ruben Boumtje Boumtje, Georgetown
4. Dan Champagne, Oakland University
5. Ray Mercedes, Cornell
6. SirValiant Brown, George Washington

(15) WISCONSIN

The Badgers made an improbable run at the Final Four last season, thanks in large part to the coaching of Dick Bennett, one of the great teachers of the game. Now he will try for an encore with a talented group that includes eight players who appeared in at least 34 games last season. The Badgers stress shot selection and defense. Their interior offensive attack relies on a solid perimeter player with excellent range. Last season it was Jon Bryant, who was red-hot during the NCAA tourney run. Bryant graduated, so Bennett is looking for Roy Boone to pick up the slack. The bulk of the offense comes from Wisconsin's methodical half-court attack, which uses physical play and excellent shooting. Mark Vershaw, Andy Kowske and Maurice Linton are expected to provide firepower along the front line. The Badgers also have one of the best defensive guards in the country in Mike Kelley.

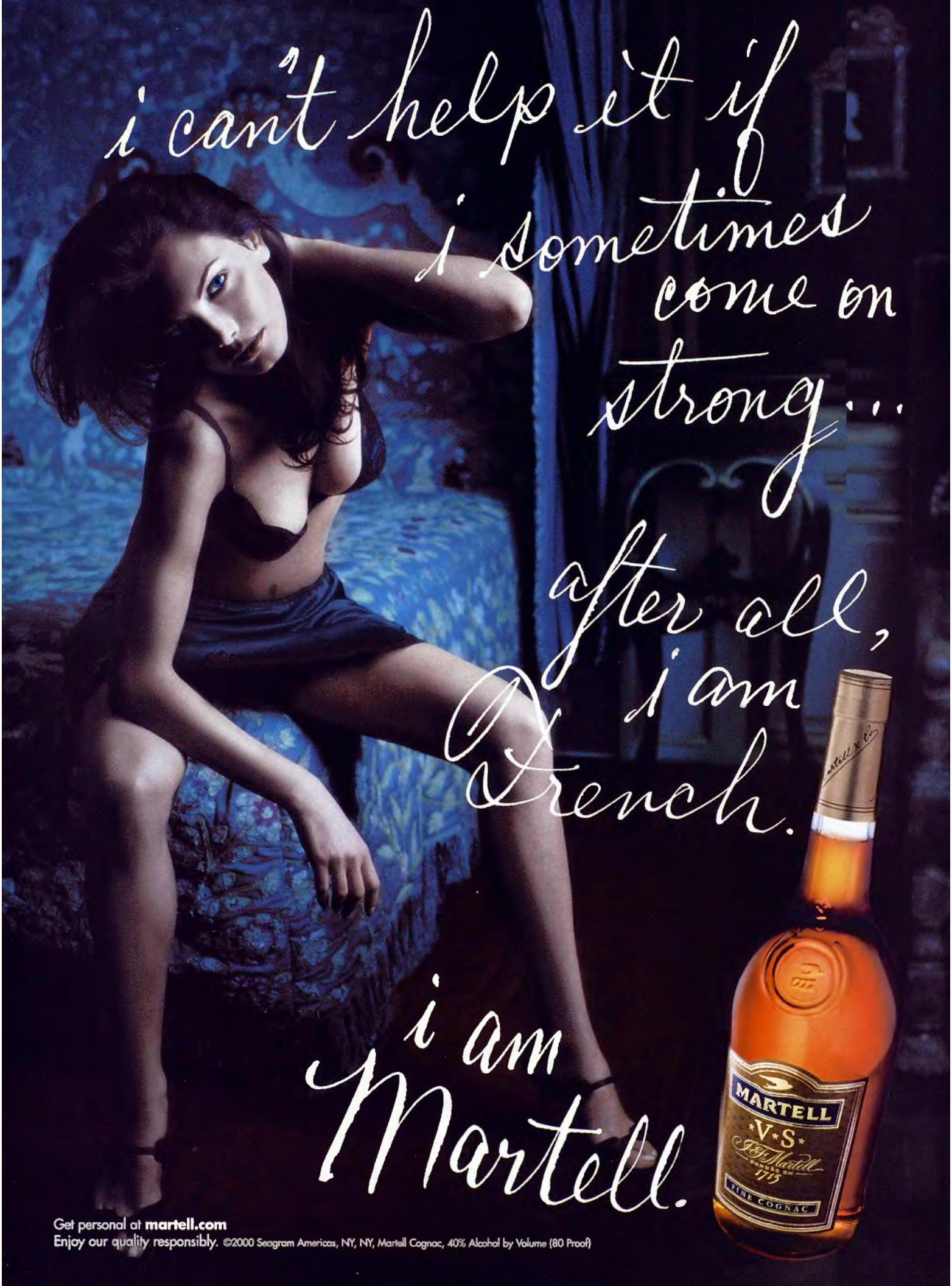
(16) DEPAUL

Since the arrival of coach Pat Kennedy three seasons ago, the Blue Demons have exploded. Now they look to take another step toward reemerging as a national powerhouse. All-American forward Quentin Richardson bolted to the NBA, but he left behind a talented cast of players. Power forward Lance Williams should have a better year after battling a broken foot for a large part of last season. At center, 7′ Steven Hunter is expected to be a dominant interior scorer as well as a shot-blocking force. Bobby Simmons is looking to have a breakout season at small forward. Guard play will determine how good this team gets. Rashon Burno, George Baker, and newcomer Imari Sawyer are battling to lead the club. While DePaul will need time to adjust to life without Richardson, they should be a better team if Simmons, Hunter and Williams dominate the interior and the guard play improves.

(17) FLORIDA

The Gators rolled to the champion-

Merry Myths
THERE I WAS, ALL ALONE ON CHRISTMAS EVE, AND YOU CAME ALONG AND GAVE ME A RIDE!
NOW WE NEED A NICE PRIVATE ROOF!
HURRY UP, SANTA! YOU DON'T WANT ME TO LOSE THE URGE!
IF I DON'T LOSE THE URGE, I CAN'T GET OUT OF THIS SLEIGH!
TOYS



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ship game of the NCAA tournament after landing two tremendous recruiting classes that gave Florida its most talented team in school history. But coach Billy Donovan has lost two of his best players, Mike Miller and Donnell Harvey, to the NBA. The Gators will need to develop an additional low-post threat. Florida's best hope for a star is in the backcourt, where sophomore Brett Nelson looks to achieve the potential that was predicted of him when he was a high school All-American two seasons ago. He will get help from shooter Teddy Dupay, as well as guard Justin Hamilton. Success will ultimately ride on the play of Udonis Haslem, who scored 27 points against Michigan State in the national championship game and must become a dominant force in the paint.

(18) WAKE FOREST

The Demon Deacons return nearly everyone from a roster that won last year's NIT. Coach Dave Odom took his clubs to seven NCAA tourneys in his first eight seasons, but he's now working on a streak of three straight NITs and wants to get back to the Big Dance. For that to happen he'll need a great season out of Robert O'Kelley, one of the premiere guards in the country. O'Kelley has tremendous range on his jump shot and he also has the ability to break defenders down off the dribble and complete plays in traffic. The Deacons' best inside threat is power forward Darius Songaila, who led the team in scoring with nearly 14 points per game. On the wing, 6'6" Josh Howard will need to continue his solid play while adding more rebounds. The roster is deep and O'Kelley is a star, which spells an end to the NIT run and a return to the NCAAs.

(19) UTAH

This year the Utes have a deep talent base even with four starters lost to graduation. Duke transfer Chris Burgess, a 6'11" center, will have an opportunity to crack the starting lineup. He'll battle for playing time with 6'11" scorer and rebounder Nate Althoff and 6'10" Lance Allred. The key ingredient could be 6'9" Britton Johnsen, who showed flashes of brilliance as a freshman but has been on a church mission the past two years. Junior college guards Travis Spivey and Kevin Bradley are expected to contribute immediately.

(20) ARKANSAS

The Hogs made a solid run through the last half of the season (including the conference tournament) and come into 2000–2001 as one of the favorites in the SEC. That's a big change from a year ago. SEC Newcomer of the Year Joe Johnson averaged 16 points per game and should become one of the best wing guards in the country. At 6'8" he runs the court like a deer and has great range on his perimeter jump shot. His backcourt mate, Brandon Dean, is also a fine scorer and gives the Razorbacks an explosive guard tandem. The forwards are a bit small, but newcomer Michael Jones could have an impact.

(21) CONNECTICUT

Khalid El-Amin, the stocky point guard, made the offense run and helped the 1999 Huskies win the national title. Now coach Jim Calhoun will look to Tony Robertson in the backcourt to assume more of a leadership role. Another key guard is Albert Mouring, a fine athlete who flourishes in the Huskies' running game. The Huskies boast as deep a frontcourt as any team in the country. Edmund Saunders is a solid power player who can score and rebound, while Ajou Deng could have a breakout season after coming to UConn as a heralded recruit and high school All-American. Add a great recruiting class led by guard Taliek Brown and forward Caron Butler (both of whom are expected to make a splash as freshmen) and Calhoun can expect plenty of excitement this season.

(22) IOWA STATE

Larry Eustachy's Cyclones burst onto the national scene, posting a 32–5 record and earning a berth in the NCAA regional finals, where they came within an eyelash of upsetting Michigan State. Gone from ISU's squad is superstar forward Marcus Fizer, who was chosen with the fourth overall pick in the NBA draft by the Chicago Bulls. His scoring, rebounding and leadership can't be replaced by one player, but a talented group of Cyclones could give ISU another postseason berth. The backcourt is ISU's strong point; jet-quick Jamaal Tinsley can dominate games with his penetration into the paint as well as his scoring. His running mate is Kantrail Horton, a fine shooter with outstanding range who should benefit from defenses gearing up to stop Tinsley. Inside, Paul Shirley and Martin Rancik will provide strength on the post, and heralded newcomer Tyray Pearson arrives from the junior college ranks. Last year's dream season will be next to impossible to duplicate, but the makings of a solid year are on the roster.

(23) USC

The Trojans had a solid season a year ago, but injuries prevented USC from earning a postseason bid. All five starters return for coach Henry Bibby, who will look for improved shot selection and a better defensive effort from what is now a veteran club. The key offensive contributor is 6'9" All Pac 10 forward Brian Scalabrine, who averaged nearly 18

Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement both in the classroom and on the basketball court. Nominated by their colleges, candidates are judged on their scholastic and athletic accomplishments by the editors of PLAYBOY. A donation of $5000 has been made by PLAYBOY to the general scholarship fund of the winner's school.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award in basketball goes to Mike Ensminger from Miami University in Ohio. One of his team's top frontcourt defenders and rebounders, Ensminger ranked 15th last season in rebounding in the Mid-American Conference. He's earned his team's scholar/athlete award for three consecutive years and last season was selected as a GTE Academic All-District first-team honoree. His major is political science and his overall grade point average is 3.8 on a scale of 4.0.

Honorable mentions: Devin Pack (Alcorn State), Paul Shirley (Iowa State), Demetric Shaw (Kent State), Nate Schindewolf (Akron), Kevin Cuttica (Cornell), Jeremy Hays (Alabama), Greg Buth (Dartmouth), Brian Grawer (Missouri), Peter Van Paassen (St. Bonaventure), Darren Fenn (Canisius), Matt Baniak (St. Louis), J.R. VanHoose (Marshall), Predrag Savovic (Hawaii), John-Blair Bickerstaff (Minnesota), Mike Brown (Northern Illinois), Teddy Dupay (Florida), Jobey Thomas (UNC–Charlotte), James Jones (Miami).

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points per game while also chipping in with six rebounds per game. His running mate, David Bluthenthal, is an excellent scorer and a better rebounder. In the backcourt, the man that makes the Trojans go is point guard Brandon Granville, who can score from the perimeter but understands that his role is to run the offense first. A big factor will be the health of the Trojans' best low-post defender, Sam Clancy, who missed 10 games a year ago with a broken foot. He gives USC strength and presence in the paint, which helps free up Scalabrine. If this team stays healthy, USC could find themselves in the Big Dance.

(24) DAYTON

The Flyers have become a solid program under head coach Oliver Purnell. While the loss of center Mark Ashman is huge (he started 119 consecutive games and was first-team All Atlantic 10), there is still plenty of talent in the gym. Tony Stanley, a 6'4" jumping jack who averaged nearly 15 points per game, will be looked to as the team's primary scorer. Brooks Hall, who scored just over 10 points per game last year, must increase his productivity and his rebounding. Point guard David Morris has to govern tempo and be the quarterback of the offense if the Flyers are to head back to the NCAAs.

(25) NORTH CAROLINA STATE

NC State returns seven of its top eight players, making the Wolfpack a team to watch this season. However, coach Herb Sendek has also landed his best recruiting class to date. Small forward Damien Wilkins is a phenomenal athlete but needs to become a more complete player and a better scorer. Guard Anthony Grundy is a prime-time scorer and potential steadying influence. This team needs one. Last year NC State went 1–7 in February and blew an NCAA bid. While the ACC is one of the premiere conferences in the country, the talent base is deep. If Sendek's team avoids injuries, the Pack could return to the NCAAs.

(26) MISSOURI

The Tigers return four starters as well as most of the bench, and that experience combined with the high energy of coach Quin Snyder should make them a factor in the Big 12. Point guard Keyon Dooling left for the NBA, but count on swingman Kareem Rush to fill any void in scoring. Clarence Gillbert scored nearly 14 points per game and will be expected to improve his numbers. Inside, freshmen Arthur Johnson and Travon Bryant and senior T.J. Soyoye should all get ample opportunity along the front line. In addition, freshman recruit Rickey Paulding arrives with a spectacular high-wire act. He can score, run the floor and dominate the boards.

(27) CINCINNATI

Over the past decade, the Bearcats have been one of the nation's 10 winningest programs, and have averaged 27.4 wins over the past five seasons. But this year's team could be coach Bob Huggins' greatest challenge. He'll have to rebuild a team that lost 70 percent of its scoring and rebounding. This season, Cincinnati will be strong in the backcourt, with 6'2" sophomore Kenny Satterfield and 6' junior Steve Logan on the perimeter. Up front, UC must replace National Player of the Year Kenyon Martin. Top candidates to assume Martin's low-post role include sophomores 6'10" Donald Little and 6'11" B.J. Grove. Look for 6'8" juco transfer Antwan Jones to be in the starting lineup. Another transfer to watch is Jamaal Davis.

(28) GEORGETOWN

A 19-win season and a trip to the NIT is considered a success at some schools, but at Georgetown it was a disappointment. This year, coach Craig Esherick's club returns several key players, including third-team All Big East center Ruben Boumtje Boumtje, a fine interior passer and scorer. Guards Kevin Braswell, Anthony Perry and Demetrius Hunter provide veteran leadership and perimeter play. Nat Burton and Lee Scruggs could make a mark along the front line. A solid recruiting class, led by 6'8", 260-pound Michael Sweetney, adds depth to the team.

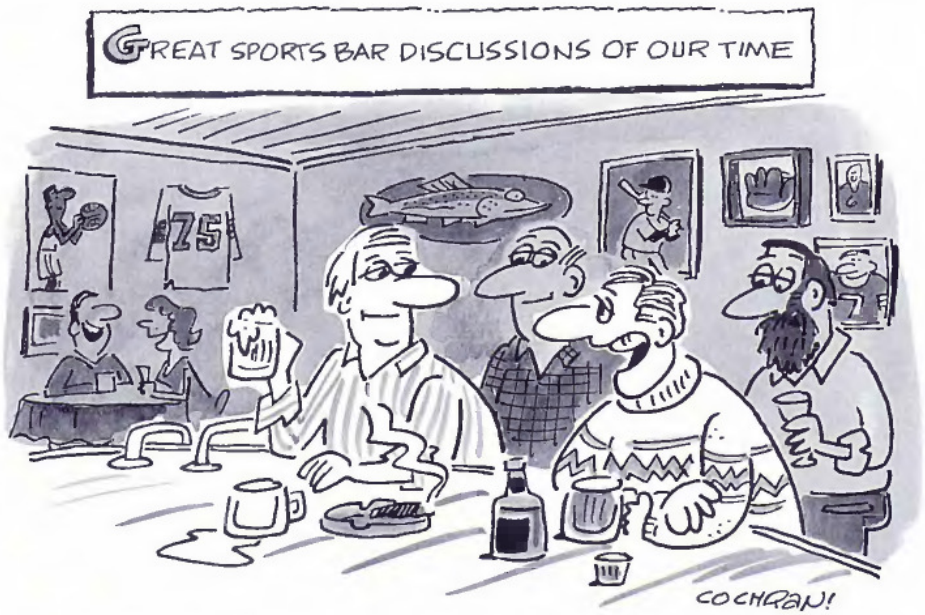
(29) IOWA

This season, the Hawkeyes should take another step up in the national rankings. Point guard Dean Oliver, who averaged nearly 14 points per game, returns with a mandate from coach Steve Alford to take control of the club. Forward Rob Griffin, a 6'6" swingman who chipped in with 12 points per game, was dismissed from the club this past summer, which should lead to more playing time for forwards Duez Henderson, Joe Fermino and Rod Thompson. Alford recruited a great class to Iowa City, and if it contributes quickly, the Hawks will be partying in March. The best of the newcomers is off guard Luke Recker, who came to Iowa after leaving Arizona and Indiana. Another transfer who could also make an impact is 6'3" Ryan Hogan, who left Kentucky after playing on the 1998 NCAA Championship team.

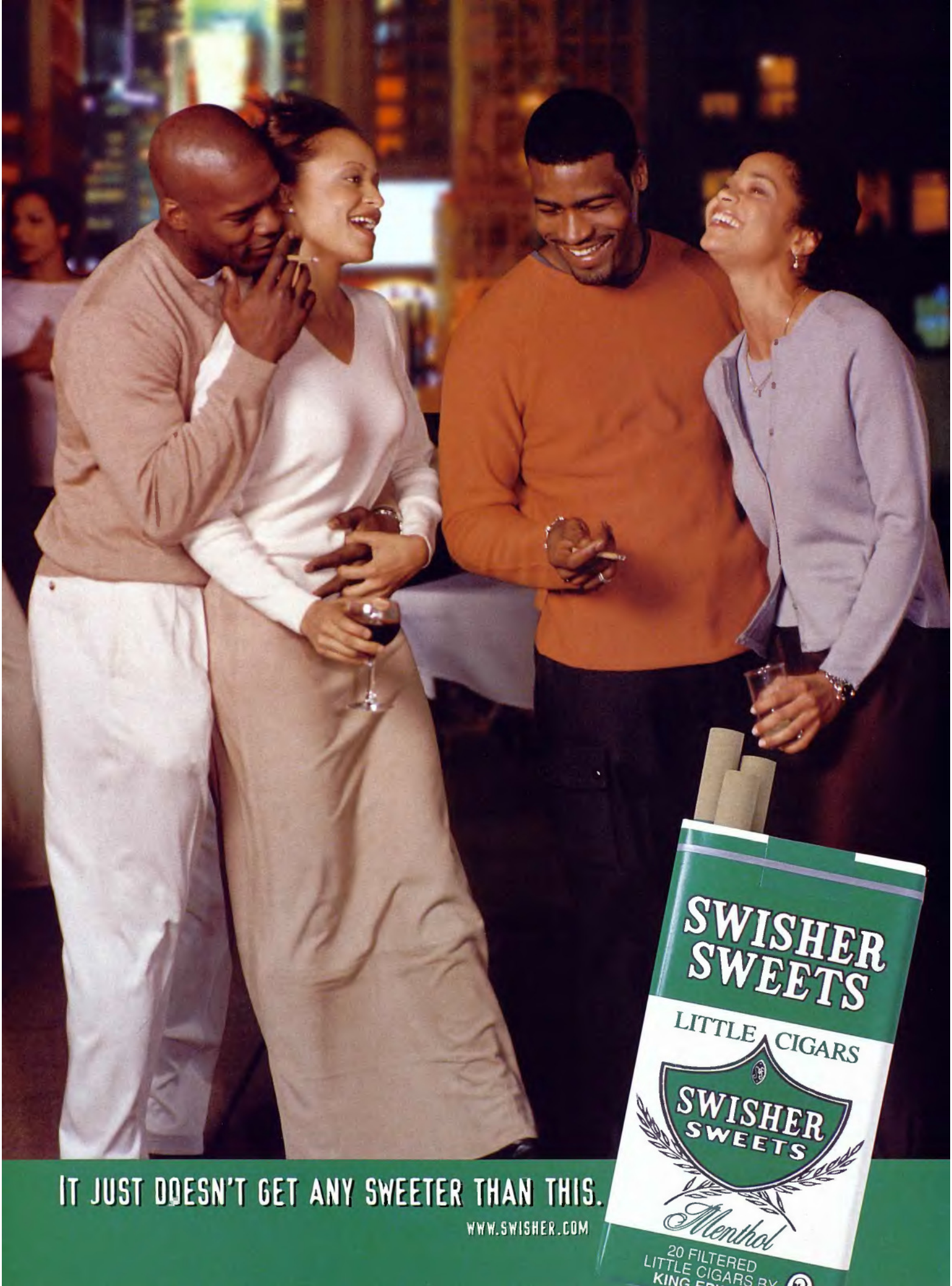
(30) MISSISSIPPI STATE

Coach Rich Stansbury has done a magnificent job attracting great talent to MSU. Keeping the talent is another story. After stellar recruit Jonathan Bender left for the NBA a year ago, this year's top recruit, power forward Mario Austin, also considered going pro. Austin had second thoughts, though, and decided to honor his commitment to the Bulldogs. He is a prime-time scorer and rebounder. Scoring punch will also come from Tang Hamilton, Robert Jackson and Antonio Jackson, who will flourish in Stansbury's up-tempo attack. The roster is loaded and a superstar should be in the lineup. That combination will spell trouble for the rest of the Southeastern Conference.

Vote for your number one college team at playboy.com/sports.



"If a woman performed oral sex on a member of the Toronto hockey team, would she be a leaf blower?"



IT JUST DOESN'T GET ANY SWEETER THAN THIS.

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phone Sex

(continued from page 121)

off to the juicy delivery of my phone mate on the other end of the line.

It was none other than Janus, a showgirl from Pittsburgh, an acquaintance I'd met years earlier backstage at one of my concerts. She was on my A-list of aural concubines, as she, much like myself, had suffered through countless years of disillusionment in the relationship game. This, of course, fostered a tremendous fear of intimacy, a predilection to talk dirty, hang up and go about her business—alone. My kind of gal.

And I have to tell you, I rarely cheat on my girlfriends, unless the relationship has pretty much gone south. That's no excuse, but I'd be lying if I didn't admit that talking dirty on the phone to an old lover from some distant hotel room, then hanging up and immediately ordering room service, left me much less racked with guilt once I got back home than if I had done the deed in the flesh.

On top of that (and even sadder) is that I firmly believe I'm better in bed on the phone than in the sack. I mean, until the age of 35 or so, I was a pretty damn good lover. My biggest problem was blurting out promises and lies during my orgasm. With one girlfriend I practically yodeled in ecstasy that I intended to abandon show business and hang out in Egypt for a year while she studied King Tut or one of those old guys' remains to complete her master's degree. But then, what with my bad knees acting up all the time and my ever-increasing anxiety over misleading lovers and my libido getting cranky, I finally gave up, opting to just pull back, be alone and talk dirty to Ma Bell.

"Who is this?" I reply uncomfortably over my phone, responding to some provocative sexual come-ons for what feels like the millionth time today.

"Who do you think it is, you flirtatious, sex-crazed, repressed animal?"

"I give up—Marilyn Manson?"

"I'd laugh, but I'm already wet, you maniac. When can I see you again?"

"Oh, Christ, I haven't been feeling too well."

"You never feel well—I want you inside me so badly."

"I'm expensive."

"Fuck you. Are you touching yourself right now?"

"I'll call you right back," I lied. "Some wacko is at my door." I hung up and then kept the phone off the hook as I tried to discern just exactly who that was. I also tried to figure out why and when I'd been intimate enough with her that she would feel comfortable calling me like that after so many months, maybe even years, of not talking. I didn't even recognize her voice.

That kind of call happens to me all the time. I obviously have more problems with the telephone than choosing which long-distance carrier to use.

By the way, I'm not talking about those 900 numbers. Those are bullshit, a pale imitation of the real thing—you know what I mean. A person you really know on the phone is a big difference, isn't it? Maybe not. I mean, statistics can lie, but I have to admit that about 98 percent of the women I've spent most of my time in bed with, on the phone, have had a big problem with it. I've heard things like, "Are you ashamed to be seen with me in public?" or "Since I started dating you, Richard, my phone bill has gone up 75,000 percent and I've never even met you in person." OK, fine, so maybe I have a problem: I'm afraid to get close to a woman. There, I said it. Now that the cat's out of the bag I can admit that, as a member of this frightened species, I've devoted myself to becoming one of the world's best damn phone lovers. I can actually stay home, do my work, have sex on the phone and not go out until my excuses start to get shabby.

I'll admit that telling a rational, fairly sensible woman I'm dating that "an apparition sent from the Lord appeared on my refrigerator door and told me I was quarantined" generally left her cold and me in whack-off hell. I'm starting to freak out about this because it's becoming a problem.

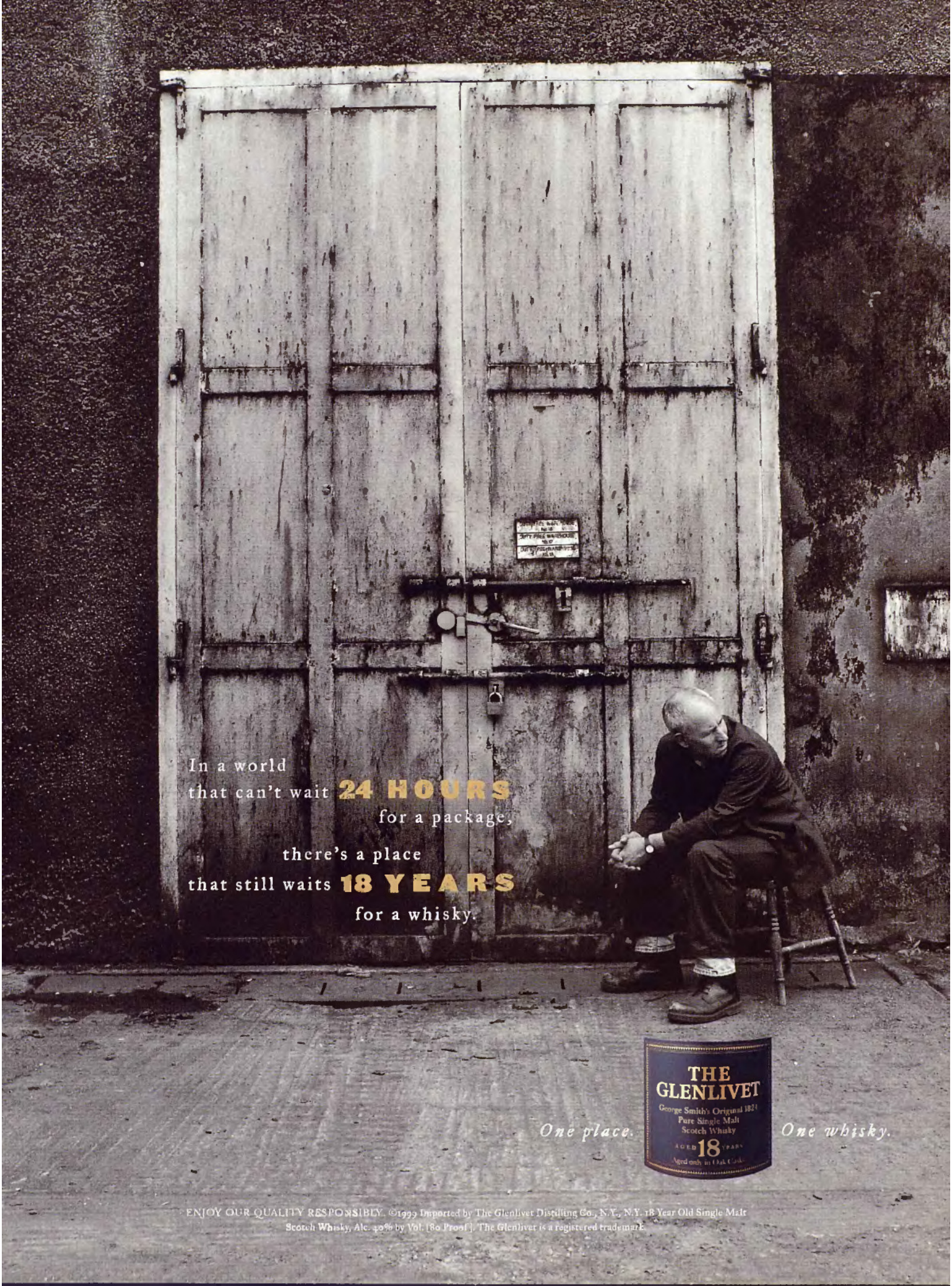
Most of the women I've met in the past few years—who were justified in splitting after I failed to convince them we would have a much bigger psychological safety net if we focused primarily on improving our love life on the phone instead of striving for an honest-to-goodness, adult relationship—left me with no option but to consider using those disingenuous 900-number sex lines. I'm screwed either way. If I give up phone sex with a real woman, I'll be forced to grow up and get real. And if I decide to cave in to the sanctuary of anonymity, my cover will be blown after the first month, when my squeaky-clean accountant clandestinely meets me at a restaurant on the outskirts of town to chastise me for spending $12,786 in June alone, calling the number 1-900-SUCK-MEE! He might also, meaning well, think it timely for me to let Jesus into my life.

I'm still looking for a new accountant.

By the way, do you know any hot single women with commitment issues?

Raise your Richard Lewis quotient at playboy.com/comedy.

"Say, fellas—how about taking a break with some wise women?"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that still waits 18 YEARS
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SAVAGES

(continued from page 172)

Waimanalo. I was completely shit-faced. Stella was away. I woke up with a little wahine. She says, 'Mahalo. That was nice.' I didn't remember a thing! I says, 'Hey, how old are you?' She says, 'Fifteen next birthday!'"

"That one's in the ballpark," Sandford said. "The age of consent is 14 in Hawaii."

Willis said, "I knew this guy in the Philippines who had three girls living with him, none of them more than 16. His rule was that one of them had to be naked all the time. They took turns. It was kind of a harem-type thing."

"We had a welder in our crew in Bangkok who used to pay a hooker to go with him to restaurants and bars. He'd get her to jerk him off under the table while he looked out the window making faces at the people going by."

"What about these massage parlors—that's all they are," Peewee said, "places to get hand jobs for 35 bucks."

"Peewee knows the exact price!"

"Lap-dancing costs 20. It's just kids."

"Lots of the hookers in Fiji were schoolkids, making a few extra bucks," Ruddle said. "Wherever there's Christians, there's hookers."

"I don't blame them. If I was a 16-year-old girl, do you think I'd be working at McDonald's? I'd be selling my ass," Buddy said.

"And you'd starve," Sandford said.

Peewee said, "Friend of mine meets a girl in Aina Haina once a week. They have sex and then he takes her grocery shopping."

"I know islands where having sex is like shaking hands," Willis said, and showed the gap in his teeth.

"'Me want mary,' we'd say in New Guinea," Sandford said. "'Mary' means woman."

Buddy said, "When I was in Kauai in the Sixties there was a hippie commune. I went over there whenever I was horny. They called me Pop. I used to nail the hippie girls in the back of my van."

"I once knew a woman who had five vibrators," Ruddle said.

"It's funny about Pinky. It's the best sex I've ever had in my life."

"She's crazy," Willis said.

"See, that's the reason."

"Just after the war, the best place to be was Japan," Sandford said. "They were defeated, humiliated, their currency was in the toilet. The country was practically destroyed. Everyone was looking for a dollar."

"Korea was like that," Peewee said. "Korean women——"

"You could get a Japanese woman to do anything! It was normal for them to be submissive, but after the war they were willing to be slaves. I had one that used to feed me with chopsticks. She gave me baths. She did it naked and then I realized that I wanted her to be dressed. She put on a kimono and that did it for me. I was just a kid!"

"This guy I knew in the Philippines with the harem. Ever see a naked woman cooking? A naked woman ironing clothes? A naked woman scrubbing the floor?"

"A naked woman polishing a big mirror. That would be nice," Buddy said. "That is not in the book."

"The thing about Tahiti," Peewee said, "was that there were always girls available. They loved going off with older men. She looked after you, and you looked after her whole family."

"Samoa's the same," Buddy said.

"I once had a mother and daughter," Willis said. "Not at the same time, though."

"There'll never be anything like Japan after the war," Sandford said.

"Look at the time," Buddy said. "Pinky's probably going nuts. Tough luck."

At that moment, my small daughter, Rose, entered the bar in her pajamas, carrying her bear.

Buddy hid his face in the Malinowski book. Willis looked ashamed, the others slouched like bad boys, as they had when the older woman, Mrs. Nivens, had walked past; but this was worse.

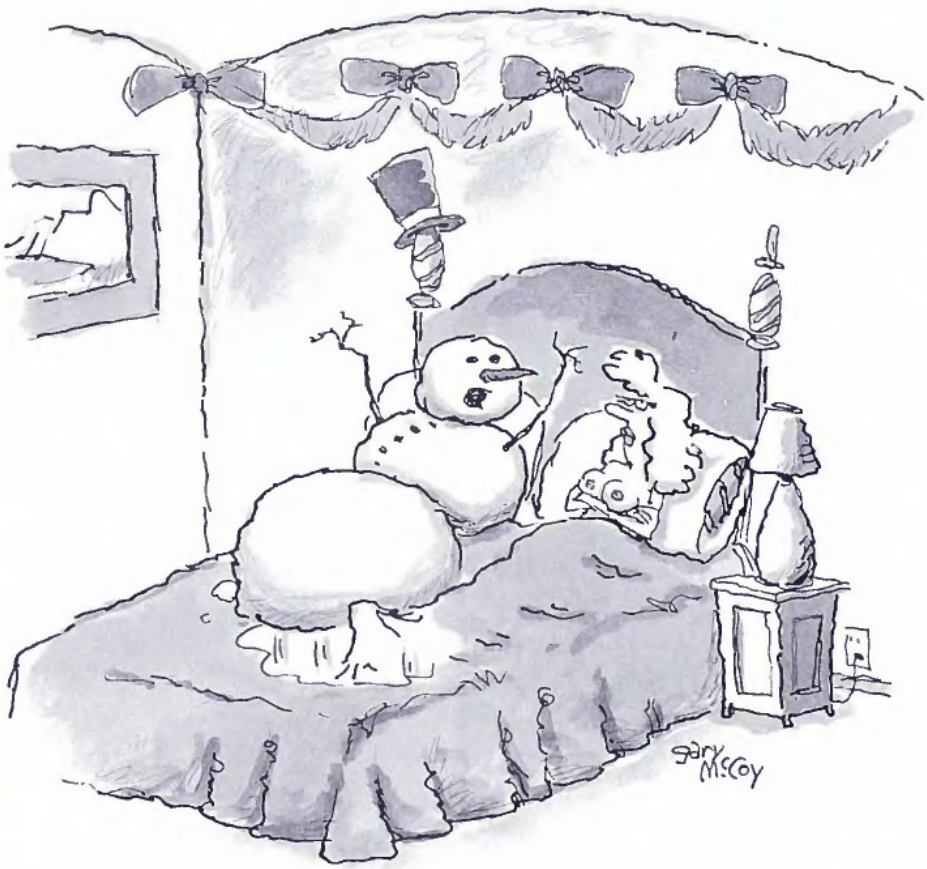
Rose ignored them and came to me, and when Willis cleared his throat she looked at him in annoyance.

Willis' wife had left him years before and now lived in Nevada. Sandford's third wife had recently left him and was living in his Manoa house with a younger man; Peewee's wife had run off with another woman. Ruddle was a diabetic who had not enjoyed an erection in 14 years. Buddy and Pinky slept apart. She claimed he snored. Buddy had found a method for divorcing her that would not cost him money, but she wouldn't sign the paper. As for me, Sweetie was bowling.

Rose said, "I can't sleep, Daddy."

Buddy and his friends looked ruined and old, like drunks who glimpse their faces in a mirror and are shocked by the corpses staring back, for the way mirrors late at night are like a reminder of death. Or maybe not. Just then, with a shout of vitality, Buddy said instead of going home we should head right then to Gussie L'Amour's out by the airport to watch women mud wrestling. On the way, he told us for the umpteenth time the story about the island of Kaytalugi, and the women of his dreams.

"It must be true," he said. "It's in a book."



"Look, either quit bitchin' about sleeping on the wet spot or turn down the damn heat!"

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LEWD

(continued from page 112)

there was an open copy of *Mother Jones* on the floor, and it was open to an article on capital punishment. So I'm reading, and I get to the bottom of the page and it says, "Continued on page 67," and I'm like, is it rude to finish the article or should I just wait for him? I realize that I must err on the side of caution. So I'm waiting, and he's taking forever. And I'm like, OK, I get it, wrap it up—June, July, August—let's go!

There's a certain penis style that really bothers me. You know, when it's a grower, not a show-er. It starts off like really small, you don't think it's going to be any big deal, it's just sort of there. It's kind of like a frog on a lily pad, you know, it's adorable, it kind of looks like a corsage, and then out of nowhere it just kind of like expands and becomes like a huge elephant-trunk thing. What is that? That's too much. I don't want all of that. I want half of that. Could I put half of that back? That's too much for me. I can't eat all that, frankly. I know my limits, and when I go to Subway, I do not get the foot-long, I get the six-incher.

BETH LAPIDES

People have come up with kinky sex because it's memorable. That's the thing about kinky sex, you remember it. Regular sex—how many times have you had sex where nothing particular happened and it wasn't a one-night stand, and you actually remember it? You just have a vague memory of some sex, right?

But when you do something kinky, it's like, yes, the mango sex. We'll always remember the mango sex. Try it, but try it with a sheet you can throw away, because there's nothing stickier than mango sex. It wasn't even that good, but we remember it. And that's the key—the remembering.

"You know, Santa, you would look years younger if you dyed your beard black."

ELLEN CLEGHORNE

I do give a good blow job. I really, really do, and I wish you could get a grade, or some type of certificate. I realized I was really good at it, I guess, when I was 20 or 21 years old. I was giving this guy a blow job, and he said, "You do this so well. What are you going to do with the rest of your life?" And I said, "Well, I can't do *this*." Stupid me—I had to get a real profession, so I started training to be an actress. But I could have just kept blowing. I could've just kept sucking dicks.

It's good for a woman to have gay friends, because gay men give each other head on a regular basis, so they have more experience. So I asked my gay friend, "How do you do it without gagging?" So he told me this exercise. These are things you can't learn on morning TV. They teach you shit like planting tomatoes. I don't fucking plant tomatoes! I want to know, how do I get it down a little farther without gagging on my dinner?

BETH LAPIDES

We don't role-play—I don't have that kind of energy. If you need to role-play with the person you're with, that's going to require a lot of effort. But if we did role-play, who would we be? Maybe we would be the ringmaster and the clown. And that sounds so good, I think we'll try it.

What would be our safety word if we were into that? Your safety word has to be something that you would never, ever say—like in S&M—and I realized the only thing that I would never, ever say under any circumstance is, "I think I've lost too much weight, and I'm actually too thin now." That's my safety word.

My biggest sex fantasy is [*whispering*] we're making love, and I realize I'm out of debt.

MOON ZAPPA

I had an awful make-out session recently. I met this guy who was repellent, and I thought, Well, maybe that's what marriage is like. But I made out with him, and he had a tongue that poked. It was just like this poking, rock-hard tongue, but it also had flaps underneath, like a car wash. He also deposited a lot of saliva in my mouth during a kiss, so it was like the rock-hard tongue poking, the flat dry—kind of like a cat's tongue—the flaps and then the saliva. But I said no. When you're not attracted, you're not attracted.

I had an affair with a guy who said, "You never initiate." He wanted me to initiate, and I thought, Yeah, yeah. So I set the stage. Basically, I blindfolded him, had him lie down and started to give him a hand job, but what he didn't know was this: I went into the kitchen and I got a butcher knife, and as I jerked

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him off with one hand, I fucking *stabbed the air* with the other hand. He never knew anything about it. I realize I'm not going to have sex with any of you here in the room.

BETH LAPIDES

I had this boyfriend, and he was just hard *all* the time. I used to call him Eveready. So we would have sex all the time, and then one day he goes, "I don't think I can have sex anymore, because, you know, I've had sex so much in my life, I was thinking my come could probably fill a huge garbage can. A *huge* one, you know, one of those really big ones, that's how much I've come in my life. And I just thought maybe I should give it a rest." And he did. He stopped cold. He said, "You know what? Enough!" I hope that he's back at it, because he was good.

MERRILL MARKOE

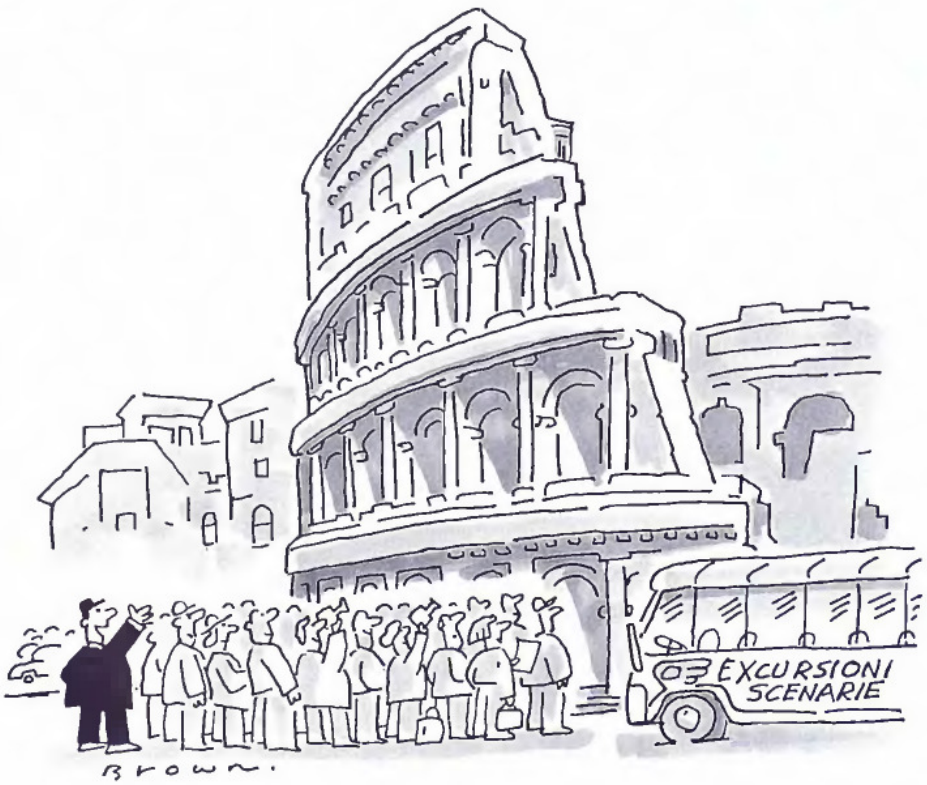
On the topic of faked orgasms, if sex fraud were a crime, I'd be in jail for the rest of my life. Sometimes, if I think a guy is very good, I fake multiple orgasms. Here's what I don't get. So many guys don't seem to know where anything is on a woman. Guys who can assemble a refrigerator for you, guys who can take apart your computer and put it back together again, guys who can fix your dishwasher, have no idea where anything is on a woman.

Why can't we just give everyone, when we meet them, some sort of a manual, like you would get when you buy a Cuisinart? It would have a small map that would show them where they're going, because lots of times they're close, but it's like they got on the Hollywood Freeway and they got off at Lankershim and they meant to get off at Highland. So close but yet so far.

The last guy I had an affair with, his whole approach was like the female sex organ was a plate of spaghetti. But the harder they're trying, the more orgasms I fake, because you want to encourage them. As if a guy would ever do that. As if, if a woman were searching and searching for a guy's penis and couldn't find it, a guy would go, "Look how hard she's trying. I got to give her points for that."

I have come to think of orgasms as the things that I have really quickly while the guy gets up to look in the refrigerator for something to drink. My definition of bad sex is contained in the question, "How many times should you let a guy slam your head into the headboard before you call a halt to the proceedings?" And the answer is two. The first time could have been an accident.

My best piece of sexual advice: If you're a guy, and you've been attempting to arouse a woman and you are working hard and it's going slowly and it seems to be taking more than half an hour, rest assured that you do not know what you are doing. And for God's sake, don't do it harder.



"The original has been reassembled in Las Vegas."

DREW BARRYMORE

(continued from page 80)

changes you forever.

PLAYBOY: What was your first big break?

BARRYMORE: A small movie called *Poison Ivy*. Things changed from that moment on. I still had to audition for everything, but that film was a fun place where I could show a different side of me. I was grateful and thrilled to death to get that role. It's weird: My tattoos have led me in strange directions. When I read the *Poison Ivy* script, it said on the first page that this girl Ivy had a tattoo on her leg of a cross with rose vines going through it. I had that tattoo.

PLAYBOY: How many tattoos do you have?

BARRYMORE: I have six. I got the first one when I was 13 and the last at 16.

PLAYBOY: Do you regret them?

BARRYMORE: I love them. I would never change them.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite?

BARRYMORE: My butterfly. I got angels across my back when I was 14 and the butterfly at 16. Angels and butterflies. I have flowers on my toes.

PLAYBOY: *Poison Ivy* led you to several roles as trashy, sexy teens, capped by the part of the Long Island Lolita, Amy Fisher. Were you comfortable playing those characters?

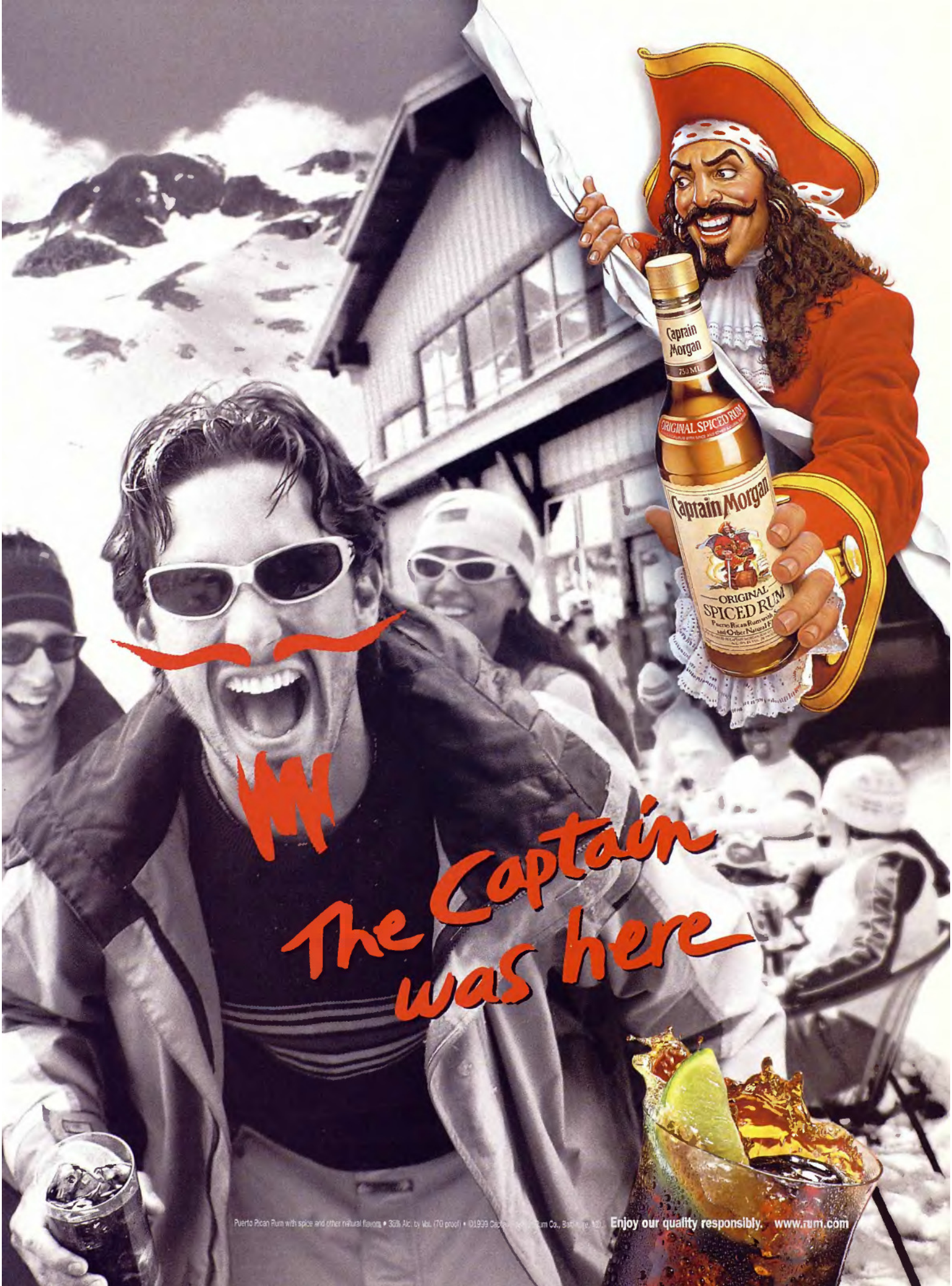
BARRYMORE: I felt a need to play those characters. I wasn't that person anymore, but I had experience on how to be that person. By 16, I was wholesome compared with the characters I was playing. I wasn't out there doing drugs and killing people.

PLAYBOY: After everything, what do you see when you look in the mirror?

BARRYMORE: I like myself, I accept myself. I try to love myself. I'm much more forgiving of myself, whereas once I was pretty mean to myself. The more you give yourself a little distance, the more you learn. The more you learn, the more you accept yourself.

PLAYBOY: As you look ahead at your career and also at your marriage and plans to have children, which is more likely: that you'll win an Oscar or become a 250-pound mother with four kids?

BARRYMORE: Two hundred fifty pounds with four kids. My intention is not to win any awards. I don't believe it's my destiny, and I'm floored any time I win an award. I freak out. People don't know how grateful I am. I recently got a plaque at the LA Center Studios, where they named a stage after me and *Charlie's Angels*. I gave the most heartfelt speech about how this is a dream come true and how, when I'm alone at night and thinking about all the good things that have happened, this will be a big one. But only four people there were listening to me. That keeps things in perspective.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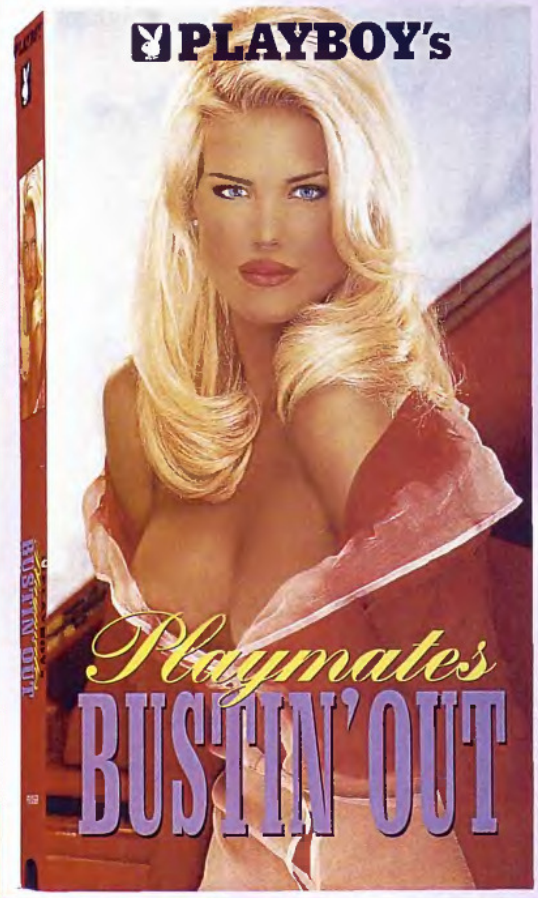

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Jazz & Rock

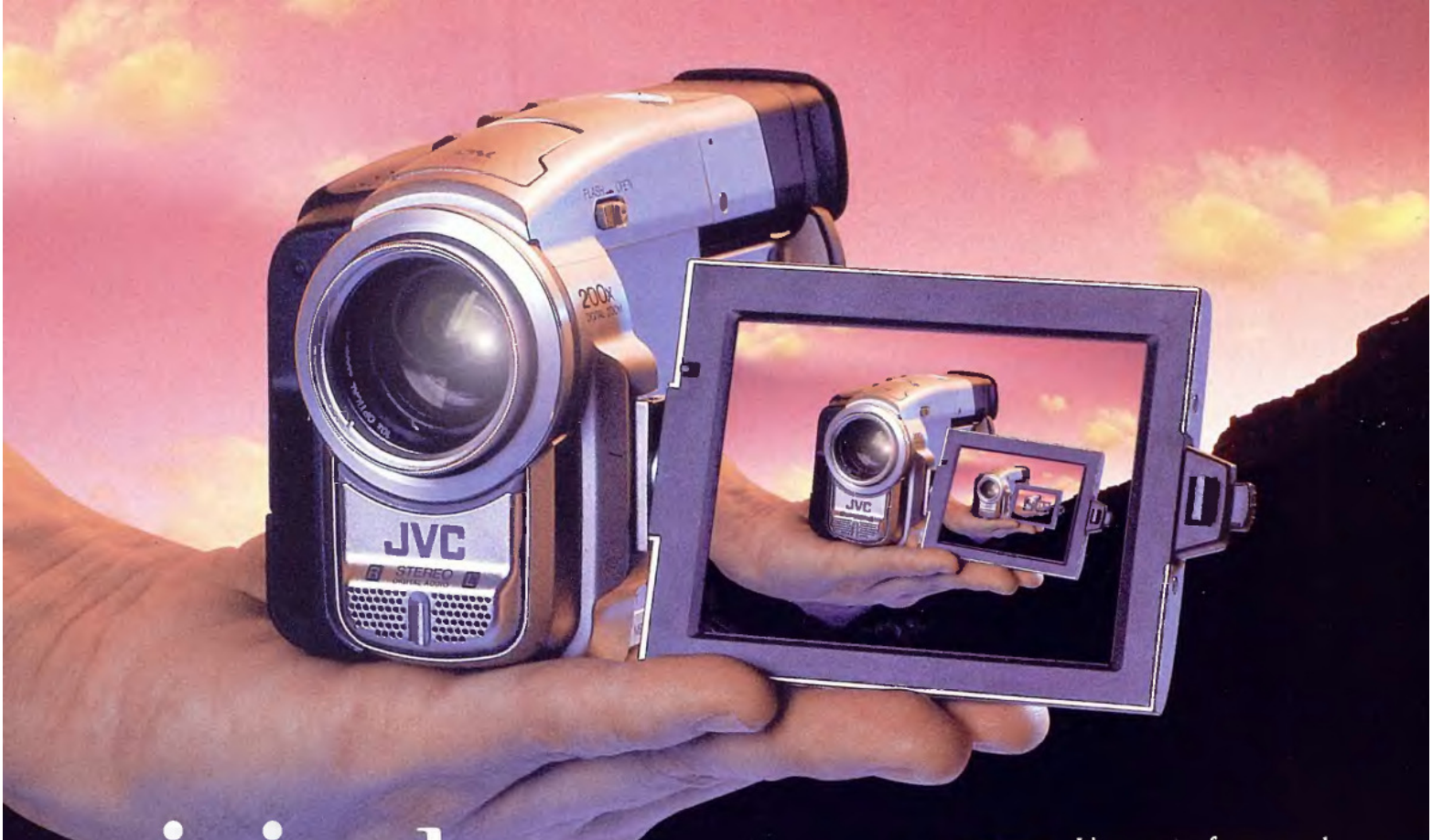
(continued from page 152)

usage. The CD sold 1.7 million copies in its first week, the most ever by a rap artist. This year the 27-year-old became the scary-era Elvis for a new generation. He punched the envelope with *Kill You*, his rap about raping his mother, a 2000 version of Jim Morrison's *The End*. Despite his often vile message, Eminem grew in stature. He is the anti-Britney. (Eminem is not shy about weighing in on Spears, describing her as "garbage," "retarded" and "Shitney Queers.")

But white rap isn't new. Third Bass and the Beastie Boys pioneered the form years ago. What was most adventurous was this year's hybrid of rap-rock and two traditional white bastions, pro wrestling and television. Eminem's label head, Jimmy Iovine, is also the producer of *Farmclub.com*, a weekly show for the USA Network. Iovine shrewdly slotted his show right after the World Wrestling Federation's *Raw Is War*, cable TV's smash show. *Farmclub.com* is a kinetic mesh of live performance, website and music label. With personality and quick camera cuts, it targets teenage boys. There's a lot more testosterone to be tapped. This year Kid Rock, DJ Muggs of Cypress Hill and George Clinton collaborated as producers with XXX stars Stacy Valentine, Rebecca Wild and Stephanie Swift on the *Deep Porn* CD.

When applied correctly, flamboyance can go a long way. A colorful wrestler from long ago was the poignant centerpiece of the Memphis Rock and Soul Museum. Sputnik Monroe (Rock Brumbaugh) broke down racial barriers while wrestling in Memphis from the Fifties to the Eighties. Monroe is white, but he walked tall down predominantly black Beale Street in Memphis, wearing flashy threads from Lansky Brothers—Elvis' haberdasher. Monroe cut the ribbon for the museum when it opened this past spring. Although the Experience Music Project garnered more press, the Rock and Soul Museum is more important. The museum's steamy blend of Sixties and Seventies soul is honored with Smithsonian-curated items such as Ike Turner's piano and the Reverend Al Green's Bible.

Soul music also manifested itself this year with D'Angelo's continued assent. His sophomore album, *Voodoo*, sold more than a million copies. D'Angelo was the brightest commercial beacon of a back-to-basics soul movement that also included Macy Gray and Angie Stone. On his 2000 tour, D'Angelo paid homage to classic Seventies soul, reworking Roberta Flack's *Feel Like Makin' Love* with his tender falsetto, framed by jazz trumpeter Roy Hargrove. He even handed out roses to the ladies in the front row, just like Reverend Al, but there's nothing nostalgic about D'Angelo. He uses the spiritual



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American blues took equally dramatic steps. Postmodern blues was popularized a few years ago by Tom Mazzolini, founder and producer of the San Francisco Blues Festival. The movement argues that traditional blues is an endangered species. So po-mo blues follows a pastiche of modern rhythms with contemporary jazz, hip-hop and gospel influences. Former Jimmy Reed bandleader Eddie C. Campbell turned the house inside out by blending Stevie Wonder's *Superstition* with hip-hop and a Bo Diddley beat on the wacked-out track *Geese in the Ninny Bow (Hey!)* from his *Hopes and Dreams* CD. The North Mississippi Allstars dipped deep into Allman Brothers guitars, especially as an opening act for Steve Earle. And Alvin Youngblood Hart turned out the bravest CD of his career by covering honky-tonk, rock and even Seventies disco on *Start With the Soul*. But some of the strangest blues sounds of the year came from Clarksdale, Mississippi's Super Chikan and the Fighting Cocks. On his 2000 rerelease, *Blues Come Home to Roost*, Super Chikan (a.k.a. James Louis Johnson) flaunts his one-string diddley-bo guitar. With that single string, Chikan makes a piercing Middle Eastern sound that complements his screeching vocals. Postmodern blues returns the blues to an earlier period and then updates it.

Folk music is one of the oldest stylistic hybrids. The year's most ambitious folk release was Arhoolie Records' *40th Anniversary Collection: The Journey of Chris Strachwitz*, a five-CD boxed set featuring 106 songs from 96 artists. Strachwitz, who founded Arhoolie in 1960, views himself as more a documentarian than a producer. His first discovery was Texas sharecropper Mance Lipscomb. But the collection also includes acts as diverse as Tex-Mex legend Flaco Jiménez, Big Mama Thornton singing *Little Red Rooster* (with Buddy Guy on guitar), honky-tonk singer Rose Maddox, zydeco king Clifton Chenier, Omar Shariff and the Any Old Time String Band.

Sundazed Music got cooking this year with a sterling reissue series reminiscent of the glory days of Rhino Records. Based out of Coxsackie, New York, Sundazed—formerly know for its garage-surf-psychedelia reissues—released chestnuts from such well-known artists as Paul Revere and the Raiders, Otis Redding, the Meters, and Buck Owens and His Buckaroos (the March 25, 1966 Carnegie Hall concert), as well as lesser-known acts such as the Van Dykes, a Texas soul trio profoundly influenced by Curtis Mayfield and the Impressions.

Other old rock acts didn't need reissue projects. The road goes on forever for Bob Dylan, who will tour with anybody—even Phil Lesh. Ozzfest, featuring Ozzy Osbourne and Pantera, was a

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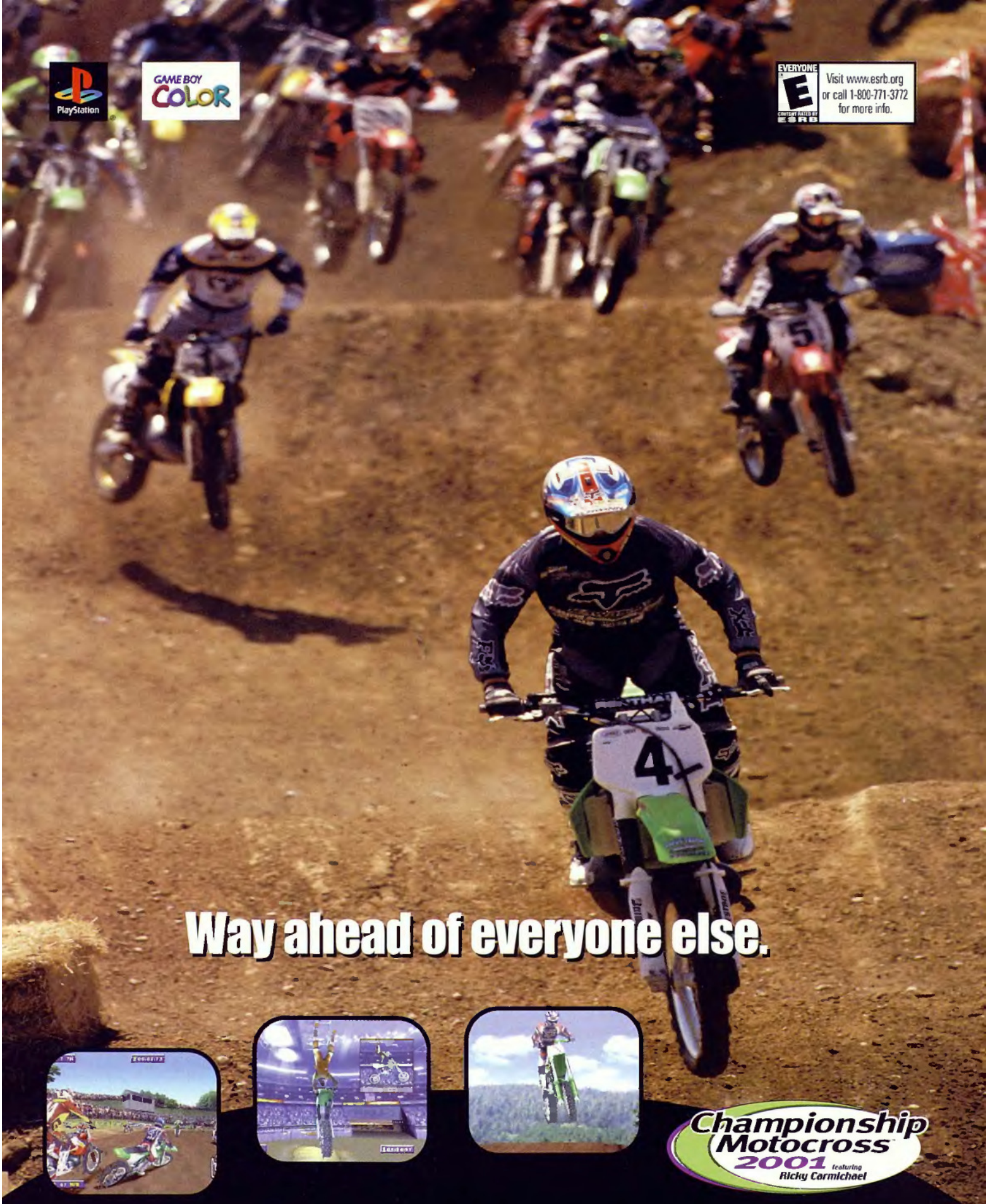

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head-banging success. And the Who once again roamed the earth, along with Jimmy Page and future geezers the Black Crowes. Beach Boy Brian Wilson reunited with himself on a tender tour where he performed the entire *Pet Sounds* album backed by a big orchestra. But the most bizarre reunion of the year was that of Diana Ross and the Supremes. The public didn't buy it or its lofty ticket prices.

That Supremes tour was dropped by Ross' promoter, SFX Entertainment, and it carried supreme ramifications. When tours were struggling in the past, individual promoters from cities on the tour renegotiated and conducted damage control to cut their losses. No one promoter could pull the plug on a whole tour—until SFX came along. It owns 120 live-entertainment venues across America and 16 amphitheaters in the country's top 10 markets. Besides Ross, the SFX roster also includes 'N Sync. Pearl Jam plays almost exclusively at SFX venues across America. SFX is also the talent agent for Michael Jordan and Andre Agassi. Ross' Return to Love tour carried an ambitious and expensive cast: a full orchestra, her own band and go-go dancers, along with the standard support group of crew and vendors. They were all thrown out of work midway through the tour, an example of corporate consolidation at work. And there's more in store: In August, Texas-based Clear Channel Communications bought out SFX for about $3.3 billion in stock. This year, Clear Channel bought a radio chain as well, becoming the primary avenue through which listeners are exposed to popular music. Clear Channel now has the upper hand at venues, on tours, through radio play and even in promotion.

In September, Madonna released *Music*, her first studio album since 1998's *Ray of Light*. *Music* is brighter and more upbeat. Madonna's vocals move away from the dense vibe of *Ray of Light*, notably on the album's second single, *What It Feels Like for a Girl*, her big-sister address to the bejeweled and beleaguered Britney Spears. Spears' second album, *Oops! I Did It Again*, features a sleazy cover of the Rolling Stones' *(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction*, and the project's title video has Spears prancing around in formfitting red latex while singing, "I did it again/I made you believe we were more than just friends." Spears successfully played into the randy-girl power most recently exploited by the Spice Girls.

Critically, it was an *oops* kind of year for the former Mouseketeer. K.D. Lang said teen acts like Spears and 'N Sync had lots of musical talent and little emotional depth. The gossip columns had Spears hooked up with everyone from Britain's Prince William to former Mouseketeer Justin Timberlake of 'N Sync. As the year was winding down, Spears remained at the head of a bevy of Baby Britneys, including Christina Aguilera (yet another ex-Mouseketeer), Jessica Simpson and Mandy Moore.

On the other hand, older, Nashville-based women such as Lee Ann Womack and Trisha Yearwood made meaningful music by looking past traditional Music Row songwriters for material. Womack had a number one hit with the inspirational ballad *I Hope You Dance*. Yearwood's heartfelt *Real Live Woman* addressed her divorce. Yearwood also delivered a hopeful version of Bruce Springsteen's *Sad Eyes*, and the Bobbie Cryner title track went against the Britney Spears shtick. In weathered tones, Yearwood sings: "I don't need to be 19 years old/Or starve myself for some weight I'm told/Will turn men's heads, been down that road/And I thank God that I finally know just who I am."

Latin pop was less reflective, but much more energetic. Ricky Martin, Marc Anthony and Enrique had impressive years at the concert box office and with record sales. Santana was part of a compelling summer tour with Everlast. Erik Schrody (a.k.a. Everlast) wrote *Put Your Lights*

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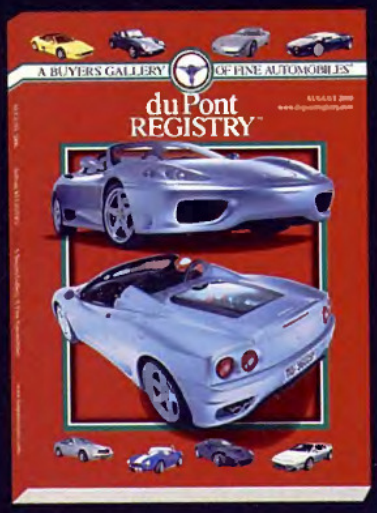

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On, the centerpiece of Santana's mega-selling *Supernatural* CD. Pucho and His Latin Soul Brothers tried valiantly to fill the void left by this year's passing of Latin bandleader Tito Puente. Cuban music continued to ride the ripple effect of 1997's *Buena Vista Social Club* CD and the accompanying movie and tour. The Afro-Cuban All Stars big band (led by Buena Vista arranger, vocalist and *tres* player Juan de Marcos González) came to America to promote its eclectic sophomore album, *Distinto, Diferente*. Longtime Cuban favorites Los Van Van continued to barnstorm America, appearing at the Playboy Jazz Festival.

There were no more tricks left for the Smashing Pumpkins, who announced they were disbanding. But treats are sure to remain in future outtakes. The platinum-selling band had talked about breaking up even before recording this year's *Machina/The Machines of God*, a commercial failure compared with the previous Pumpkins catalog. Expect Billy Corgan and guitarist James Iha to pursue solo careers. Drummer Jimmy Chamberlin, who rejoined the Pumpkins after beating a drug problem, has talked about a new career as a race car driver. A loyal goth rocker, Corgan blamed the success of teen singers and boy-toy bands for the Pumpkins' demise.

After all, 'N Sync's sophomore album, *No Strings Attached*, spent nearly half the year in *Billboard*'s top 10. 'N Sync continued to exploit engaging five-part harmonies in the crisp, saccharine manner of the Four Freshmen and doo-woppers like Eddie and the Starlights. Life was more colorful offstage for 'N Sync. In what may have been the photo op of the year, Keith Richards took in an 'N Sync show at Madison Square Garden. The formerly out-of-sync Rolling Stone and his wife and daughters hung out backstage with the fab five after they sang hits like *(God Must Have Spent) A Little More Time*. If that wasn't strange enough, the Richards clan bumped into Janet Jackson backstage. The Pumpkins should sit tight. The last time teen music ruled the world like this (1971, with the Osmonds and the Jackson 5), the natural counter-reaction helped stoke the careers of Carly Simon, Alice Cooper and Steve Miller.

Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young continued their reunion tour during the first part of 2000. Then Neil Young went off on his own to support his *Silver and Gold* solo CD that includes *Buffalo Springfield Again*, a ballad about his other band. For both the *Silver and Gold* record and the tour, Young hired a gloriously organic soul band. Its members include Ben Keith on steel guitar, former Booker T. and the MGs bassist Donald "Duck" Dunn, drummer Jim Keltner and keyboardist Spooner Oldham (best known for co-writing Sixties soul hits such as *I'm Your Puppet* and *Sweet Inspiration* with Dan Penn). Still, *Silver and Gold* was a commercial disappointment for Young. The tour fared better, thanks in part to the Pretenders' opening slot.

Phish broke out of its cult jam-band status thanks to its nonstop touring ethic and the demise of the Grateful Dead. A few years back, young jam bands like Phish and Widespread Panic had to rely on package tours such as Horde. But the band's eclectic live sets (no two shows are the same) and a couple of strong albums gave Phish the best year of its career. Its minimalist 2000 studio album, *Farmhouse*, was a perfect follow-up to 1999's six-disc live set, *Hampton Comes Alive*, which includes a cover of Stevie Wonder's *Boogie on Reggae Woman* and an off-the-wall version of the Beastie Boys' *Sabotage*.

Other acts maintained cult status this year, but that didn't lessen the splendor of their music. Alex Chilton toured as part of a trio to support his CD *Set*, a clever collection of tunes including Jesse Belvin's soul ballad *Goodnight, My Love*, Gary Stewart's kick-ass country anthem *Single Again* and the always jazzy *April in*

Dirty Duck®
by Bobby London
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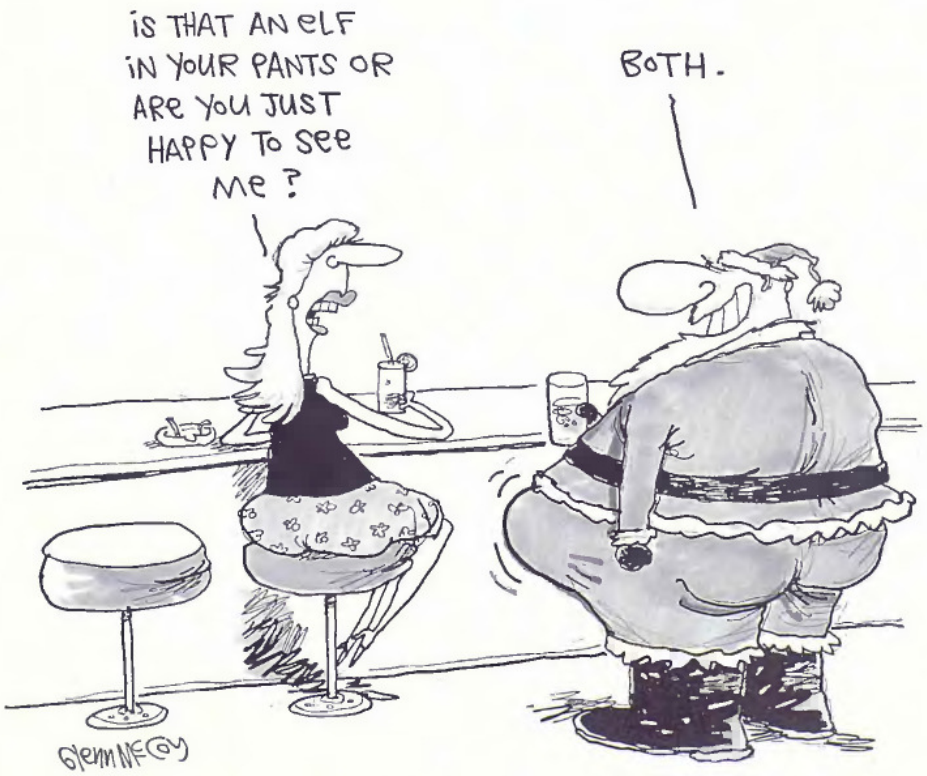
Paris. In concert, Chilton turned it up a notch with an irreverent cover of Michael Jackson's *Rock With You*. Singer-songwriter Robert Crenshaw (younger brother of Marshall) may have turned out the best pop-rock record of the year with *Victory Songs*, harking back to the crisp, appointed hooks of mid-Sixties rock. Don Dixon and Marti Jones guest on *Victory Songs* and Crenshaw pays tribute to his Detroit compatriots the MC5 with a sizzling version of *Shakin' Street*.

American jazz celebrated the 100th anniversary of the birth of Louis Armstrong. The New Orleans trumpet player always claimed his birthday was July 4, 1900, although subsequent documents cite August 4, 1901 as his real date of birth. No matter. We can do it all over again next year. Armstrong transformed jazz into a solo form, changing the course for just about every instrumentalist and singer who followed in his footsteps. Notable Armstrong reissues in 2000 included Legacy's *Complete Hot Five and Hot Seven Recordings*, a four-CD set covering Armstrong's Twenties energy. Roulette also released the double-CD *Complete Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington Sessions*, where Armstrong is driven by a hipster rhythm section. Queens College in Flushing, New York created an Armstrong exhibit, *Pops Offstage: Louis' Home-Recorded Tapes*, from an archive that includes 650 reels of Satchmo telling jokes and talking about his daily doses of marijuana and Swiss Kriss laxative. About half a dozen of the tapes can be accessed on the Internet by punching in satchmo.net.

Innovative jazz bassist Charlie Haden was given the prestigious Miles Davis Award at the 2000 Montreal International Jazz Festival. The annual award is bestowed upon jazz artists who have renewed the art form. It was a proper call for Haden, an exploratory bassist who has worked with such diverse performers as Ornette Coleman and Rickie Lee Jones. Jazz bassists rarely bask in the limelight.

The unbending spirit of jazz carried over into the 21st century. Steadfast individuals like Louis Armstrong worked, fought and improvised together to create one nation under a groove. In the rapidly changing landscape of digital distribution, a world of diverse music can be combined into one unified sound. Much of it will be on the Internet. This year, digital sound left much to be desired, but digital distribution offers countless opportunities for musicians, as does the proliferation of independent labels. Everyone expected consolidation in the music business to leave the industry dominated by a few giant labels. But that wasn't the case. When you go online, you'll be able to find chord changes from thumb-picking country guitarist Merle Travis and Motown bassist James Jamerson. The more sophisticated computers become, the less consumers will have to rely on software networks such as Napster and Scour. It will become increasingly difficult to keep intellectual property in an earnings position. In the future the music could have a corporate sponsor. Maybe labels will charge the customer to hear their artists online. But the songs will be heard. Music still speaks to the heart and soul.



NOTHING BUT NET

(continued from page 170)

kitchen. Setup is a snap—plug in the phone connection and power cord. The devices are fairly inexpensive, around $300 to start, but don't expect to download music or print. They don't have hard drives or peripheral connections.

Touch-screen web tablets from 3Com, Qubit and other companies are a more expensive but handier way to web-surf. For about $500 you can cruise the Net even outside the house with Qubit's magazine-size WebTablet. The device launches you online via wireless technology and will operate up to 200 feet from your base station.

America Online is using its 23 million–subscriber base to push the convergence of computers and television. Its AOL TV setup, a black box with a 56kbps modem and wireless keyboard, gives users features that may actually merge television and the Internet. For example, the unit comes with a five-gigabyte hard drive, features its own on-screen television guide and has the ability to program your VCR.

MP3s weren't the end of the Internet and music crossover. The Kerbango is a kind of Net radio that lets you listen to more than 5000 online music, news, talk, sports and entertainment stations (all highlighted at kerbango.com). Equally intriguing is the AudioReQuest, a home stereo component that stores up to 300 hours of digital music encoded from any audio source—including CDs, LPs, cassettes and MP3s.

Ceiva's digital picture frame is the perfect solution if you're tired of looking at the same framed photos every day. The $250 electronic marvel has the look and feel of a traditional picture frame, but can cycle through 10 (5″x7″) digital images on its liquid crystal screen. While you sleep, the frame will automatically download new images (via a connected phone line) from your personal online Ceiva scrapbook.

Pingtel's Java-based Expressa phone is the office phone of the future. The Expressa interface lets you easily navigate voice mail, phone books, call history, etc. Plus, it's compatible with Windows 98/NT, enabling you to synchronize the phone with your computer phone directory and Microsoft Outlook.

And, finally, for home-office workers, there's Simply Postage's Promail, a palm-size postage meter that connects to your PC. With a few mouse clicks, you can download U.S. Postal Service–approved bar-code stamps. And the Promail's scale automatically calculates exact postage for first-class, priority, express and international mail. So long, post office. And post office lines.

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Jakob Dylan

(continued from page 169)

5

PLAYBOY: The title of your new album is *Breach*, a word that refers to a violation or infraction of a law, obligation or standard. Who broke what?

DYLAN: The title refers to an illusion most young musicians start out with and that I certainly had. When you're young and you start playing music you think all you really need in life is to make a record that's popular, and that that will make you a satisfied person with a satisfied mind. As great as it is to have a hit record and as much as I appreciated it, I discovered it's not all you need. This isn't to suggest I had illusions about the music business, because I didn't. I'm talking about the mistaken perception that creating something other people gravitate toward generates a feeling of boundless satisfaction. In having a hit I found that I was satisfied, but only with that part of my life. The album title also refers to being born ass first, as in a breech birth. Mine wasn't a breech birth, but sometimes I feel as if I'm going around ass first.

6

PLAYBOY: The new record has been described as centering on the struggle to come to terms with the realities of life. Is there a particular reality that's been on your mind?

DYLAN: I don't write things that are giddy and strictly hopeful, and my writing has always had a sardonic, slightly sarcastic tone. Even so, all my songs have an essentially positive point of view, in my opinion. I suppose the bittersweet reality these songs are grappling with is my realization that I'm not 21 years old anymore and I don't want to live my life on a tour bus. It's taken me a long time to admit to myself that I'm most at ease at home, and I fought that realization for a long time. We're about to head out for another year on the road. I'm ready and I appreciate the work, because there was a time the Wallflowers did very short tours. Still, the last one we did was demanding and it reached a point where things kept getting larger and larger as we went along. Each day you get up and you just make choices—you pick A or B—because things are constantly coming toward you. Then finally you reach a point where you know the record has peaked and it's time to say goodbye to it. I found that to be a sad moment, and it's always hard to say goodbye to the road because I like having plans and a place to be. Being out there is hard work, though.

7

PLAYBOY: What is the most important thing to remember if you want to stay healthy on the road?

DYLAN: You can't let yourself forget that the way you're living is abnormal. Getting up in a different place every day, with different air-conditioning and heating systems, is not a normal reality. The constant movement, the hours you keep, having broken sleep every night, exhaustion—it all takes a toll on your body. You have to keep an eye on it and make an effort to avoid that pizza at 2:30 in the morning, along with all the other junk food out there.

8

PLAYBOY: What's the weirdest thing you take on the road?

DYLAN: I tend to go out with very little and come home with a lot. I wouldn't describe myself as a collector, but recently I started collecting belt buckles. I was sitting around the studio and somebody turned me on to buying stuff on the Internet. I would never spend any real money there and don't understand how people can spend thousands of dollars online—it doesn't make any sense to me, because you can't hold the thing before you buy it. Belt buckles are kind of harmless, though, and you can find some great old ones on the Internet for $15. I also buy far too many hats. I don't know how many I have, but I'm always willing to buy another one. I used to buy them in thrift stores, but I've pretty much stopped buying used clothing because I started thinking about the life of the garment before I got it. What if the person who wore this before me did something really horrible while he had it on? What if this was removed from someone lying on a stretcher in a hospital? What if somebody died wearing this? Thinking about that stuff started giving me the creeps.

9

PLAYBOY: You somehow managed to obtain a sweaty vest worn by Joe Strummer and had it framed. What does it represent to you?

". . . I think I prefer the more traditional mistletoe."

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NEW 100'S

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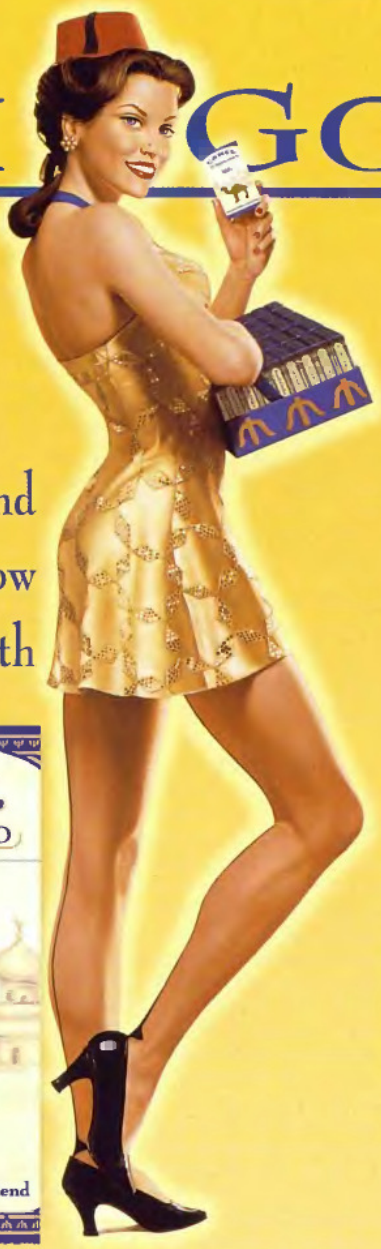

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DYLAN: At this point it represents that I'm larger than Joe Strummer and that unfortunately I'm too big to wear it. It was one of the vests he wore on the Clash's *Combat Rock* tour, which was the first time I met him. He's an amazing guy. I've been going to rock shows since I was in diapers, but one of the greatest shows I've ever seen was the Clash when they played the Palladium in LA in 1981. I was 12 or 13, so this was back before moshing got out of hand, and it was just incredible to watch that sea of people. Combat boots were flying through the air, people were walking around with broken noses—it was terrifying but brilliant, and something was happening on that stage that was unlike anything I'd ever seen. They were such an incredibly charismatic, thoughtful and dangerous group up there—they were like a gang. It was tough. The Wallflowers is very much a band, but I'd break camp in a heartbeat to work with Joe Strummer.

10

PLAYBOY: Of the three major American counterculture movements of the past 50 years—the Beats of the Fifties, the hippies of the Sixties and the punks of the Seventies—which do you most regret having been too young to have experienced?

DYLAN: The great thing about all those movements is that they keep coming back. When they were actually happening for the first time, I suppose the one that would've had the most lasting effect on a person's life would be the Beat movement. The other two were largely trends about fashion, and people either outgrew them or didn't outlive them, or they outlived them but don't have many brain cells left. In terms of the drugs associated with the Sixties, I don't have much interest in checking out for six hours. There are lots of ways to check out, but to take some kind of substance, then wake up in a different city several hours later and not remember what happened? That doesn't interest me at all and just sounds ridiculous. Punk obviously had deep political meaning for many people, but I mostly responded to the music. I never wanted to shove a safety pin through my cheek, and as for the politics, it would be ridiculous and dishonest to pretend that I had anything to rebel against.

11

PLAYBOY: Why are drugs so prevalent in the music world?

DYLAN: Probably because Keith Richards is still going, God bless him. People look at him and think, Gee, maybe I, too, can go through all this insanity and come out at the other end. Obviously it doesn't happen that way for 99 percent of the people who try out that lifestyle. Nonetheless, drugs are married to rock and roll, and that's partly a result of where this music came from. I recently read a book called *I'd Rather Be the Devil*, a biography of a dangerous blues guy named Skip James. His records are fantastic, but he seemed like a pretty horrifying person. He didn't live in a world of young pop stars, and most of the musicians he knew didn't start to get anywhere until they were in their 40s. None of them made money because the music was just being invented then, and they actually lived what evolved into the rock-and-roll lifestyle. They lived in a world of guns, knives and drugs. Nobody knew the music they were playing would eventually be worth money, and they all got ripped off. As to whether things are better for musicians today, I don't think anybody can claim naivete at this point. Everybody knows the music business can be dirty, and it's been well reported that in America the artist is lower on the ladder than the people who run the companies.

"And a very merry Christmas to you!"

12

PLAYBOY: There's a lyric in your new song *Sleepwalker* that goes: "Cupid don't draw back your bow/Sam Cooke didn't know what I know." What do you know that Sam Cooke didn't?

DYLAN: Obviously I don't think I'm smarter than Sam Cooke, and although that's what the lyric seems to be saying, that's not exactly what I meant. Sam Cooke's song *Cupid* is a favorite of mine and I guess you could say it's a pure, hopeful song. I write songs from a similar point of view, but *Sleepwalker* isn't one of them. *Sleepwalker* suggests that while it may be tempting to attach yourself to something or somebody, it's healthier not to do that. *Cupid* is just one of the thousands of songs that say otherwise, of course, because popular music has been obsessed with romantic love for centuries. You can't pin that just on music, though, because everybody is obsessed with that. We all long for something that's pure and honest.

13

PLAYBOY: What's your most vivid memory of your bar mitzvah?

DYLAN: I remember that I was the only kid who didn't want the party. I didn't want to do any of it, actually, but I thought if I could just get through the reading part I'd be happy. The party is supposed to be the fun part, but I wanted to skip the fun. Everybody standing around in light-blue suits with big lapels? I'd rather burn right through that.

14

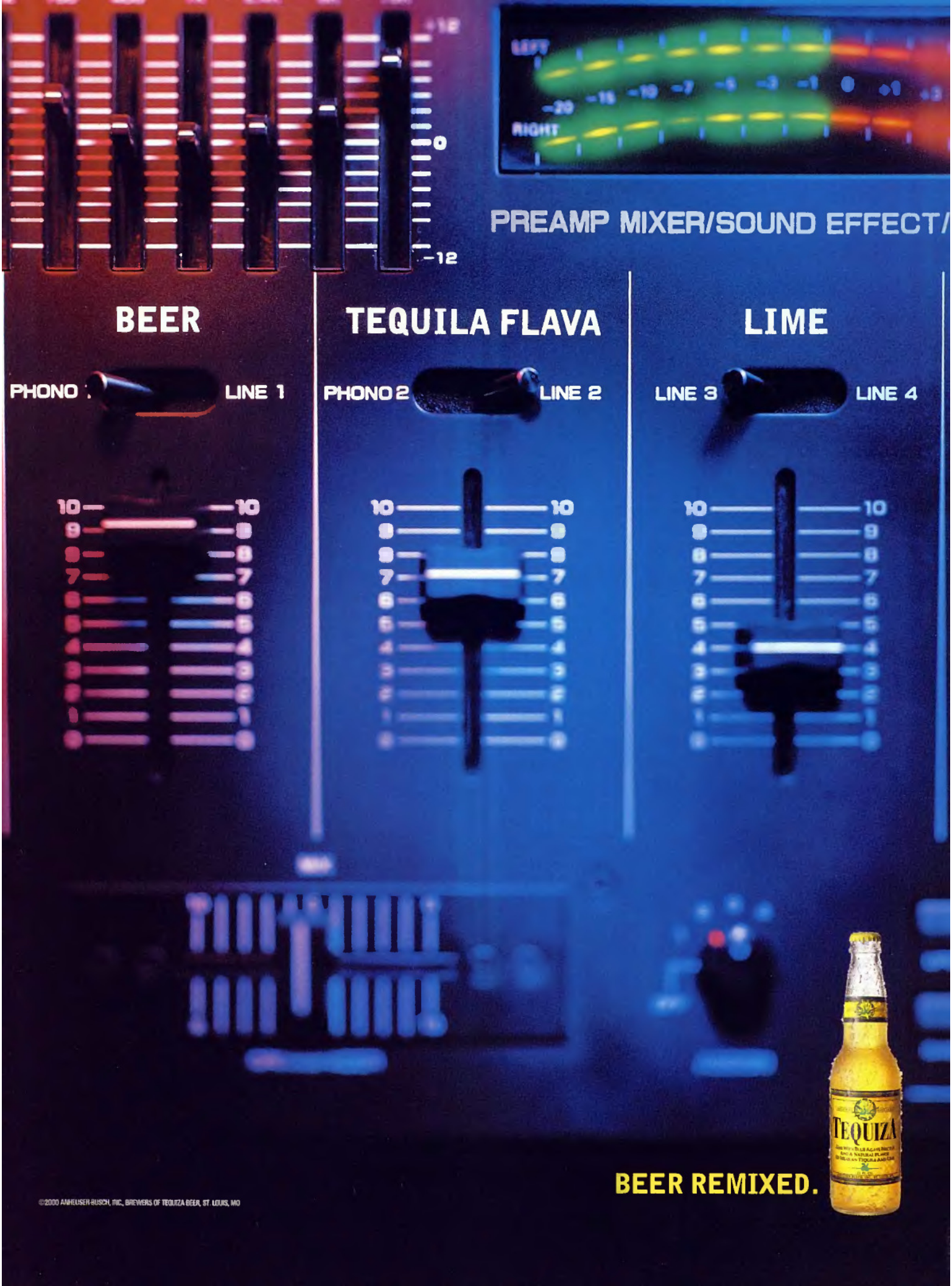
PLAYBOY: You've said you have a weakness for sad cowboy songs. When was the last time you heard music that brought tears to your eyes?

DYLAN: Probably some of the early mixes of *Breach*. I don't know if I react to music by actually crying, but there are many songs that move me. There's a Lefty Frizzell song, *I Want to Be With You Always*, that's great, and Charlie Rich's *Feel Like Going Home* has always been one of my favorites.

15

PLAYBOY: You recently said, "Fame is not a good thing and doesn't benefit you in any way." Do you mean to say there's not one single perk of fame you enjoy?

DYLAN: I don't think fame itself benefits you. What does it get you that is fantastic? I don't think it does anything for you, but I also don't have any complaints about it. Once in a while somebody approaches me in the street, but I don't think it's a horrible thing when somebody tells me they like my record. I guess that ruins some people's day, but that never made sense to me. I don't know why people get upset about that. People are usually very nice, and if I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don't feel like speaking to strangers, I just don't go out. You can't go to movie premieres, then complain that people bother you.

16

PLAYBOY: What we're talking about is privacy. Why do people want to know other people's business?

DYLAN: Probably because they only get snapshots of certain lives they're aware of, and they assume those lives must be incredible, interesting and happy. Personally, I'm always satisfied with the information people choose to give about themselves. I don't like to be probed, so I don't pry into other people's business, and I don't ask questions other people have indicated they don't want to answer. There's way too much information about people out there now anyhow, and it's increasing all the time with the Internet. There are 50 rock-and-roll magazines and every one of them also has a TV show. We're constantly being taken behind the scenes with people who are 23 years old, and "the making of" documentaries tell us more than we could possibly want to know about the most insignificant projects. When I bought records as a kid, you got the front album cover, you went to the show, maybe you bought a T-shirt or a poster for your bedroom wall and that was it. It was enough, too, and it was thrilling because it allowed musicians to retain an element of mystery.

17

PLAYBOY: Does the public demand too much of pop musicians? It seems that they're simultaneously canonized and scrutinized.

DYLAN: Yes, but a lot of people love it. Moreover, there is irresponsibility on both sides when the public demands that pop musicians speak out on political issues and so forth. You look in magazines and see pop stars raising awareness at charity events, and while I suppose that's probably the one positive way to exploit fame, why do you have to let the public know who you donate money to? If you want to do it, just do it. You don't have to talk about it.

18

PLAYBOY: Who inspires you?

DYLAN: I'm inspired by people like Jerry Lee Lewis, who has completely checked out of trying to matter to kids or anything like that but continues to play. I admire it because it proves that without the pulling and pushing you tend to do when you're in this line of work, people will find you and support your work if you're good. Obviously I'm not pretending to run my job or my life the way Jerry Lee Lewis does, but I admire that he just keeps doing what he likes to do, because I know how difficult it is. It really can be a perilous world to live in. I recently read Peter Guralnick's book on Elvis Presley, and the signs of all the tragedy that lay ahead for him were there even before he went into the Army. Early on in his career he couldn't go anywhere without an entourage of people, and that's the first red flag. Today there are billboards everywhere reminding people to beware of addictive substances, but back then people didn't realize that all the medication he was taking would destroy his body. I suppose you could say that America and his friends killed Elvis, but truthfully, I don't know if it's possible to experience the kind of mass adoration he had and not be destroyed by it.

19

PLAYBOY: In the book of Genesis, Jacob lay his head on a stone pillow and dreamed of a ladder to heaven. He saw the face of God when he got there. What would you expect to find at the top of the ladder?

DYLAN: Absolutely nothing. I really enjoy solitude. I like the small, monotonous aspects of daily life at home, and I've never been a big thrill seeker. I don't need bungee jumping in my life. Many people thrive on having a large circle of friends, but I prefer to know as few people as possible, and I can still remember the same 10 phone numbers that I've known for the last 20 years. People tend to misinterpret the fact that I'm kind of shy and quiet as my being aloof and pretentious, but it's hard enough to maintain peace and sanity among the small circle of people I know. The more people you know, the more feelings, issues and problems you become involved in.

20

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite Bob Dylan song?

DYLAN: Bob Denver? That guy on *Gilligan's Island*? I didn't know he made any records.

"Sex Toys for Her is across the street, sir. You're still in the train station."

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CUBA FEVER *(continued from page 88)*

"The only entity that's OK to steal from—because they deserve it—is the government."

In Havana, if not the rest of the island, it is possible to find fresh meat, green vegetables, American and European car parts (one guy in Old Havana is known for the prerevolution Chevy parts his brother sends him from Miami), gasoline, up-to-the-minute French fashions, CDs by exile artists such as Gloria Estefan and Willy Chirino (even in some government-operated stores), Adidas running shoes, Tiffany antiques, Armani glasses, a plate of hummus or Chinese food or a Mercedes-Benz. In addition, an increasing number of shops now accept Visa and Master Card from non-American banks.

Up on 70th Street in Havana, at a supermarket, there is ample evidence of the U.S. embargo: Kellogg's cereals cover shelf upon shelf; Snickers bars and even the soda Materva can sometimes be purchased here—all of it arriving via third countries such as Mexico.

This doesn't mean there aren't occasional shortages. Last summer, for example, there wasn't a lightbulb to be found in Havana. Often the process of a legal buy can be Kafkaesque. Getting a phone can take years, with priority given to exemplary workers, veterans and the well connected. Buying a car—about the most rarified of privileges, available to less than one percent of the population—means an even longer wait and a terror-inducing income verification. Payment is almost always in cash. It's no surprise that the vast majority of new cars are sold to foreigners. Cubans would be hard-pressed to explain even if they could get the necessary $30,000 to $40,000.

•

According to an August announcement by Cuba's vice president, Carlos Lage, the island's socialist economy grew 7.7 percent in the first half of 2000 compared with the same period the previous year, guaranteeing it would surpass the official annual growth target rate of 4.5 percent.

In Miami—the Cuban-exile capital—this economic news was received with derision and skepticism. Exile media immediately took apart Lage's numbers: Exile economists appeared on TV and radio to emphasize that the island remains a questionable investment and that Cubans themselves are rarely the beneficiaries of any improvements.

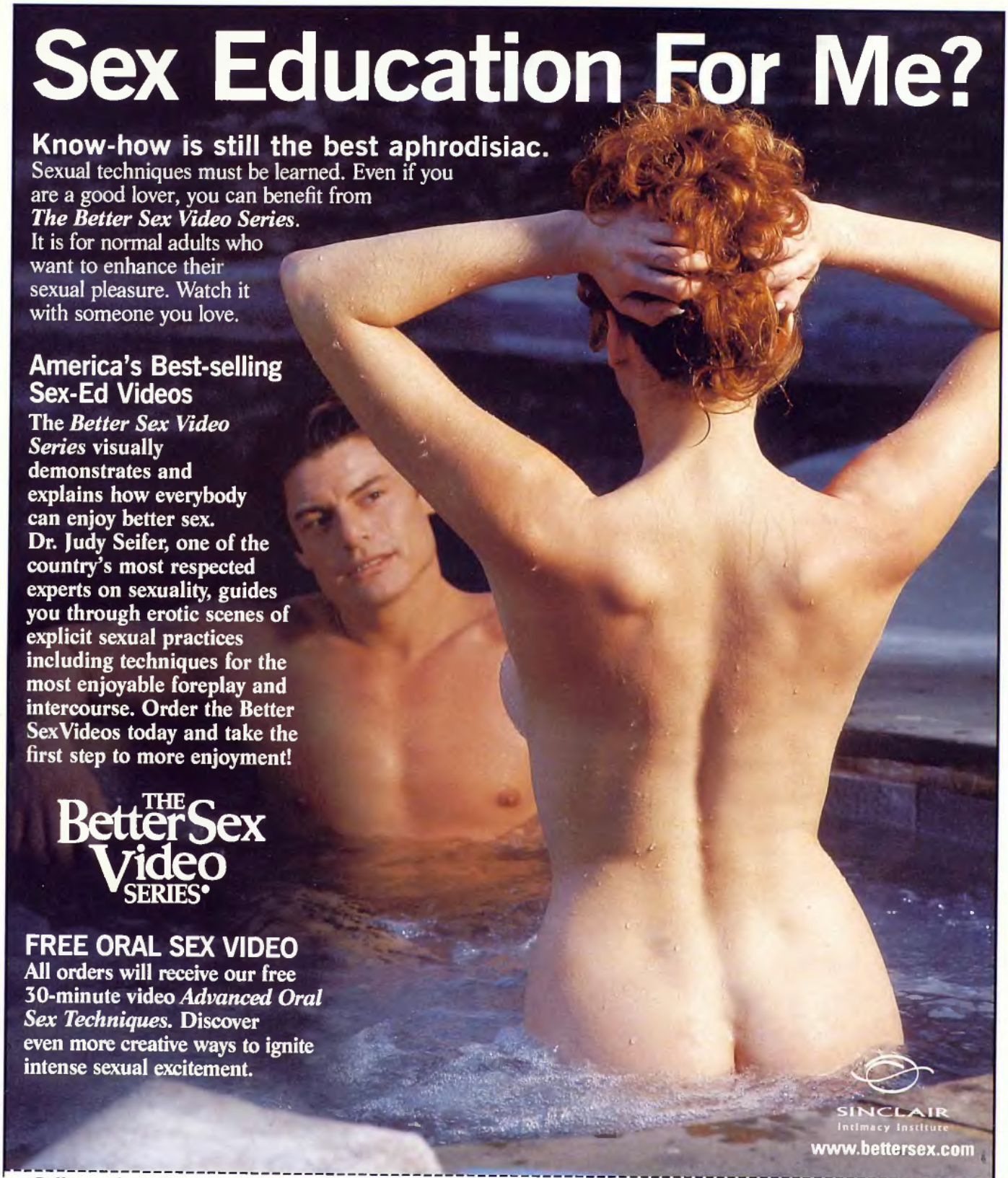
Some Cubans, such as Rogelio Gonzalez, also argue that the figures are misleading. "The economy doesn't work here at all," he asserts. "It's artificial. The only things that work are the policies he wants." Gonzalez refers to Castro, whose name is rarely said aloud, even by partisans. Instead, people pull at imaginary beards or touch their chins.

Lage himself cautioned against reading too much into the August figures, noting that Cuba continues its recovery from the economic catastrophe that befell it when the Soviet Union collapsed. He talked about fewer government-mandated power outages and better food availability, but he also admitted to medical shortages, transportation problems and continued difficulties with housing.

Most Cubans—even Gonzalez, on the verge of emigrating—will volunteer that things are better now than they were five years ago. With the exception of medicines, most of what exiles bring as gifts can be found in Havana. What is needed are dollars.

Although the Cuban government legalized the U.S. dollar in 1993 as a last

Sex Education For Me?



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resort to save the economy, it has maintained an ambivalent relationship with its new currency. Last year, there was talk of switching from the dollar to the euro, but the euro appears too uncertain for the Cubans right now.

Hitching their currency to the dollar is widely recognized as critical to Cuba's economic recovery, but it is also broadly blamed for a new series of problems. Because the government has steadfastly refused to pay its own workers in dollars—and the vast majority of Cubans are directly employed by the state—a double economy has developed, and with it a double morality.

Only recently has the government finally begun to pay a select group of workers with hard currency, sometimes depositing their salaries in state-supervised bank accounts that can be accessed through the equivalent of automated teller machines.

"My attitude is, you don't rip off the customer, and my employees had better not rip me off," says the owner of a legal *paladar* (a home restaurant) in East Havana. "The only entity that's OK to steal from—because they deserve it—is the government."

Cubans, of course, have done the math: The government charges for most things in dollars—a meal for two at a nice state-run restaurant can easily cost $30 U.S.—but pays its workers in pesos, meaning an average monthly salary will pay for about half that meal. For someone like Morgado, who lives off a pension of 59 Cuban pesos a month left by her son (that's about $2.50 U.S.), a restaurant meal is unfathomable.

On the streets of Havana, air-conditioned taxis for tourists charge (in dollars) prices only a little cheaper than in New York or Chicago. Ten-peso taxis for Cubans tend to be jalopies that make frequent stops in order to keep the business viable. These cabs, charging the equivalent of about 50 American cents, can't legally pick up tourists, which means the locals have a chance at the service. But the drivers are a surly lot. Gypsy cabs charge a few bucks, depending on distance, and drivers generally hawk their services in whispers while slowly cruising tourist areas.

While most Cubans still rely on their monthly ration book, it's no secret the government has been slowly weaning them off it, reducing its guaranteed goods to a minimum: six pounds of rice a month per person, 20 ounces of beans, half a pound of salt, three pounds each of white and brown sugar, about two ounces of coffee every two weeks, enough pasta for two servings a month, maybe one bar of soap about six times a year and a small package of laundry detergent every couple of months.

This forces Cubans to buy staples at la shopping—the dollar stores—where things are priced about the same

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as they are in the U.S. For Morgado, this has meant taking in laundry in order to buy fundamentals.

"There's no embargo," declares Yayeme Brinquez, a lithe young woman in Girón, the city known for the Bay of Pigs invasion and Castro's most celebrated victory. "If you want sweetened condensed milk, they won't give it to you through the ration book anymore, but you can get it at the dollar store. That's the new way, that's all."

"Day-to-day life is being reconfigured," says Magali Espinosa Delgado, a former professor of Marxist philosophy and aesthetics who is now a freelance cultural critic. "Social change is happening faster and beyond the control of the state. The fact that people have to hustle to make ends meet means they're frequently developing what we could graciously call bad habits. This is not good in the long run."

One bad habit, incidentally, is already on the way out, or at least seriously curtailed. The Nineties were a remarkably thriving decade for prostitution, harking back to the prerevolution days when Cuba was known as "the brothel of the Caribbean." Initially, the island's socialist leaders, who had put a premium at the beginning of the revolution on eliminating the sex industry, seemed shocked by the turn of events. Later they seemed to play into it: Government-sponsored advertisements for Cuban beaches and nightlife in the Nineties were often explicit and exploitative.

Prostitution in Cuba, however, was always complicated. Though there were specific prices for specific acts, many of the women weren't looking for money so much as a way out of the country. Thousands married Spaniards, Italians and Mexicans, and then emigrated. Many were surprised when they got to their new countries to discover their husbands weren't as well off as they'd said, or that they were never intended to be true spouses but, rather, sex slaves. Horror stories abound on Havana streets, frequently told by women who've returned.

"Nobody believes I married for love," admits Brinquez, who has a visa and exit permit to join her new Spanish husband in Madrid later in the month and bristles at any suggestion that she may have wed for material reasons. "My husband is an average person, a working person. And I would never seek asylum, because this is my country. But I'll also tell you this: I stopped looking at Cuban men a long time ago. They're too—how shall I put this?—prosaic."

In the past couple of years, the Cuban government has cracked down on the local sex industry. Gone are the lines of pretty girls and pimps along the Malecón and in the once notorious Habana Libre Hotel lobby; gone too are the Lycra-clad hitchhikers on every corner. Prostitution still exists, but it's more discreet now. The girls hang out at particular clubs, and rooms in private homes rent for the night, not the hour.

•

While some Cubans may be able to afford dollar taxis and groceries on 70th Street, there is plenty that Cubans can't do, no matter how much money they have. Cubans can't rent hotel rooms in their own names (and darker-skinned natives are still harassed, especially at Spanish-owned hotels, a constant source of embarrassment for the government). They can't travel out of the country for business or pleasure without state permission. They can't own and run their own businesses, and most can't legally buy or sell real estate, even their own homes.

Even when Cubans can legally access services, they are often treated as second-class citizens. In Guama, a reconstructed indigenous village designed to attract tourists (actors playing Indians whoop like in John Wayne movies), Cubans are allowed to take the scenic boat ride to the site but only by paying in dollars or at a price in national currency in line with their actual earnings.

But Cubans can pay in dollars only if accompanied by somebody with a

"You really made a believer out of me!"

foreign passport, and while there are dollar rides every few minutes, the peso rides—on which foreigners aren't allowed—are restricted to once or twice a day. Groups of Cuban schoolchildren, for example, wait for hours, as tourists blithely come and go.

"That kind of treatment makes me feel bad, inferior," says Brinquez. "But what can I do? I'm helpless to change it. It doesn't just happen to me, but to millions of people, about 11 million, to be exact."

Even Castro fans have a hard time justifying the disparities. "There are many things that we could enjoy just like the tourists," says Morgado, who says that she loses sleep worrying about Castro's well-being. "That is something I just don't understand."

•

This past year, locals heard the government was building new vacation condominiums for sale exclusively to foreigners in an area near the former Havana Yacht Club.

Popular reaction was swift and dramatic, and the government was embarrassed into restructuring the project. Last spring, word leaked that condo sales had been stopped but contracts already concluded would be honored.

The issue of real estate is particularly touchy. Although officially the idea of private property doesn't exist, real estate is probably the busiest business sector in Havana.

Acquiring property in Cuba can be a mysterious process—it requires a Cuban citizen willing to sign the deed or, in some cases, willing to marry a complete stranger. But it is done every day, despite the government's efforts to discourage it. Properties in Havana now go for between $3000 and $50,000—for a simple room to an exquisite seafront apartment. Houses sell for considerably more.

"I get offers all the time for my mother's house," says Gonzalez, whose family has a three-tiered home in Havana's Santa Fe neighborhood. "And I keep telling my mother—don't sell, hold on. She's old, and wants more security, especially now that I'll be leaving. But I've told her a thousand times: Wait for the Americans. The house will be worth half a million dollars then."

Although property owners are always officially Cubans, the real owners are not necessarily foreigners. More Cubans are buying for themselves, despite their official salaries and the lack of credit. Increasingly, Cubans are also fronting for U.S.-based relatives who provide cash. One strip in Varadero is popularly known as Hialeah Heights, after the Florida town.

The U.S.–Cuba bloodlines are also being nourished by the escalation of returning exiles, particularly retired seniors. Miguel Garcia (not his real name)

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is 74 years old and is living in Havana following a 20-year absence, having reunited with his first wife after a 30-year separation. It took him a year of visits to decide, then another two to finally get everything in order. Still, he keeps an address in Miami, and he goes back at least once a year to make sure everything is OK.

"I live here quietly, I don't bother anybody," he says. "I spend my few dollars, and this way I don't live alone and in fear. Miami is too violent, too expensive for an old man alone like me. Here, we have a washing machine, a TV, a record player. I sit in my rocking chair and I am just fine with the world. I was nobody there. I'm nobody here, too, but at least people say hello and treat you like a person on the street."

•

Given the disparity between official salaries and the cost of living, where do Cubans get the dollars to live on? Some Cubans—musicians in particular but also artists, intellectuals and specially skilled workers—work abroad and return to Cuba with their earnings. Some Cubans are earning more in official posts, and many simply hustle.

But, according to Cuban and Miami sources, between $800 million and $1 billion comes in annually from Cubans abroad. In Miami, there are scores of agencies advertising services that send money to Cuba. Just about every flight from abroad carries passengers who serve as couriers for these agencies.

Given that most Cubans (even Castro) have relatives in exile, there is a steady flow of currency. In other words, the community that advocates tightening the embargo is the community that most supports the island.

On a recent flight from Miami, shouts of joy erupted upon touching down in Havana. "This is the most beautiful land seen by human eyes," an elderly fellow yelled out, echoing what Christopher Columbus was supposed to have said upon first seeing the island.

Cuban Americans visiting family in Havana are in a category all their own. Unlike other tourists, who are seldom searched upon entry to Cuba (Americans, the least legal of all, whiz by customs with rarely any trouble), Cuban Americans are welcomed home with a unique tax: They must pay for every gift they bring into the country.

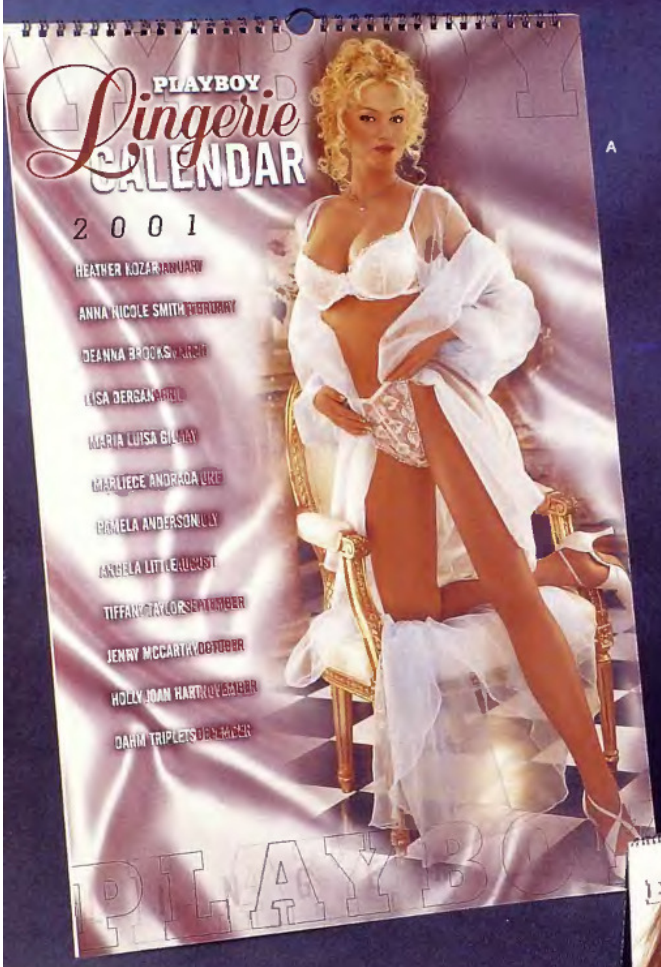
Most exiles who travel to Cuba are the more recently emigrated—a quick glance at Miami Airport shows that few line up for processing as U.S. citizens. Most still carry Cuban passports, now accompanied by U.S. residency cards. So it is strange that they should be harassed at Havana's airport. These are, after all, people reconciled at some level with the revolution—not rabid right-wingers and rarely well off.

But it happens, and often with a manipulative appeal to sentiment. Though she was traveling on a Treasury Department license for her annual family visit, a Cuban American woman declared that she had brought no gifts but medicines (which are tax exempt). The customs officer was incredulous.

"Not even a blouse for a cousin? Something for your grandmother?" the officer asked. When the visitor insisted she was gift free, the customs officer searched every inch of her luggage, warning that there would be a fine if she were found to be untruthful. In the end, the woman did not pay a fine or a tax after the search revealed nothing.

In another case, a customs officer wandered among the returning exiles as they waited to be processed, offering an express service (to be paid at the exiles' discretion) to assure that their bags weren't lost and that the search would be minimal.

None of this, however, keeps the exiles away. According to figures from the U.S. Department of Transportation, a record 66,882 passengers flew from Miami to Havana last year, compared with 30,910 in 1998. Most of these visitors, of course, were Cuban exiles, many of them from Miami's 800,000-strong Cuban American community.



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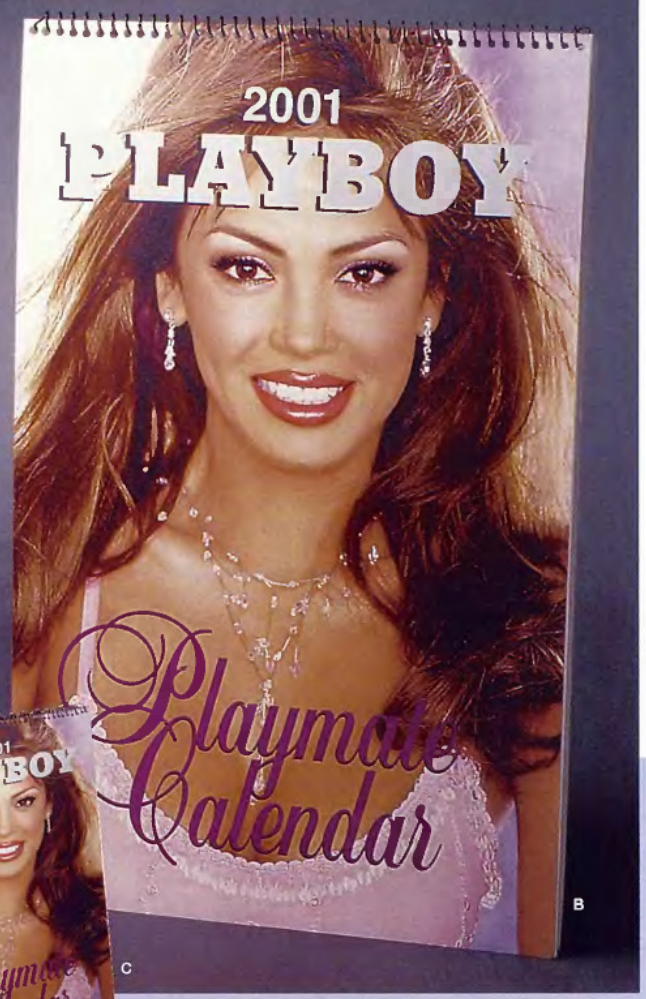

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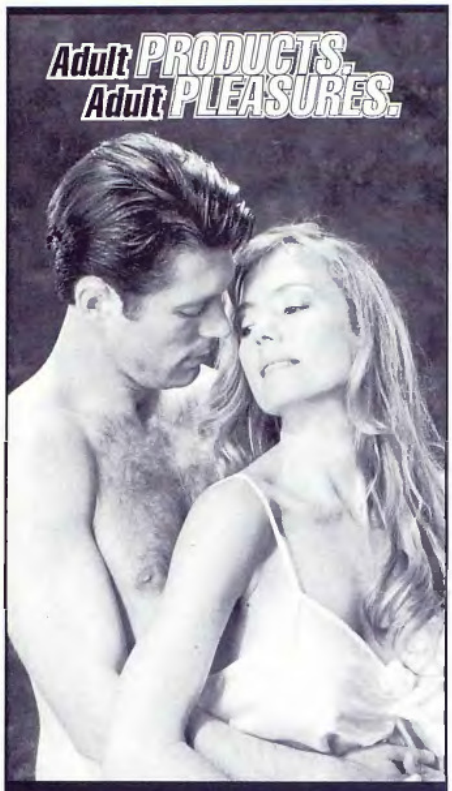

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The other travelers to Cuba were Americans who applied for licenses under the embargo's rules. These included such high-profile visitors as Arthur Miller and the Baltimore Orioles. Thousands more flew from New York and Los Angeles in the first year of direct flights, totaling about 82,000 legal visitors. (In addition, an estimated 20,000 to 50,000 Americans a year are sneaking into Cuba in violation of U.S. law, usually flying from Mexico, Canada, Jamaica or the Bahamas.)

•

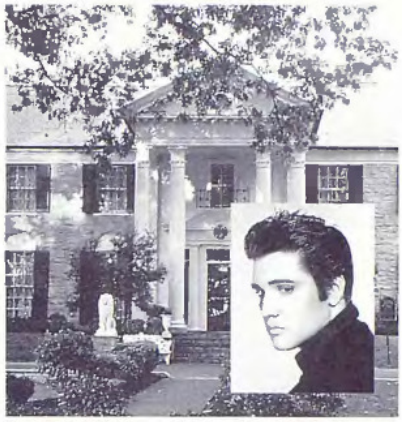
The Elián González case did nothing but exacerbate bad feelings between Cubans on the two sides of the Straits of Florida.

"The people in Miami ended up basically saying that nobody in Cuba had a right to their children, that they had no control or influence over them—and to want to live here was tantamount to being a bad parent," says Garcia. "Well, people here felt implicated in that, perfectly average people like my wife. It was as if she were a bad person just for being here, without anybody asking why she chooses to stay here. And, you know, she lives with me. But it was all said so viciously, she felt hurt by it."

"The Elián situation was, for me, a sad thing," says Francisco "Sacha" Lopez, president of the writers' branch of the Union of Writers and Artists of Cuba. "Our relations with the exile community had been changing. In the Eighties, there was a sense that we didn't need to be enemies with relatives or friends who'd left looking for better conditions. This was important because, after the Mariel crisis, the rejection on both sides was horrible.

"By the time of the Cojimar exodus," says Lopez, "things had changed. Some people even gave farewell parties to friends who were willing to submit themselves to the mystery of the seas. In the next few years, things continued to improve. Then this happened—and I tell you, people here were hurt, personally hurt. Everything Fidel had said about these people was suddenly true: They hated us, they betrayed us. They were so willing to do anything to hurt Fidel personally that they forgot all about us. Not everyone, I know, but it will take a while to rebuild any trust at all."

Even Gonzalez admits Castro got a boost from the Elián crisis. "Some stuff they just handed to him," he says. "Like saying the child would be tortured, that he'd be sacrificed if he was returned. That was just outrageous. Everyone was offended. Armando Gutierrez [the Miami family's spokesperson] was very proud that he was shown on Cuban TV saying Castro is crazy. But that is a limited vision. Here, that was shown to make the case for freedom of expression; thanks to Armando Gutierrez, the



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Cuban government can now say for a fact that you can even go on TV and call him nuts."

•

The Elián crisis certainly wasn't the first time in recent history that things have seemed off-kilter in Cuba. At the beginning of the Nineties, when Castro dubbed the economic crisis the Special Period, the fact that revenue was coming in from Miami caused a strange unhinging of the social order. Suddenly, Cubans most loyal to the ideals of the revolution—those who had remained in Cuba and cut communications with their relatives in exile—found themselves getting the short end of the stick. Doctors and engineers were forced to moonlight as cab drivers in order to get their hands on dollars. That's when the black markets began to flourish.

"Although the government puts value on work and culture and puts tremendous effort into promoting honesty and ethical behavior, that only works as policy, not so much in real life," says Espinosa. "There's a huge gap between the noble values of the revolution and the facts of daily life."

In the meantime, Cubans scramble for tourist sector jobs, where tips make up for the difference in salaries. A tourist-taxi driver stationed outside the Inglaterra Hotel in Havana, for example, explains that his commission is only 18 Cuban cents per American dollar. In other words, he has to make $100 U.S. before he can take home 18 pesos. Less than $1 U.S. Tips, however, can add up to $100 U.S. on a good day, which makes his a coveted job.

Curiously, service is something of a problem. Visitors may find that clerks are frequently insolent and overly familiar. At an ice cream shop with a line snaking out the door, the clerks chose to take their breaks together and stopped everything to smoke and make phone calls. No amount of bellowing from the paying customers—including foreign tourists—fazed them.

Indeed, for the most part, Cubans seem to have a tough time making the connection between efficiency and the size of the tip. An intense pride keeps a lot of them from behaving in any way that might appear subservient, particularly to foreigners. When Americans finally arrive, they may be in for a few surprises.

"Right now, sure, there's a lot of doing for the tourists," says Brinquez, who worked in tourism. "But I can tell you, it's not goodwill. It's about the dollars. Without dollars, you can't survive in this country."

A passage from Lage's own report notes that growth in tourism, which is now the biggest source of hard currency and employs 80,000 people, has slowed to six percent from an average of 15

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percent in past years. If the U.S. embargo were lifted, of course, that figure certainly would surge.

•

Yet even with a greatly improved economy, many Cubans continue to leave the island, both legally and illegally. Despite the recent tragedies of Elián's mother and the young Bueno brothers (who were eaten by sharks), Cubans still take to the sea for the U.S., perceived in the popular imagination as a place of greater economic opportunity.

"People don't leave without a reason," says Gonzalez, a doctor who claims his exit permit is tied up by politics. He has written Lage, he says, and Ricardo Alarcon, the president of Cuba's parliament, to no avail. "I'll have to work in Miami," he says. "I know that. But my brother has been in Miami only a few years, and he has a job, a car—the rights due a civilized person."

"You solve the economic problem in this country, and you've solved the immigration problem," says Ernesto Matos, a cab driver. "If you could make a living here, who would ever leave?"

But Gonzalez wants to leave, he explains, not just because of the possibility of a more comfortable life, but because he fears the future in Cuba.

"When Castro goes, there will be a struggle among his sidekicks, no matter that he has named his brother as his successor," he says. "And you have to understand, nobody thinks like him. Not his brother, not Lage, not Alarcon. I worry that it will be the same as Russia, that the party people become the capitalists. It would be a great hypocrisy, a great irony. But it is possible. Change has to come, but it can't be abrupt. What's really strange is that, for all his fury and, out of 100 of his words, 99 are anti-American propaganda, he still understands that better than most. Except for the part that's up to him: He will never step down, no matter what."

For most Cubans, Castro remains a powerful figure—and an enigma. Nobody knows exactly where he lives, whether he is or isn't married or how many children he has. But, no matter what his poll numbers outside Cuba are, he still has ardent supporters among his compatriots, especially among the elderly and the peasantry.

"When people talk about what comes after Fidel, I can't think about it," says Morgado. "I can't imagine Cuba without him."

"Fidel is like a tree," says Pablo, a crane operator in a small town with the unlikely name of Paraiso. "He grows and spreads his seed. In so many years, there are a thousand Fidels. Then a million Fidels. That's us—through us, Fidel will never go away."

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SCROTUM MONOLOGUES

(continued from page 115)

reaction; because they are not subject to criticism, they experience little vesicle-shudder, and their lives are more tranquil than men's.

[*Lights up to nine. I glow*]

But lest we scrotumers be thought merely smug victims, know that Our Proud Scrota are also earthshaking in majesty, glorious in poignancy, lilting in their lyricism and, finally, must be seen as God's manifestation of ultimate beauty. Despite its onslaughts, still My Scrotum stands, or hangs, eternal—through wars and famines, ice ages and thawings and most general whuppins. And this, by the way, is not a man–woman thing.

[*Blackout*]

•

[*Lights up bright. I get down from the stool, then get back up on it*]

Feeling impish like me? Here's a cute little thing I do to show fun. What would I have my scrotum wear if I could put clothes on it? Here are a few fashion fancies: an apron with barbecue pockets in it, a necktie (using the überorgan as the neck), a goatee, slacks, a big bull's-eye! I am so bold and naughty! What would you have your scrotum wear at home?

[*Impish blackout. Audience winks as one*]

•

[*Ironic lighting. I turn my turtleneck up*]

You're going to doubt my statistics. I had to check this out two times myself before doing my show—and they're accurate! More than 60 billion men suffer scrotal tightenings every single day, only 8 percent of which are caused by bodily fright. All the rest—52 billion, 200 million—are caused by women. Every day. That's almost 10 times the number of people on this planet. This when we are living in an era of so-called peace!

Naturally skeptical, I decided to trade in my Jil Sander for a set of camo and spent two rain-drenched days in a real war. I took my scrotum to the mud-ravaged trenches of Kosovo during the past spring's action and interviewed the men there. Their stories were gaspingly horrific. None had ever been asked a question about scrota. Some were afraid to talk, others uncertain. And yet, all realized the importance of my quest. In the middle of the bloodiest war of the decade, sometimes under direct bombing, the men struggled to control their emotions. Listen to Andrelik: "There was a time. Woming point, call Andrelik small. Scrotum collapse. Then woming sister make demand. Scrotum hard like rock, Andrelik fail. Big bomb from your country come, same thing. Scrotum hide. Woming and bomb cause this. You don't know." Many stories were as devastating as this, as I interviewed these men bravely dodging shrapnel. In case you were wondering, I was weeping.

[*Slow fade to black. A tear will be on my cheek, don't worry*]

•

[*Lights sensitive. I turn soft*]

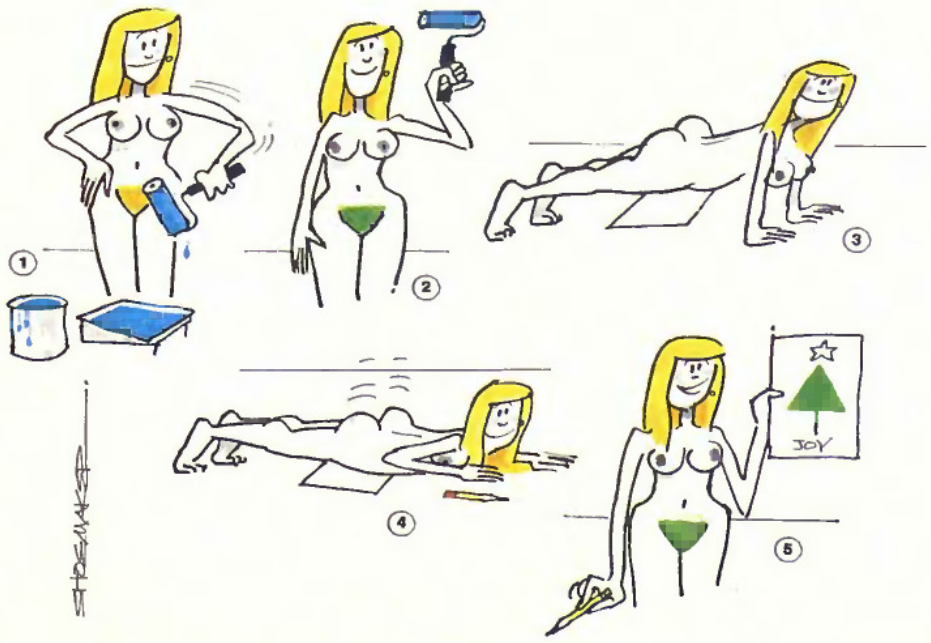
And finally, to show uplift just before curtain, I took my scrotum into the OR to witness the one event we can all agree is worthy of reverence: the birth of an innocent babe. My scrotum was amazed, delighted, even relaxed at the glorious expression of the newborn as it came out of that gross V-thing.

[*I dismount the stool, bow*]

Kindly join me in a standing ovation.

[*Audience stands and whoops, bewildered*]

[*Curtain*]



Electra

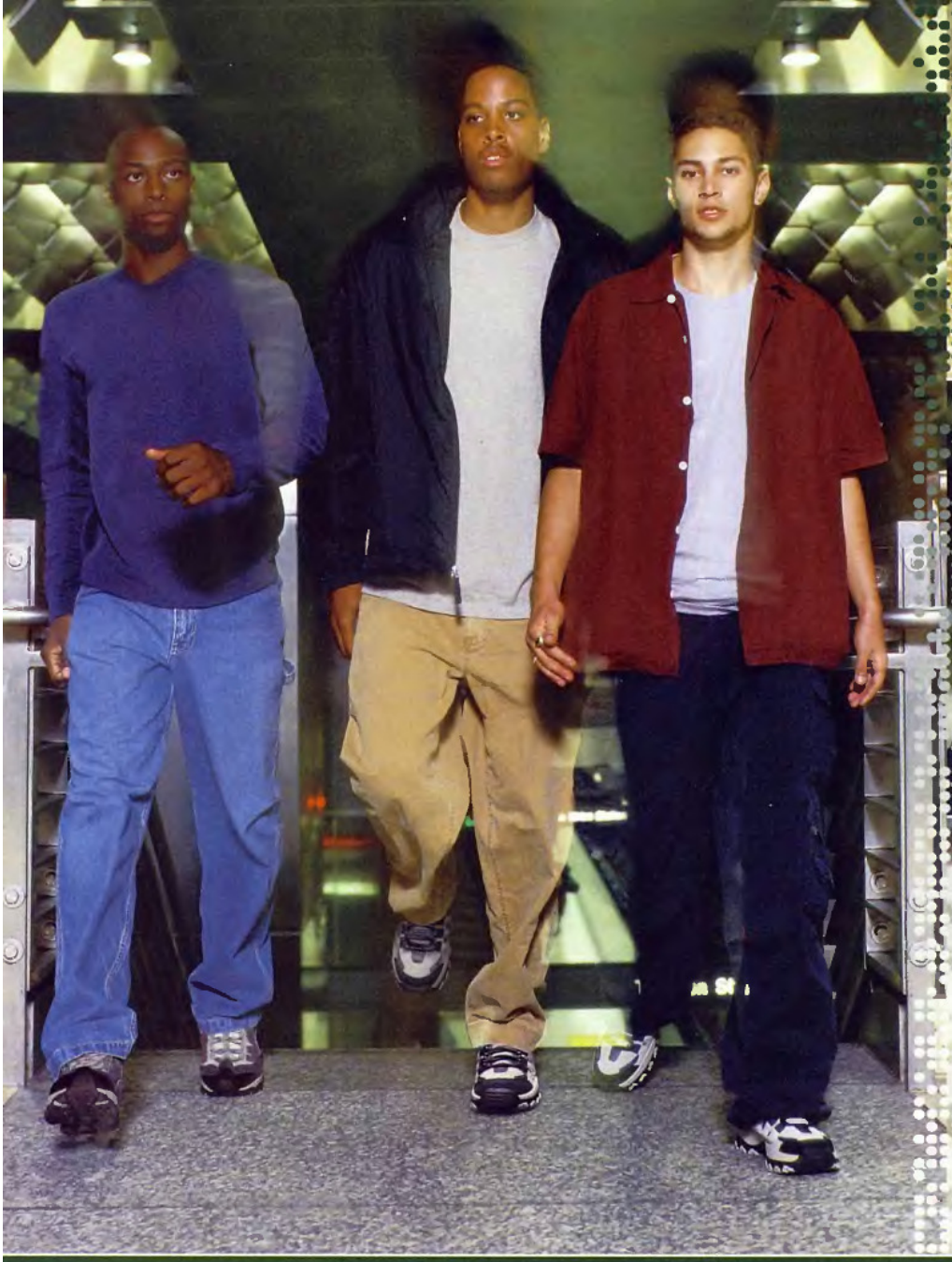
(continued from page 178)

differently? "I feel really guilty because I neglected my mother," she says. "I was hoping that when I made enough money, I would take her shopping on Rodeo Drive, buy her a new car, take her to get her hair and nails done and just show her the life she never had. I never got to do that with her, so my dad gets it all instead. One time, I took him to get his nails done and he thought he was going to die," she giggles. "He kept saying, 'Guys don't do this.' I said, 'Dad, let the woman massage your hands and cut your nails.' He works construction and plays guitar, and so he couldn't imagine that guys would actually go out and have this sort of thing done."

Thanks to the career boost from *Scary Movie*, Carmen can continue pampering her dad with paychecks from her sophomore album and two new movies. In *Perfume*, she stars opposite Omar Epps in one of three stories. "It's basically hip-hop meets fashion," she says. "It's all improvised. The movie has a story line, but it didn't have much of a script. We would go into the scene, really open up and just react off each other." In the romantic comedy *Getting Over Allison*, starring Kirsten Dunst, Carmen milks a cameo as a dominatrix for all it's worth. "I dressed in dominatrix clothes with a whip and all that stuff," she says. "It was so much fun to get up onstage, take control and have an excuse to do it, because I could never do that sort of thing in real life."

Now that the Rodman hoopla has subsided, is she currently unattached? "I'm not dating anybody right now," she says. "I wish I were, but it's hard to have a relationship with someone who's famous. I still want someone exciting and fun, but maybe just a little more normal, with a regular job. People assume I'm a crazy party animal. But I'm not. Of course I love to go out, and I'm the girl who will get up and dance on a table in the middle of a club. But now I'm all about balance. I had to face the loss of my mother and grieve, and once I started doing that, I realized I don't need to go out all the time and be surrounded by people. I don't need a boyfriend. I've always put a lot into other people, but now I'm going to be a little more selfish and focused on Carmen.

"I've realized that Tara is the sweet, innocent little girl in me—the one who's afraid of rejection. Carmen Electra is the side of me that says, 'Fuck it. I can do this. I'm not afraid of anything.' She's the more confident person who will go out there and get the job. But when I spend time alone, I'm still just Tara. I always come back to being who I am."



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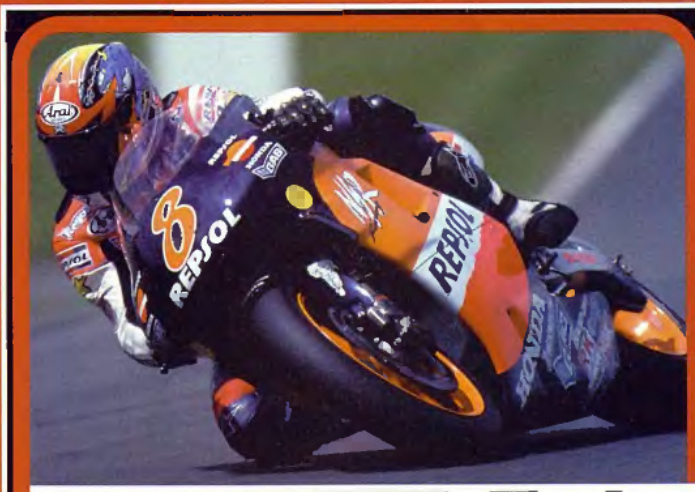

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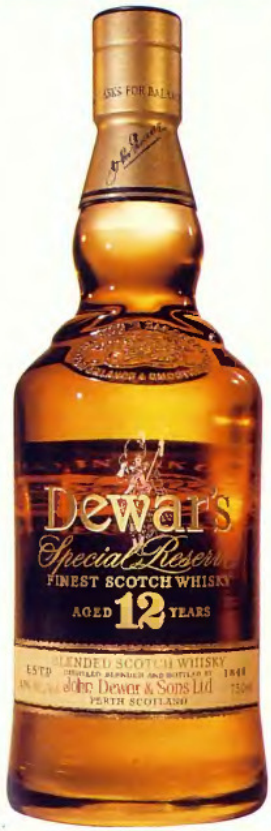

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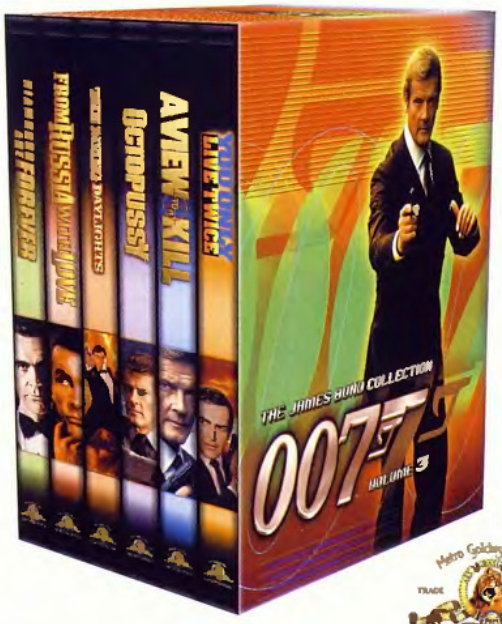

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Now, here are some simple ways you can produce less waste at work. When you're at the copier, only make the copies you need. Use both sides of the paper when writing a memo. Turn off your light when you leave. Use a lower watt bulb in your lamps. Drink your coffee or tea out of mugs instead of throwaway cups. Set up a recycling bin for aluminum cans and one for bottles. And when you're in the bathroom brushing your teeth or washing your face, don't let the faucet run. Remember, if we use fewer resources today, we'll save more for tomorrow. Which would truly be a job well done.

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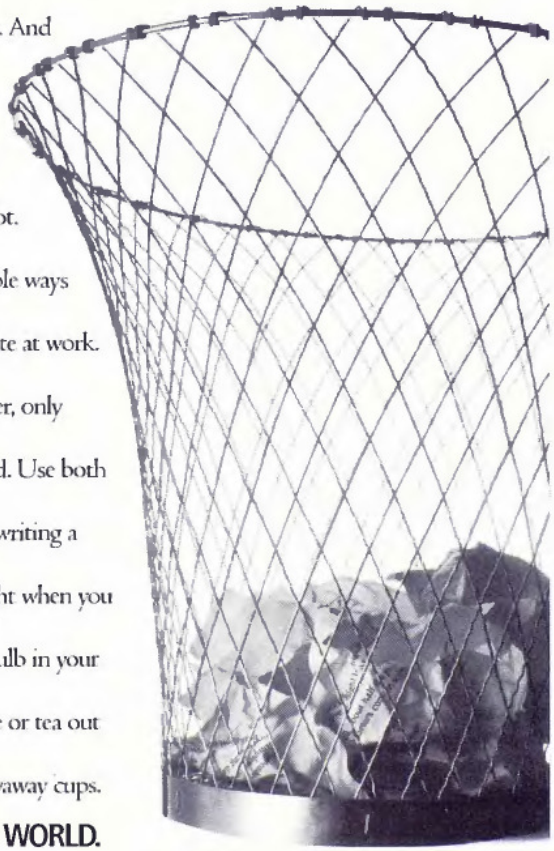

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SLICK WILLIE

(continued from page 102)

unconsummated blow jobs, which became an issue in a sexual harassment suit in which no proof of sexual harassment was ever offered. They forgave him nothing, winked at nothing, gave nothing a base on balls, cut him not one inch of slack and showed not one ounce of sense. And here's the funny part: Clinton's antagonists got more of their agenda realized than did Clinton's friends.

Thesis, antithesis, synthesis. It's been nearly two centuries since old coach Hegel first drew history's great game plan up on the chalkboard, but it's still relevant today. The pressure to use the government as a force for change in the Kennedy–Johnson Sixties gave way to the tightfisted, antigovernment sentiments of the Reagan Eighties. Clinton's presidency is a child of both. Wherever poor Ronald Reagan is today, he would hardly criticize a president who has balanced the budget, reduced the government, cut welfare, bombed the snot out of Serbia (without a casualty!) and even supported a satellite defense system. Yes, Ron, Star Wars!

John Updike chose the President's pursuit of happiness with Monica as one of the 10 most important libidinal episodes in American history.

But of course Clinton's enemies aren't happy. They have lost the culture war. The Moral Majority blew its wad on Zippergate. Clinton's lilliputian rivals pulled out every weapon in the legal arsenal and thundered down every rhetorical lightning bolt they could muster—Henry Hyde even invoked the blood of the men who died on Omaha Beach—and America shrugged. Bill Clinton got away with being blown, while his enemies gnashed their teeth.

But not too hard and not for long. The marvelous formulation by James Carville, his swamp rat Merlin—"It's the economy, stupid"—was never contradicted. The man who was elected by saying "I feel your pain" presided over the longest economic expansion in American history. Bill Clinton's enemies can sit in their country clubs and count their money and castigate his moral weakness and feel superior to the man who largely delivered their agenda. And Bill Clinton's friends can sit wherever they sit and count their money and feel superior to the moralistic mau-maus and hypocritical hyenas on the right.

Whoever we are, we can have our cake and eat it, too.

Thanks, Bill. Good luck in Malibu. Try to stay out of trouble.

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single life

(continued from page 49)

friends often ask me if lesbians know better tricks than men. Absolutely not! Only a few of the many women I've slept with have been great lovers (just as only a few of the men have, too). It comes down to putting a person at ease.

For example, you've noticed we worry about our odors. "Do you think I smell? Come on, you can tell me. I can take it." Which is always a lie. My ex-boyfriend Phillip's brilliance lay in showing zeal about my body, including its aromas. "You wash too much," he'd say. "I know we have only five minutes so I won't start anything. Just give me a whiff." He was preemptive, dismantling my inhibitions before they kicked in.

Phillip often rhapsodized about cunnilingus. Men who do that win girls not only because we like it too, but because they embolden us by exorcising our secret secretion phobias. A friend of mine married a man who found sex repulsive. By the time they divorced, she'd lost her sexual verve and was afraid to date. Then one day she gave her co-worker Ronald a ride home. His blurted confession restored her pluck. "You know, Anne, ever since we met I've wanted—please, at least once, just let me go down on you?" She told me afterward, "It had been so long since a guy made me feel sexy, I nearly drove the car off the road." Actually, she did drive it off the road as soon as she found a secluded place to park.

We love to be freed from our timidity. Last winter, while out walking, I met a handsome young blind man named Peter. We began chatting, then had tea together, followed by dinner. Then his goodnight kiss left me delirious. I wanted him partly because I figured a blind man had to be supersensitive and partly because while I'm cute and sexy, he was movie-star hot, and six years younger. Most of all, I could ogle him all I wanted without worrying whether he thought my nose too shiny. For me, Peter's blindness performed the same magic as the three Fs. His condition undid my inhibitions the way another man's courage or humor or compliments would. This proved true when we had sex.

Next time your lover objects to leaving the lights on, put on a blindfold. Be playful. Let her relax in the light without feeling watched, and she'll learn the pleasure of seeing while doing. Eventually, she'll stop reaching for the lights. When she occasionally hankers for the dark, she can borrow the blindfold.

We yearn to be rescued from the Land of Prudes. So please, be the hero. Play anything except hard to get. Play doctor and cure me of my unease. Play James Bond, primed to deactivate my insecurity systems. I'll be waiting.

PLAYMATE NEWS

ROCK STARS

Big hair is back. In the forthcoming movie *So You Wanna Be a Rock Star*, Carrie Stevens plays a hugely coiffed rock wife alongside Mark Wahlberg, Jennifer Aniston and Heidi Mark. "My role wasn't much of a stretch, because I dated Eric Carr from Kiss for four years," Carrie says. "From the age of 18 to 22, I was on the road with the band. Sadly, he died of cancer in 1991. My character has been around more than I was then. Her clothes are more decadent. Her hair is bigger. Makeup and hair was quite a process. I don't miss the hot rollers I wore for three hours a day! All my speaking scenes are with Jennifer, who plays Mark's girlfriend. I was in awe of her. She is so easy to act with. Mark was in character most of the time, so I didn't get to know him. The set was such a blast that everyone dreaded having a day off. Mark had barbecues outside his trailer for everyone. Zakk Wylde, my screen husband, always blasted music and handed me a beer when we were done for the day. I bonded with the director, Stephen Herek. He gave me a bottle of great tequila and margarita mix for my birthday. My makeup artist whipped up the best batch of margaritas that day. It is a serious film, but the Eighties were a time of serious partying, and we had a great time re-creating that."

Top: Rock wives Rochel Hunter, Amy Miller ond Carrie Stevens. Right: Heidi Mark. "We're going to film a wife documentory for the film's website," Carrie soys.

Above: Zakk Wylde, from the bond Block Label Society, casts o pose with Corrie. "Zakk and I met 10 years ogo on an oirplane," she says. "He's o great guy."

CALENDAR GIRL

By day she's a *Price Is Right* Barker's Beauty. By night she's a television guest star (*VIP, Silk Stalkings*). Still, Nikki Schieler Ziering finds time to model (that's her 2001 calendar—available in stores—above), appear in movies (*Six Pennies and a Handgun*) and plan a series of workout videos. As for her game show gig, Miss September 1997 is ecstatic. "It's amazing to be part of a show that has been on longer than I've been alive," she says.

35 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Dinah Willis, a girl next door from Hobbs, New Mexico, became a Centerfold the gutsy way: She sent a photo of herself to PLAYBOY's offices and inquired about her chances of becoming a Playmate. Charmed by Dinah's bravery—as well as her black lingerie—we published the photo in the September 1965 *Dear Playboy* and then crowned her Miss December 1965. "She was extremely sexy," remembers photographer Pompeo Posar. "She looked like Marilyn Monroe."

Dinah Willis.

SWEET DREAMS

Annie Lennox may os well be referring to Hef's Midsummer Night's Dream Party when she sings, "Sweet dreams ore made of this." Clockwise from above: Hef and Summer Altice. Borbora Moore, Angela Melini and Tylyn John. India Allen. Heidi Sorenson with Jeffrey Kinart. Says co-host Deanna Brooks: "We portied until the wee hours. The Dahm triplets were among the last to leave. I remember Jenny McCorthy jumping into the pool."

PLAYMATE NEWS

My Favorite Playmate By Ray Romano

My favorite Playmate, in general, is Miss December, because I'm a Sagittarius. Brooke Richards was the last Miss December. Oh, and I like the big one. What's her name? Anna Nicole Smith.

So, is Miss December 1999 an *Everybody Loves Raymond* fan? "I have a huge TV, but I don't use it," she says.

THE BIGGER THE BETTER

Whether she's battling her former stepson in court for her dead husband's fortune, vamping it up in *Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult* or being feted as Miss Republic of Cuervo Gold 1998, Anna Nicole Smith knows how to grab headlines. It is fitting, then, that plus-size retailer Lane Bryant chose Anna Nicole as its fall 2000 Dare to Flare campaign model. Anna Nicole can be seen flaunting her big, bad bod on lanebryant.com and on a Times Square billboard (pictured). When she appeared as Miss May 1992, Texas native Vickie (Anna Nicole) Smith admitted to wanderlust and an admiration for Marilyn Monroe. Since then, our 1993 Playmate of the Year has modeled for Guess, landed film roles (*Skyscraper*, *To the Limit*, *The Hudsucker Proxy*) and appeared on television's *Ally McBeal* and *The Naked Truth*. Where will we see Anna Nicole Smith next? Like Marilyn, she's a legendary blonde who keeps everyone guessing.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

December 2: Miss November 1989
Reneé Tenison
December 8: Miss December 1963
Donna Michelle
December 12: Miss July 1961
Sheralee Conners
December 18: Miss January 1989
Fawna MacLaren
December 20: Miss June 1990
Bonnie Marino

PLAYMATE TRIVIA

Q: Which Centerfold owns a 240-acre ranch in Utah?
A: Miss July 1985 Hope Carlton, who is married to clothing manufacturer Robbie Levin. The vast property includes the Sorrel River Ranch-Resort, their luxury bed-and-breakfast.
Q: Which twin has been spotted all over the Big Apple on the arm of New York Met Mike Piazza?
A: Darlene Bernaola, who shares Playmate of the Millennium honors with her dead-ringer sis, Carol.
Q: Which Playmate was featured in the October 2000 issue of *Black Men* magazine?
A: Neferteri Shepherd, Miss July.

LOOSE LIPS

Angel Boris speaks her mind.

On her name: "My father called me his little angel while I was growing up, and I believe in angels to this day. I'm not a fanatic, but I feel as though somebody is watching out for me."

Earth Angel.

On horror films: "As a kid, I used to tiptoe down the hall after watching *Poltergeist*, then leap from a chair near the door to my bed so nothing under the bed could grab me. Another horrifying movie was *Food of the Gods*, about these giant rats. I woke up one night and my sister's hand was over the edge of the bunk bed. It looked like a rat coming to get me."

On the ideal pet: "I'd love to have a monkey, and someday I'll get one. When I was a kid, I loved climbing trees and eating bananas. Monkeys are so funny and animated."

On getting in the mood: "I love when a guy has just gotten out of the shower. I also love massages. A good massage begins with the neck and shoulders and moves to the feet and hands. Most of your stress can be found in your feet, head and face."

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

The Playboy X-Treme Team has done it once again. **Danelle Folta, Kalin Olson** and **Jennifer Lavoie** completed the Discovery Channel's Eco-Challenge in Malaysia, even though Danelle's bicycle broke and she had to carry it for 70 kilometers. . . . Suits who flocked to Toronto's CCTA Cable Convention were delighted to see **Cara Wakelin** and **Nicole Marie Lenz** (pictured) whooping it up at the Playboy TV reception. . . . **Lisa Dergan** and **Karen McDougal** will co-star in *Gladiatrix*, a Roman adventure movie that's being shot in St. Petersburg, Russia. It's a remake of *The Arena*, the 1973 flick starring **Pam Grier**. . . . Before **Kerissa Fare** and **Rebecca Scott** scored in Chicago's seventh annual What's on Second? softball event, they stopped by radio station Q101 to pump up the game. Says **DJ Sludge:** "Rebecca walked in and owned the room. She was on fire." . . . If naming its latest CD *Playmate of the Year* was a ploy to meet Centerfolds, it worked. **Zebrahead** spent a day at the Mansion filming the video for its first single, starring **Angel Boris, Kerissa Fare, Elan Carter** and **Suzanne Stokes** (pictured).

Black beauties: Cara and Nicole.

Kerissa and Rebecca go live on Q101.

Just another day at the Mansion.

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PLAYBOY on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HOLIDAY STUFFING

Here's the chance to dazzle whoever plunges his hand into a Christmas stocking. Don't stand on ceremony. Surprise yourself. The silver plated–and–lizard skin S.T. Dupont lighter that's pictured here does more than fire up your favorite smokes. It's also a "pinger" (a special spring emits a distinctive *ping* when the lighter is flipped open). Other stocking stuffers on our yuletide shopping list include Nikon 6x15 retro-style binoculars that would be right at home in an Indiana Jones movie (as well as at the opera), Bang and Olufsen snug-fitting earphones and a B&O key ring that also doubles as a remote control. Go small, but think big. After all, it's Christmas. —DAVID STEVENS

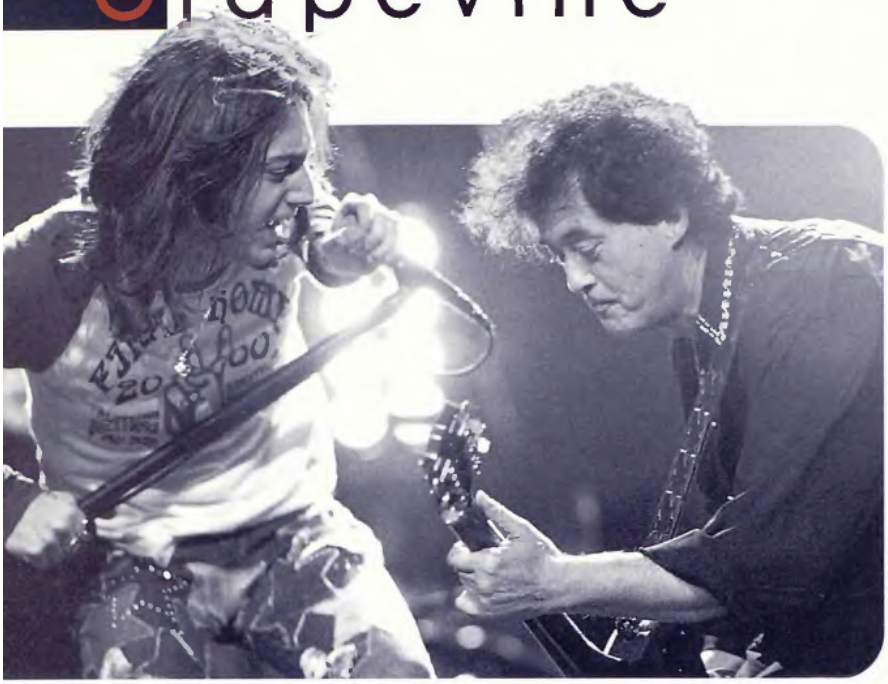
JAMES IMBROGNO

Left: A copper-lined sterling-silver man's bracelet made in Bali, by John Hardy ($395); a sleek Alfex of Switzerland calendar watch with a rubber bracelet ($295). Below: Tim Wegner's Mouse Knife with an anodized-aluminum handle is small enough to use as a money clip, from Blade-Tech ($89.95). Next to it: a silver plated–and–lizard skin S.T. Dupont butane lighter from Swiss FineTiming (about $500).

Above: Palm's m100 handheld organizer with 2MB of memory functions as an address book, appointment calendar, notepad, calculator and clock (about $150). To commemorate its 80th anniversary in the optics business, Nikon has reintroduced these Porro prism 6x15 compact binoculars, which look identical to the original but have been updated with modern lenses (about $390). Left: Bang and Olufsen's remote-control key ring activates B&O equipment ($80), and B&O earphones fit like spectacles ($160).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 240.

Grapevine



© KEN SETTLE

The Party Roared On

CHRIS ROBINSON of the Black Crowes and JIMMY PAGE rocked like the Zep days when they toured last summer. The fall dates with the Who were postponed because of Page's bad back. They're the antidote to teen queens and boy bands.

© LUIS MARTINEZ/ONLINE USA

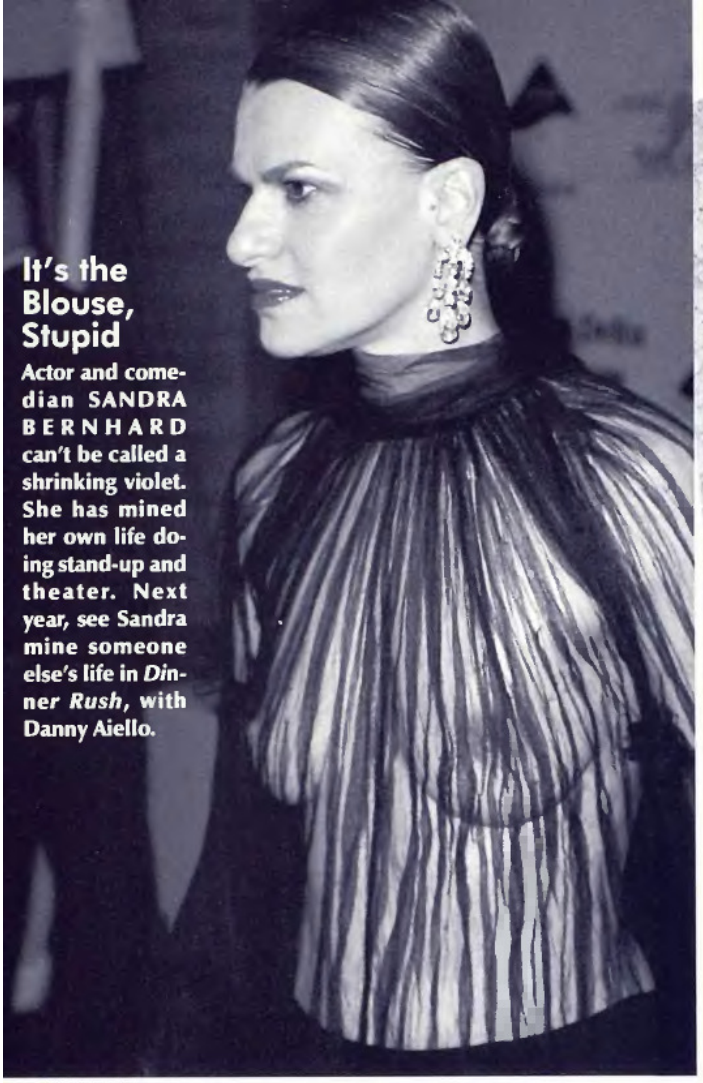
Dressed to Fill

BRITTANY MURPHY had four movies in the works in 2000. *Riding in Cars With Boys* and *Summer Catch* are due in 2001. We're impressed with her credits, but we're keeping an eye on her dress.

© VINCE CAVALIERI

Sun Goddess

Marathoner and surfer MARIAH WHITE is in great shape, which explains how she got *Baywatch* and *Pacific Blue* gigs. This is how a beautiful woman waits for the perfect wave.



It's the Blouse, Stupid

Actor and comedian SANDRA BERNHARD can't be called a shrinking violet. She has mined her own life doing stand-up and theater. Next year, see Sandra mine someone else's life in *Dinner Rush*, with Danny Aiello.

© MARION CURTIS/DMI

© STEVE TORRES

Hot Rox

She's Miss Hawaiian Tropic, a spokesmodel for Coors, and a model for *Swimsuit Illustrated* and the Girls of Arizona calendar. ROXANN SLOAN reveals her assets. How lucky we are.

© STEVE GRANITZ/RETNA LTD. USA

It's Gwen, Again

GWEN STEFANI and No Doubt's *Return of Saturn* has gone platinum. *Saturn*, the band's first album in five years, kicked off with intense touring and a pink dye job. Go, Gwen.

Cami Pulls Up

Model CAMI STAR has made appearances on both *The X Show* and MTV's *House of Style*. Her movies include *Adrift* and *Vampires of Sorority Row II*.

Potpourri

FACE THE NATION

Shaffer Enterprises markets its Attapad as "the only choice in face-down comfort." Attaway to promote. This velour-covered PVC inflatable pad with a space cut out for your nose sure beats burying your head in the sand. Aside from bringing comfort to the beach, an Attapad is great for massages or physical therapy. Just don't use it as a life preserver. Price: $20, from 480-777-9912, or check attapad.com.

DAVID VOIGT

TRAINS, PLANES AND AUTOMOBILES

Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without toy trains. Sterling Publishing's *Lionel: A Century of Timeless Toy Trains* ($35) is a lavish tribute to this American classic. TM Books' *Lionel Price Guide and History: Volumes One and Two* ($19.95 each) give the value of 100 years of Lionel trains and accessories. Call 800-892-2822 to order. TM also offers a two-volume video narrated by Tom Snyder, *A Century of Lionel Legendary Trains* ($29.95). *Ultimate Aircraft* ($24.95), "a celebration of the world's most exciting aircraft," is a book published by Dorling Kindersley that captures the romance of aviation. Two Auto Focus books, *Classic Cadillac* and *Wood Details* ($18.50 each), belong under the tree of every car buff.

A BOND FOR CHRISTMAS

The Spy Who Loved Me, the latest edition in Spy Guise's line of lithographed 007 posters, is now available in a limited edition of 1500 signed by Roger Moore. The price: $100 for the matted 16″x20″ image, with a portion of the proceeds going to Unicef. (Moore is its goodwill ambassador.) Call 732-752-7257 to order or check spyguise.com for a look at other Bond items, including additional posters.

SCOTLAND FOREVER

To sail to Scotland's misty islands, pick up a copy of Hamish Haswell-Smith's *An Island Odyssey* ($25) or *The Scottish Islands* ($40). Both are great winter-by-the-fire reads. (Canongate is the publisher.) There's also *Sea Change* ("the summer voyage from east to west Scotland of the Anassa") by Mairi Hedderwick ($25, from Interlink). Or, for those who prefer to be ashore, *Living in the Highlands* ($40, from Thames and Hudson) is a collection of romantic lairs in the north. We can almost taste the haggis now.

A MERRY DIGITAL CHRISTMAS

Do you have writer's cramp from signing all those holiday cards? Go to the website getacard.com and relax. Once you've sent getacard your signature via e-mail or fax (variations are OK), you go online, select the card you prefer from dozens of choices, click on your signature and fill in the recipient information. Getacard stamps and mails your greeting. The price is $2.50 to $3.50 per card, which includes a message of up to 500 words. God rest ye merry, gentlemen.

JOIN THE LADIES

Greg Hildebrandt is an illustrator of children's books. But his latest collection, depicting 12 pulp fiction and film noir femme fatales, isn't kid stuff. The three 17″x25″ limited-edition (950) works on canvas pictured here (*Ledge*, *Zeppelin* and *Emerald Evening*) are available framed for $475 each. Others can be viewed at spiderwebart.com. Call 888-976-5666, ext. 106, to order.

SOOTHING SOUNDS OF SUSIE

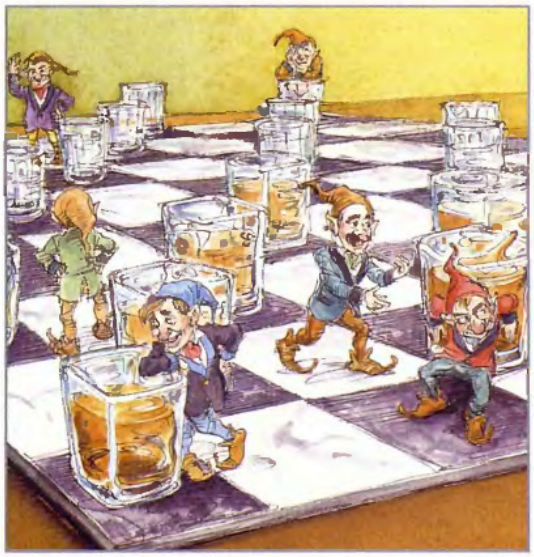
"Do not drive while listening" is the admonishment on *Your Present: A Half-Hour of Peace*, a CD narrated by Susie Mantell, a stress management specialist. We'll take all the stress relief we can get, whether it's on CD or straight up and very dry with a twist. Mantell's soothing voice combined with Daryl Kojak's melodious music does create a hypnotic audio aura that's relaxing. At $14.95 (from 888-32-BOOKS), it's cheaper than a shrink. Or check out relaxintuit.com.

NAKED NEON

Want to see your girlfriend naked in neon? Sure you do. For $1200, Jimmy Neon will create a life-size upper torso in "magic neon" that changes from warm to cool colors and back again. James Morris, owner of Jimmy Neon, will need a nude photo, of course. The completed sculpture comes mounted on black Plexiglas, ready to hang on the wall. (A three-quarter-size sculpture costs $1000.) Call 800-580-4897 or visit jimmyneon.com.

JUMPING FOR JOY

The game of checkers has never been more fun now that Richard E. Bishop has created Checkers Straight-Up. What you get are 24 game pieces (shot glasses), a measured pourer and an 18″x18″ game board. You then fill the shot glasses with anything you like. Whoever jumps an opponent's piece gets to consume or keep the contents of the glass. The price is $75. Call 800-247-3300 to place an order.



Next Month

PLAYMATE REVIEW

HIGH SCHOOL MYSTERY

TOPLESS TOWN

BIG-TIME LIL' KIM

GABRIELLE REECE—THE STRIKING 6'3" BEACH VOLLEYBALL STAR IS ALSO A MODEL, WRITER AND WOMEN'S SPORTS ACTIVIST. PROBABLY ALL YOU CARE ABOUT IS HER AMAZING NUDE PICTORIAL

2001—HELLO!—WILL WE EVER LIVE ON MARS? WILL WE MEET E.T. OR DARTH VADER? THE MAN WHO BROUGHT US *2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY* PREDICTS OUR FUTURE—AGAIN. BY **ARTHUR C. CLARKE**

GARY JOHNSON—THE REPUBLICAN GOVERNOR OF NEW MEXICO HAS STARTLED EVERYONE BY URGING THE LEGALIZATION OF POT. HE ALSO THINKS CONCEALED FIREARMS ARE A GOOD IDEA. MEET THE MOST OUTSPOKEN POLITICIAN SINCE JESSE VENTURA. INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

HIGH SCHOOL SWEETHEART—R. IS A RENOWNED WRITER OF THRILLERS, BUT HIS BIGGEST MYSTERY INVOLVES B., A GIRL FROM HIS PAST. FICTION BY **JOYCE CAROL OATES**

BISHOP JOHN SPONG—THE EPISCOPAL LOOSE CANNON ON GAYS IN THE PRIESTHOOD, ROMAN CATHOLIC ABORTIONS, MONICA LEWINSKY, LIVING IN SIN AND THE TRUTH ABOUT THE 10 COMMANDMENTS. 20 QUESTIONS BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

LET US NOW PRAISE REGIS PHILBIN—HE SAVED A NETWORK, SURVIVED KATHIE LEE AND (AT LAST!) BECAME A HOUSEHOLD NAME. **DAVID HALBERSTAM,** WHO KNEW REGIS WHEN, GETS THE FINAL ANSWER ON DINNER WITH JOHNNY CARSON. LYING ABOUT HIS AGE AND WHY FAME TOOK SO LONG

CITY GIRLS, LOS ANGELES STYLE—ANKA RADAKOVICH AND FRIENDS CALL *SEX AND THE CITY* A SNOOZE. ON THEIR MINDS: PICKUP LINES, DIRTY TALK, ORAL SEX AND LOUD ORGASMS. ARE YOU AROUSED YET?

LUST AND FOUND—JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE TO GO BACK INTO THE WHITE HOUSE. OUR POST-BILL CLEANUP INCLUDES NAUGHTY BOOKS, INCRIMINATING FILES AND JUST PLAIN DIRT. HUMOR BY **CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY**

GOLDBERG—THE UGLY CHAMP OF THE WCW TALKS ABOUT HIS EPIC MATCH WITH THE HULK, THE DREAD POWER PLANT AND REALITY INSIDE THE RING. EXCLUSIVE EXCERPT FROM *I'M NEXT* BY **BILL** AND **STEVE GOLDBERG**

MODEL BEHAVIOR—LIKE MOST MEN, **TOBY YOUNG** FANTASIZES ABOUT SLEEPING WITH SUPERMODELS. BUT HE'S A BALD, UNKNOWN BRIT, SO IT'S A LONG SHOT. HE SETTLES FOR LIVING WITH ONE—PLATONICALLY—AND THE FUN BEGINS

CRUISING ALTITUDE—WANT TO JOIN THE MILE HIGH CLUB? YOU'LL NEED TWO DOUBLE BOURBONS AND A KINKY STRANGER. FICTION BY **CHUCK PALAHNIUK**

PLUS: SHEL SILVERSTEIN'S TOPLESS TOWN. BETWEEN THE COVERS WITH **BARBARA MOORE,** SCREWBALL SCIENCE, OUR ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA, LIL' KIM SPICES UP THE YEAR IN SEX, A FORMIDABLE **PLAYMATE REVIEW** AND EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT DRUGS

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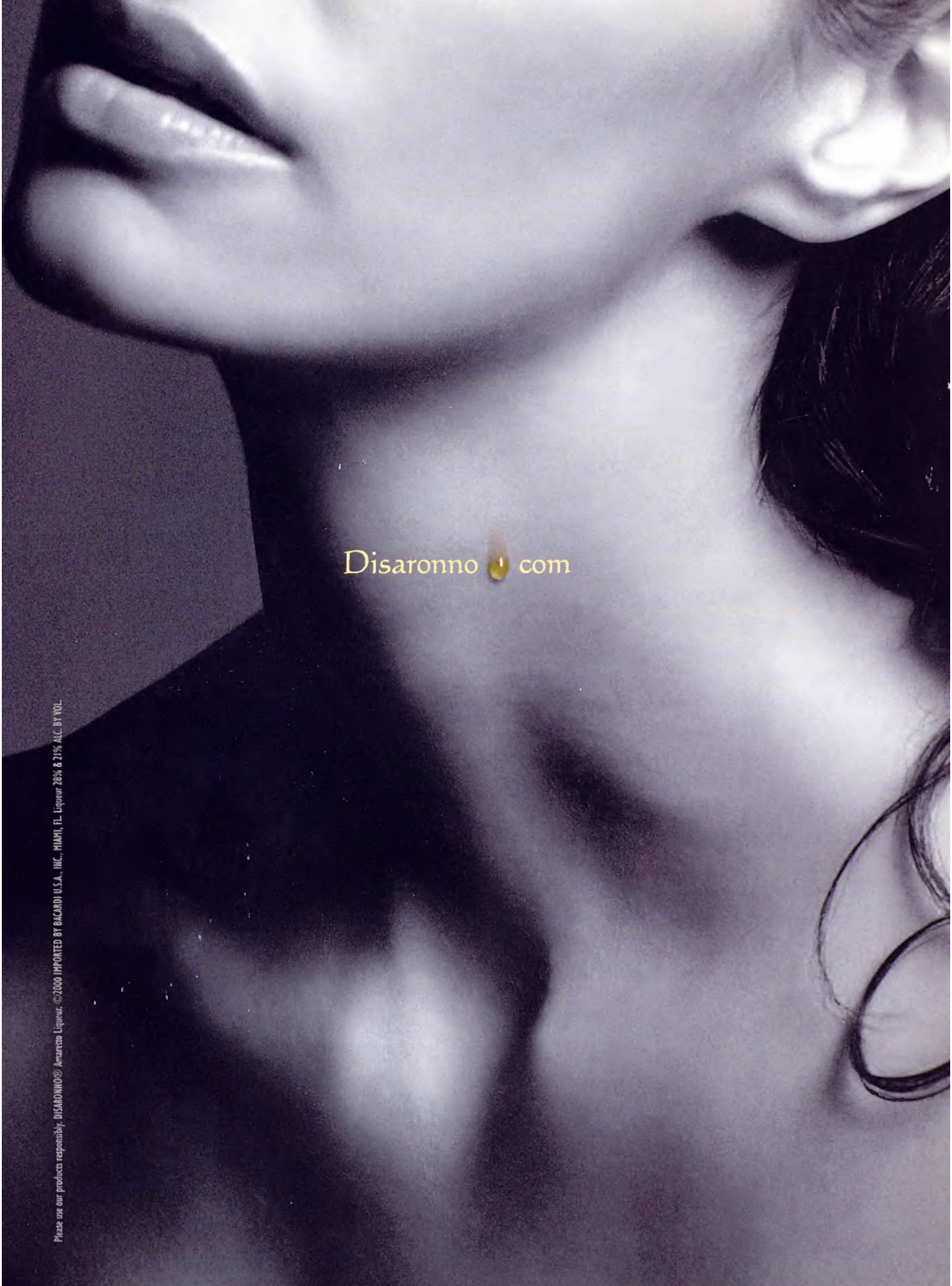
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